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MEN AND MEMORIES

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

BY

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG

EDITED BY HIS WIFE
MAY D. RUSSELL YOUNG

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13.11.42

F. TENNYSON NEELY
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NEW YORK
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PREFACE.

In presenting this volume to the public, it is but just to the memory of the author, as well as due to many of his friends, that a word of explanation should be given of its apparent desultoriness.

The original plan of "Men and Memories" was laid out in 1891, and the first article written, at my own urgent insistence. Mr. Young's personal acquaintance with eminent men, his interesting experiences and reminiscences seemed too valuable to be lost; and after much persuasion, he began the series with the article upon "Lincoln."

His original scheme included "Recollections of Charles Sumner,"—"Wendell Phillips,"—"James G. Blaine and his Times,"—longer papers upon "Horace Greeley,"—"The Cary Sisters" and "Tribune Days,"—"Edwin Booth and the American Stage during the past 35 years." Together with "Reminiscences of 'English Friends,'"—among whom were "Robert Browning,"—"Wilkie Collins,"—"George Eliot,"—"William Black,"—"Miss Mulock" (Mrs. Craik),—and "Henry Irving and His Influence upon Acting."

Mr. Young's original plan was never carried out. Many duties pressed, and while he was still making notes upon those who had passed on, other friends, near at hand, were falling from the ranks. Of these he sometimes wrote hurriedly, but always with the intention of making fuller studies at a later day. That day, in turn, never came. The Silence that had fallen upon many beloved friends, laid its swift touch upon the teeming brain and eloquent pen;—and his work was done; but not as we had longed to see it, who eagerly watched for the fulfilment of cherished plans already begun and builded upon, and needing only the much-coveted leisure to complete.

For years this favorite quotation had been almost a daily prayer with John Russell Young:

"Until my work is done, I cannot die,
And then, I would not live."

His work had been of almost inconceivable magnitude during the forty-two years of literary life; and remembering how fixed was his faith in the "appointed time," one must believe that the "rest" was better than further labor;—that his genius is still a living force;—and quoting his beloved Carlyle, that, "this long-continued prayer and endeavor may now and for some time coming, have something to say to men."

The articles included in this volume appeared originally in various papers and magazines. They were copyrighted by such periodicals. In gathering them together, I desire to extend my earnest thanks for many courtesies and privileges accorded me by the New York *Herald,* the *North American Review, The Review of Reviews, Munsey's Magazine, Lippincott's Magazine* and *McClure's Magazine.* I am more than grateful, also, for the constant interest expressed by friends throughout the country and even across the waters in this, and in possible future volumes, which shall include the more important of Mr. Young's political writings and editorial work . . . "work like his, a career so wide, so broad and varied, filled with the service of the public, and with more than one conspicuous public service, in China, as Minister; toward the close of his life, as Librarian of Congress; known for his friends and his friendships, was only possible to a man, who, to great ability as a journalist, added a persuasive charm and attraction as a man." . . . "a brilliant human presence, distinguishable, honorable and lovable . . . whom I, among others, recognized and lovingly walked with, while the years and the hours were."

M. D. R. Y.

FOREWORD.

A TRIBUTE FROM COL. ALEX. K. MCCLURE.

THE death of John Russell Young brought to me that sense of loneliness that at times, comes with painful impressiveness to those who are approaching the patriarchal age, when close friends fall by the wayside. I had known him almost from boyhood. It was my fortune to meet him soon after his connection with Forney's *Press,* when he was starting on his journalistic career, with all the enthusiasm of youth, and it was my good fortune to have our friendship strengthened from year to year as he rose to high positions in national fame.

In character he was as lovely as a woman; gentle, kind, and always more than ready for the generous fulfilment of the offices of friendship; but when challenged to battle, as he many times was, in his great journalistic career, no man in the profession wielded a keener blade or struck with greater power. I knew him well, when the associate and confidant of Greeley, and later as the associate and practical director of Bennett's *Herald,* and no man in the list of our illustrious editors has reared a grander monument to the progress of American journalism.

His intimate acquaintance with eminent men exceeded that of any other one man in the entire country. He readily commanded the confidence and affection of all with whom he was brought into close relations, and it was these rare attributes which made Gen. Grant choose him as his companion in his journey around the world.

It was, too, the appreciation which Gen. Grant felt for Mr. Young's clear judgment and diplomatic ability;—for his sympathy with, and understanding of, the Chinese, that made him so desirous of having him sent as Minister to China. No greater acknowledgment could be desired for work well done, than Grant's own letters of commendation; and the tender of a second term for the same mission.

After Mr. Young retired from the responsible direction of great public journals, and settled down to a less arduous life in Philadelphia, he was a most delightful companion. His knowledge of public men, his intimate relations with everything relating to politics and diplomacy; his keen perception and careful study of character, made him rich in reminiscence, and in every circle of friends he was the central figure.

As President of the Union League, he elevated that institution out of a provincial rut, and made it the temple of hospitality for national and international greatness. He had, in his almost boyhood days, aided in the creation of that institution, when it was founded on the single issue of patriotic loyalty to the Government, and it reached its highest standard of dignity and popular respect during the period when he was its President.

I know how unexpected eleventh-hour political necessities once prevented him from entering the Cabinet; and when the great Chinese statesman visited Philadelphia, at his particular invitation, and partly as his individual guest,—Mr. Young was the man to whom Li Hung Chang spoke with freedom, of the American people and their institutions, which had commanded his highest admiration.

It was a source of regret to his many friends who knew his exceptional capabilities and admirable tact in every emergency, that he did not seek the political distinction that he might have attained; or continue to shed the lustre of his genius on a newspaper of national and international fame; but he was content to enjoy the fruits of what he had accomplished, rather than assume more exacting cares and responsibilities. He hoped to find rest and content in the great National Library, with its boundless wealth of recorded history, its exquisite delineation of Art; and among his beloved books he could gratify his love of learning and find daily association with the great men of the Republic.

No man has done his lifework better than John Russell Young. The presentation of his gems of literature, of history, and of personal reminiscence, must make some of the most entertaining and instructive works of the age.

SKETCH OF

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG'S LIFE.

John Russell Young was born in the north of Ireland, near the picturesque village of Dunnamanna, Tyrone, Nov. 20th, 1840, of purely Scottish parents. The first of the Youngs to settle in the north of Ireland was Sir Alexander Young, who crossed the border about the time of Charles the Second, to escape persecution. The Youngs were uncompromising Scotch Covenanters, and their Irish descendants continued fixed in their Presbyterian faith,—the one exception being John Russell Young's paternal grandfather, who was an Episcopalian.

The Russells, Gordons and Rankins were families connected with the Youngs through Scotch ancestors. John Russell Young was less than a year old when his parents came to America. They made their first home in Downington, Pa., but later moved to Philadelphia. Among his earliest recollections was this little home at "Kensington," which he held in tenderest affection, and his mother, to whom he was passionately attached. He recalled her teachings, and the memorizing of long chapters from the Bible, which he would recite to her. She was a woman of remarkable mind, and her death occurring before John was eleven years old, caused him a sorrow and childish despair, from which, he never seemed, quite to recover. Mr. Young's elementary education began at the Harrison Grammar School in Philadelphia. Subsequently he went to New Orleans, as the ward of his uncle, James R. Young, and for a number of years attended the High School of that city, and was graduated from the school before returning to the North. At the age of fifteen he became copy-holder in the proof-room of the Philadelphia *Press;* was soon made a reporter, and was advanced rapidly to the editorial staff of the paper. In 1861 Mr. Young went to Washington as private secretary to Col. John W. Forney. He was sent to the front, as War Correspondent, and was the first to give an accurate account of the Battle of Bull Run. In 1862 he was made managing editor of the *Press.* In 1864, he went through the Red River campaign, as a member of Gen. Banks's staff. In 1865 he moved to New York, at the instance of Jay Cooke, to assist in placing the national loan. While there, he began writing articles for the New York *Tribune,* which, from their style and vigor, attracted the attention of Horace Greeley. In 1866 Mr. Young was made managing editor of the *Tribune,* remaining on the paper until '70. In that year he was sent abroad, by George S. Boutwell, then Secretary of the Treasury, in connection with the national finances. Mr. Young was in Paris at the time of the fall of the Commune, of which he wrote his able account. In 1872 he accepted an editorial position on the New York *Herald,* and took up his residence in London and Paris. During his residence in London in 1877, Gen. Grant invited Mr. Young to accompany him on his tour around the world. During the tour Mr. Young wrote letters to the *Herald* descriptive of the brilliant scenes and events of the trip, which afterwards were published in two large volumes, with the title, "Around the World with Gen. Grant."

The intimacy and affection established between Gen. Grant and Mr. Young during those two years, ended only with the General's death. By the request of Gen. Grant, Mr. Young was appointed Minister to China by President Arthur in 1882. He returned to America in 1885 and again became attached to the editorial staff of the New York *Herald,* in whose interests he once more visited London and Paris, returning permanently to America in 1890, when he took up his residence, for a number of years, in Philadelphia, renewing many of his early associations. In 1893 he was chosen President of the Union League, of which he had been one of the founders, thirty years before, and was re-elected in 1894. Upon the election of William McKinley to the Presidency, John Russell Young was appointed Librarian of Congress. He assumed the duties of the office in 1897. Under his control, the books were removed from their old home in the Capitol to the magnificent new Congressional Library. The twenty months of his official occupancy were crowded with exceptionally severe duties;—these following close upon so many years of uninterrupted and strenuous effort, evermore shadowed by a latent disease, were conditions, fatal, even to the bravest. A serious fall on the slippery pavement, on Christmas Eve, 1898, was the beginning of an acute attack of Bright's disease, from which he never rallied. He died the morning of January 17th, 1899, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

Mr. Young was three times married. Three children by the first marriage, died many years ago.—One son, Russell Jewell Young, born of the second marriage, is now (1901) a student at Yale College, and Mr. Young's widow and young son, Gordon Russell Young, survive him. . . .

"The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name
Is 'Onward,' no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard
Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in hope!"

MEN AND MEMORIES.

"He knew public men on both sides of the ocean, with equal and familiar intimacy. Letters; the Stage; Politics; and the world of larger finance and administration, were all familiar to him. He knew men in all walks, and was accepted,—as Friend, Journalist, and Diplomat; and as a man of Letters and Affairs."

From a mass of manuscripts, proofs, and clippings, I select the above-quoted lines as the keynote and reason of the present volume.

I find them in an editorial, written at the time of John Russell Young's death, by one of his most valued friends, —Dr. Talcott Williams, of the *Philadelphia Press.* It is the epitome of a universal opinion, expressed at the time, and the acknowledgment of personal associations at once so extended and so intimate, that they stand almost unique, in the history of friendships. This wide acquaintance began early in life, and through unusual opportunities.—"Mr. Young won honors in journalism when only a young man of 20,—at 25, he was at the head of the New York *Tribune,* and at 30, when most men are beginning their work, he was the companion, confidant, and counselor of men in the front rank of national affairs."—I recall with what seriousness he always spoke of men, many years his senior, as his "contemporaries"; and upon one occasion, enumerating the loss of friends during the fateful years of '87 and '88, he mentioned with keenest regret the passing of Sheridan, Conkling, Mrs. Craik ("Miss Mulock"), Lord Lyons, John Raymond, the comedian, Charles O'Connor, the famous lawyer, Lawrence Jerome, and Lester Wallack. Some one of our household suggested that Hon. Simon Cameron was still in good health, which frivolous remark only brought forth a panegyric upon that fine old statesman and "contemporary," who at the outset of Mr. Young's war career took the kindest interest in his success. In those early war days, he had come to Washington as the private secretary of John W. Forney, when that brilliant writer was made Secretary of the Senate, and who was himself, a foremost power in journalism. A pen picture of Mr. Forney, as Mr. Young sketched him a few years since, may give something of an idea of the influences surrounding the *Press* at that time.

JOHN W. FORNEY.

John W. Forney was my first master, and I served him for some years in the early days of the *Press*. A distinguished man in those days, a tremendous force in the war. Forney had a distinct personality, unlike any of those eminent contemporaries. He was a Pennsylvanian, with the strength and limitations of his nativity. To him, with true Pennsylvania instinct, the Lord left little worth creating, when He finished with the Lancaster valley. This was his horizon, with broadening outlooks toward Washington and New York. He had the fire of Gallic genius, an impulsive flashing nature typified in his concentrated glance. The governing element in his character was intrepidity. He could see but one thing at a time, and what concerned him must concern the universe.

While this gave him singular power and force, it was the force of the rifle-ball. There was a Napoleonic genius in Forney, but he was Napoleon on the island of Elba. What he would have done had he attained his empire, who can say? Forney had the loftiest ambitions; and there were in him, capacities for leadership, for destruction as well as construction, for war as well as peace, surpassed by those of no man of his time. But fate doomed him into some petty Buchanan brawl, some barren carrying the water and refreshment business, of "supporting Douglas"—some earnest, unavailing efforts to win from Lincoln and the Republicans the recognition due to the incomparable energy and patriotism with which he supported the Union. He never came to his own.

To Forney the Republicans owe the Anti-Lecompton controversy with Buchanan, which was the battle of Lexington in their war against slavery, the first flank movement that made success possible. Others came in—Broderick, Douglas, Walker, Haskin, Hickman, Dougherty—but Forney led the way. For years he had a lonely, disheartening campaign, only to see, when he had broken the pro-slavery lines, others who were never in the range of danger rush in to the honors and apportionings. I was a witness of the earnestness with which he made this Anti-Lecompton campaign, of his overmastering, absorbing enthusiasm. It was ever in his mind, the refrain to every movement and harmony of his life. "What shall I say to this fire company?" said Daniel Dougherty one day, as he bounded into Forney's room. "I must present the foreman with a silver trumpet. Give me an idea." "Yes," said Forney, looking out upon Washington Square. "Yes, I would take occasion to dwell upon the fine, self-denying heroism of these firemen's devoted lives; of their protection of our homes, and I would adjure them to remember Douglas and follow Walker, and never cease to war upon the infamies of Lecompton." Said with the utmost sincerity! It was the one thought in his mind. And having that desperate courage which makes one a majority, Forney in his contests never had but one thought—to win. Thus he served the Republican party, and with what recompense I shall not say.

Lincoln had no more strenuous friend than Forney. The admiration of Forney for Lincoln came with experience. The first impression Lincoln made upon him was akin to that upon Stanton, as I read in the letters of the Secretary. "And what of the new President?" I asked Forney, as he came into his editorial rooms from a Washington visit about the time of the inauguration. "The new President," said Forney, throwing up his hands, as if I had made inquiry about one of Du Chaillu's gorillas, "the new President—unspeakable! That with what one has seen in the White House, to see what he must see." Yet as with Stanton, when Forney came to know Lincoln, to study him with his own eyes, he became his profound, undaunted and uncompromising friend.

Forney never learned—or at least never applied—the lesson which Bennett seared into the hearts of the generation,—that the world must fear before it follows, that there is a good deal of the dog in what people call public opinion, and that it must be well flogged before you have the comfort of its affection. But to have done this, he must have been as Swift or as Voltaire, and not the kind, appreciative, sympathetic gentleman as I knew him. His greatest contribution to the press was the lesson of candor and courtesy. He was the first of the then reigning journalists to teach good will and fellowship in the press. He was insensible to abuse, indifferent to misrepresentation. He never replied in anger to the angriest taunt.

I recall his reading a savage diatribe, which would have justified a message under the code, and answering it by nominating his assailant for the Vice-Presidency. It was his way of speaking the soft answer which turneth away wrath.

From 1858—when Forney declared war upon the Buchanan administration—to the end of the Rebellion, he dominated the journalism of Pennsylvania, was among the reigning powers of the land. There were giants in his day, and he was one of them. None was more to be honored than the young Pennsylvanian who came from his Lancaster home to found and direct a policy which was to sway the nation, to be one of the leading instruments under the province of God in fighting the civic side of the war which assured the perpetuity of the Union. Yes, there were giants in those days. Of some of them I have written, in a vague, wandering way. The press is no longer the expression of personal power as when these illustrious men were reigning. It has grown with a pace startling even to those who dwell upon the pace of the century. Then the newspaper was a teacher, the voice of one thinker, one leader. Now it is a University. As much intellect is needed to disseminate a journal, as to govern Harvard or Yale. The fly sheets of the earlier day, with their thin, flimsy happenings of news, have given place to a daily volume, which embodies the genius of the artist, the writer, the artificer, and the statesman. Then there was no journal great enough for Greeley or Forney; now there could be no Forney or Greeley great enough for the journal. In their day Plato walked in the groves of the Academy, and Abelard lectured on the banks of the Seine. In time their influence was to develop into the schools, which have nourished the genius of civilization. So with journalism. The men who reigned have gone; but behind them remains an empire, which would have taxed, if not exhausted, the resources of their sovereignty.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

A few days previous to the battle of Bull Run, news came to Washington that the Southern army, then centered near Manassas, was advancing upon the Capital. Mr. Young was summoned from other duties, and appointed chief "War correspondent of the *Press*, and with the following letter from Hon. Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, he started for the front:—

"WAR DEPT., Washington, July 20th, 1861.

"*Gen. McDowell:*—Have just returned and arranged to send you some help to-morrow A.M. The young gentleman, Jno. Russell Young, who hands you this, is connected with Forney's *Press* in Philadelphia, and goes to the army in his vacation, but I feel more than common interest in himself, and therefore, will esteem it a personal favor if you will turn him over to one of the Brigadiers, who will extend to him the hospitalities of his military family. You will also direct the Quartermaster to furnish Mr. Young a horse and equipments.

"SIMON CAMERON."

WASHINGTON, July 22d, 1861.

THE BATTLE OE MANASSAS—BEAUREGARD'S TRAP—THE MIDNIGHT RETREAT FROM CENTREVILLE TO WASHINGTON.

There is no use of concealing the fact, however terrible it may be to realize, that the army of the Union, under command of Gen. McDowell, has been completely routed. I endeavored to intimate the sad intelligence in my letter of yesterday; I had hoped, however, that subsequent advices would have enabled me to say that the gallant, the superhuman conduct of our troops had met the rewards of bravery.

Every account that comes, comes filled with disaster. Every eye is sad, and the exultation of yesterday has given place to the gloom and apprehension of to-day. The present is one of sorrow, the future has but few gleams of hope.

We have sent into Virginia the best appointed division of our grand army, and we have fought the greatest battle ever fought on the Continent, and we have been not only beaten, but our army has been routed, and many of its best regiments wholly demoralized. The narrative of this disaster will be my duty; you may make your own conclusions and solve the terrible political problem it presents to the American people.

It was impossible for me, in the heat of a terrible engagement, exactly to locate the position of our forces during the battle; but I find my conjecture of yesterday verified, that it was not at Bull's Run, but at Manassas Gap. In other words, that General McDowell, with an army which, including the reserves at Centreville, did not number more than forty thousand, actually attacked the rebel forces at Manassas Gap, where Beauregard has been for months preparing his fortifications, and where he had lined the hills with elaborate and carefully constructed entrenchments, behind which were rifled cannon of large calibre, properly manned, and supported by an army which subsequent information leads me to estimate at nearly a hundred thousand men.

Behind these batteries the Southern troops fought.

They were constructed in a manner calculated to deceive the most experienced eye. The breastworks were in the shape of a gently sloping hill, neatly sodded, with here and there a tree left growing to more thoroughly deceive our troops as to their existence. Their line of batteries covered two or three miles. The whole region seemed literally to be one masked battery. What appeared to be a natural declivity would in a moment belch forth a most fearful charge of grape-shot, shell and canister; and from every clump of bushes or shrubbery the terrible messengers of death would come at the most unexpected moment.

I mention this in order that you may more properly understand the details of this great battle, and more properly appreciate the gallantry of our men. Notwithstanding they had slept on their arms, and had marched ten miles to the place of engagement, they rushed into the contest weary, wanting food and water; they drove the enemy from battery and battery, slowly and slowly pushing them from their position. From nine o'clock till three the battle was a victory, and if at three o'clock there had been ten thousand fresh men to assist them; if General Patterson had only come from Martinsburg, or McClellan over the Blue Ridge from Western Virginia—or if even Miles' division of reserves could have been marched from Centreville, we could have driven them from the field and won the day.

Our men were weary, and in many cases inefficiently commanded. The enemy was being constantly reinforced. So rapidly did they arrive, that many of their regiments rushed into the field with their knapsacks on their shoulders, and I could distinctly see with a strong spy-glass, even from the hills beyond Centreville, regiment after regiment of the rebels coming from the neighboring districts, and passing over the roads to Manassas. In many cases the colors of their flags could be easily distinguished.

The causes of our defeat appear to be these: A premature advance on the enemy without a sufficient force, which may be attributed to the clamors of politicians, and newspapers like the New York *Tribune;* the negligence of General Patterson in not intercepting General Johnston at Winchester, and preventing him from joining Beauregard at Manassas; the want of an efficient force of artillery to answer their masked batteries; the inefficiency of many of the officers; the want of proper discipline among the volunteers, and the general panic which seized upon our forces in the latter part of the action.

I have heard many stories of the bravery of some regiments and the inefficiency of others. But if we can make any such distinction, it is with the officers who commanded, and not with the men, who obeyed. The material of our army is of an extraordinary character, and this disastrous battle has shown it; for the men who could fight double their numbers behind masked batteries for ten hours, in a country where water could not be found, under the torrid rays of a Southern summer sun, and make the fight a victory until their endurance had been overtasked and the ranks of the enemy had been filled up by fresh men, are capable of anything which may be demanded of the soldier. And this is the story of the battle of Manassas; this is the substance of every rumor—the logical result from every fact the contest furnishes.

The general panic took place about five o'clock in the afternoon. There are a number of stories told as to the apparent reason for the precipitate flight of our troops; but, without stopping to relate them, or even to consider their manifest absurdity, I would simply say that it was caused by their utter exhaustion, and the terrible fire of masked batteries, which were taken by them, again and again, at the point of the bayonet, only to find, when taken, that others would open upon them.

The reinforcements vastly strengthened the enemy, their fire was increased, and, before that fire, our men retreated. If they had been properly commanded, they might have retreated in good order, like the regulars, under Major Sykes; but this, and the want of experience, gave rise to a panic, which soon swept everything before it, and carried our army, like a tumultuous mob, from Manassas to Washington.

The day was so closely contested that when I arrived at Centreville from the field of battle, at five o'clock in the evening, it was with the impression that the conflict had either resulted in a drawn battle or in a dearly bought victory. It was important that I should go to Fairfax in order to forward you my dispatches, no communication existing between Washington City and Centreville.

I had taken rooms in the only hotel of the place, and intended to have returned the same evening in order to complete my observations of the battle and follow the army in its further progress. At that time there were five regiments of volunteers as a reserve, and among them Colonel Max Einstein's Pennsylvania Volunteers, the only distinctively Pennsylvania Regiment any way concerned in the action. This body had been intended as a part of the advance, and with that impression its soldiers had left their quarters at the early hour of the morning when the movement commenced.

There was a change in the programme, however, and they were instructed to remain at Centreville as a reserve regiment. They were stationed in a large field on the north of the town, and below the hill which commanded a view of the distant field of battle. I had the opportunity of paying them a few moments' visit. There was the greatest dissatisfaction among the men because of their inaction. The cannonading and musketry could be distinctly heard, couriers were constantly going to and from the field, the various reports of victory were constantly being repeated, but the day passed on into the afternoon, and no signal of advance was given. Some of the men were sleeping under the shade of the trees. A few were cleaning and preparing their muskets, others were writing letters home, and some, anxious and mortified, were actually weeping at the want of an opportunity to join in the fight.

Colonel Einstein was galloping hither and thither, anxiously awaiting the orders to march, and every minute scanning the horizon with his opera-glass, in the hope of seeing the courier, which would signal him to victory. During the time of my brief stay, an aide arrived with an order to prepare for action.

The command was given, and received with the most intense enthusiasm on the part of the men, who rent the air with repeated shouts. In less time than it takes to write these ten lines they were in line, every man at his position, expecting the order to march. As I witnessed this spectacle, and recollected that in this regiment alone Pennsylvania was represented, I could not but feel proud of my State, and regret that her soldiers could not have taken part in the great events of this momentous day.

As I have said, it was necessary that I should reach Fairfax at an early hour in the evening. Fairfax is about eight miles from Centreville, and is approached by a devious and rugged road, running through a woody country, and traversing a succession of hills. It is a small, sleepy town, of the old Virginia style, and will be remembered as the scene of Lieutenant Tompkins' brilliant cavalry charge in the early part of this campaign. It is situated in a valley, or rather on the brow of a gradually sloping hill, surrounded by a scenery which is somewhat monotonous, but certainly romantic and beautiful.

(The houses are small, and built like Virginia houses generally, with a view to comfort and aristocratic display.) It was intended as the advance post of governmental communication with Washington, wires having been extended that far to a telegraph station, which was operated by an officer of the Government. The tone of the people was certainly not one of friendship to the Union, although the presence of a fine regiment of Western volunteers neutralized any attempt at open hostility. The people were sullen, or reluctantly civil, and the hotel-keepers extended their hospitality in a most niggardly spirit. I put up at a small inn, which was filled with soldiers, Senators, officers of the army, members of the House of Representatives, and citizens who had visited the scene of battle much after the manner in which we are accustomed in the North to patronize trotting-matches and agricultural fairs.

It was the impression at Fairfax, where I arrived about dusk, that we had obtained a victory, but in about an hour the news of a retreat was obtained in a dispatch from General Tyler. The receipt of the news created a commotion among the temporary residents of the place, although the hope was expressed and entertained that the brigade of Colonel Miles would make a stand at Centreville, and hold that position as an advanced post for future operations, or as a standpoint, around which to rally our retreating forces.

Numerous bodies of troops, however, began to come into Fairfax, some of them mounted on artillery horses, some in transportation wagons, and a few in ambulances, having been wounded. A rumor obtained currency that a body of the rebels had taken one of the roads leading to a point below Fairfax, with the intention of cutting off the retreat of our army and capturing the town. This announcement created a panic among the Union men, and a rush was made for Washington by all who could, for either love or money, obtain the means of conveyance to the capital. A number of distinguished representatives of the New York press took this occasion to leave the scene of danger, and they left at an early hour. So anxious were some of them to leave, that I saw one offer a traveler his gold watch and purse if he would drive him to Arlington. The offer was refused, and the anxious and excited civilian remained.

Finding it impracticable to return to Centreville, I determined to remain at Fairfax until morning, in the hope of learning that our forces had occupied Centreville, and maintained the communications open by which we could return.

The only accommodation to be found was a small mattress in the corner of a parlor, where I soon fell into a deep sleep. The floor was covered with mattresses, and my bed companions were soldiers, weary from the field, and civilians of all conditions. About 1 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a soldier of a New York Regiment, who informed me that there was a regular retreat of the army; that our forces had been completely routed; that Beauregard was in full pursuit, and that our army was falling back upon Washington. I arose at the alarming intelligence, and on looking from the window saw that so far as our army being in retreat was concerned, his information was correct.

The broad street was filled with large bodies of troops, many of them on foot, and trains for the transportation of the wounded and weary. I hastily dressed, and in company with those who had been our companions of the night, took up the line of march.

As we left the inn and joined in the line the scene was most exciting. The night was gloomy. Large black clouds rolled over the sky, while big drops of rain were occasionally falling. The weary soldiers had just come from the field with torn uniforms, empty canteens, and many of them without either muskets or haversacks. The utmost confusion existed. No dozen of the soldiers seemed to belong to the same regiment. There were men from Rhode Island, from New York, from Ohio, and from Michigan. Every soldier had a dozen rumors; every rumor was of the most conflicting and animating character. There were tales of death and daring; of havoc and desolation. Each particular act of bravery was recorded, and every soldier had a tale to tell of a comrade who had fought bravely and died gallantly.

In one thing they were agreed,—that a regiment of rebels had outflanked the army in retreat, and intended to intercept the march at a point below Fairfax. There were the most gloomy and desperate speculations upon the result of any such a conflict. About one-half of our men were armed, and it was the determination to oppose any attempt at capture by a fierce resistance. I am confident, if we had met the enemy at the point anticipated, there would have been a fearful conflict and terrible slaughter.

The road from Fairfax was hard and rough. On each side there were deep gullies or ravines, and for a great portion of the way our path was between woods, which would have afforded a splendid opportunity for an ambuscade, and through hills, where on either side, a company of soldiers with a battery could have repulsed almost any body of men. Many of the volunteers fell away from sheer exhaustion. Along the sides of the roads small bodies of men might be seen lying, wrapped in the deep sleep which answers the demand of exhausted nature. Some of the soldiers endeavored to march by regiment, and for a mile or two I could see a dozen or a score of men seated at different points of the road, and hear such cries as "This way, Ninth!" "Come over here, Rhode Island!" "Here you are, Seventy-ninth!" All together, Zouaves!" "Fall in, Ohio!" "This way, Massachusetts!" and so on, as the different regiments happened to be designated. The attempt, however, was not very successful, and the men marched wearily onward, sad and silent.

We passed the point of danger, and no signs of the enemy were manifest. There was a constant cry for water. "For God's sake, give us a drink," "Can't you help a sick man?" "I'm thirsty and almost dead," were the cries we heard constantly and appealingly from the weary soldiers as they lay on the roadside.

One or twice, a well was reached, and it was instantly surrounded by bodies of thirsty soldiers, clamoring for the merest drop of the refreshing beverage. Men were constantly falling from sheer exhaustion. In one case, a lieutenant came along on horseback, carrying behind him a wounded soldier. The horse had been cut out from a battery, and it still had on its military harness. The animal could go no farther. The men were almost fainting and could not dismount. A soldier of the same regiment came along and tenderly lifted his commander from the weary animal, placed him on the roadside, and in answer to the appeal of a comrade to continue his journey, replied that he could not go, for his place of duty was by the side of his officer. And by his side, carefully bathing his brow, anxiously binding up a severe wound upon his shoulder, we left him, and passed on.

We passed on and in silence. Few words were spoken, for there was deep grief in every heart, and the few sentences which occasionally fell upon my ear, expressed not so much the mere mortification of defeat, as the deep and bitter determination to cover that defeat by a future of glorious victory and fearful retribution.

About six miles from Fairfax a body of regular cavalry came up to us and passed on, having retreated in good order. From them we learned that our army was in full retreat, even from Centreville, and that the retreat was being covered by the Third Infantry, under Major Sykes, of whose bravery I may have occasion to speak, and that a detachment of the enemy were in pursuit, harassing them with shell. With the Third Infantry were the reserve regiments, including that of Colonel Einstein, whose men were ordered to fall in with the retreating soldiers without having fired a musket.

Trains of baggage wagons were constantly passing us, many of them being filled with wounded men. There were numerous horses which passed, nearly every animal having two riders. On arriving at the road leading to Alexandria, a great part of the receding column proceeded to that town. We took the road which leads to Arlington, and continued our march.

The morning came, but it was very gloomy,—the sky was a mass of heaving and rolling clouds, and the sun arose in all his purple golden, and, as it seemed to us, bloody splendor. Our path was a small, narrow one, leading from the main turnpike, and approaching Washington by a more direct road than that generally traveled. The country was even more hilly and densely wooded than that we had just traversed. The ambulances, wagons and horsemen having gone forward, we were left behind, and to the number of about a thousand in mere straggling groups, and covering some three or four miles of ground, we continued our march. The only evidence of hospitality we received was at the house of a farmer, about five miles from Washington, who stood on the roadside and furnished the troops with water.

At about six o'clock in the morning, we came in view of Washington City and Georgetown; of Fort Corcoran, with its frowning black guns, and patrolled by solitary sentinels, and of the long rows of white tents where the New Jersey brigade was encamped.

And above the hills of Arlington, in the gray hour of that gloomy dawn, and amid a shower of quickly-falling rain, we saw our dear old flag—God bless it—still streaming to the breeze—the type of liberty, and law, and constitutional freedom; the emblem of a glorious past; the harbinger of a more glorious future; and, although covered to-day with temporary disaster, soon to float again over rebellion crushed, a Constitution defended, a Union restored, and the majesty of a mighty and invincible Republic. J. R. Y.

Mr. Young's report of the battle, and description of the scenes following was not only the first published, but was generally recognized as one of the most picturesque and accurate; and won him fame as a war correspondent.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

It was early in '62, while acting as War Correspondent, that Mr. Young first met Bayard Taylor when on some commission in Virginia. The friendship, begun at that time, was continued to the end of Taylor's life. Turning to many notes and short articles upon Bayard Taylor, the following are paragraphs written at different times:—

I was running over a war book the other day in the

Philadelphia library, and read some letters from Mr. Dana written in 1868. Speaking of the late Bayard Taylor, Dana referred him "as not so good a journalist as a voyager." It was my privilege to know Mr. Taylor upon terms of intimacy. Nothing vexed him more than to be called a "traveler." His ambition was to be a poet. Park Benjamin, who disliked Taylor, invented a story, which he attributed to Alexander Humboldt, to the effect that Humboldt had found in Taylor "a young man who had journeyed more and seen less than any one he had ever met." The diabolical epigram gave Taylor exquisite annoyance.

This reference to Bayard Taylor brings back a remarkable Pennsylvanian, one who gave his State great fame, and yet whose name is almost forgotten.

Pennsylvania had three brilliant sons, contemporaries, stars in the same orbit—Bayard Taylor, George H. Boker and Buchanan Read. Each of them might be alive to-day, and still be in the youth of their old age.

Bayard Taylor left his Pennsylvania home at an early day, and although he rarely returned, was always a Pennsylvanian. He had unrivaled gifts and high qualities; exultant spirits at times, even to boyishness; a mild, gentle voice, and humorous, pathetic, half-complaining eyes. He pouted with fame, cared only for his verses, and was ever aiming higher and higher in his art. He was a loyal American, susceptible of recognition and acceptance, and wore ever the white flower of chivalry and candor and kindness. He had a superb memory, which used to remind me of what I had read of Macaulay; could repeat pages of any author in English or German worth knowing; was master of French, so far as the skill to translate went. and had gone deeply into Scandinavian. His translation of "Faust" is the only English reproduction that gives you an idea of the force and euphony of the masterpiece.

Taylor never buried his citizenship, but kept himself in the channels and currents of political thought. He was early in the Fremont movement, and kept pace with advanced Republicanism until that melancholy Greeley business in 1872, when he followed his heart rather than his head in the forlorn business of persuading the Democracy of the South to accept a lifelong enemy as their true and natural leader. This, however, did not prevent the forgiving Hayes, when Republicans again gained power, from offering Taylor the splendid mission to Germany.

Taylor went to Germany—no prouder man crossing the seas. Made due pilgrimage to Carlyle, hurried to Berlin, became good comrade with Bismarck, received Grant, fell in love with the great General, and died. At the time of his death he was gathering material for a life of Goethe, which, as he told me, he meant to be his masterpiece.

A young man when he died, not much over the fifties, had every token of long life, and yet somehow he is almost forgotten. By his industry and genius, how much he managed to pack into his life. I recall no American who in fifty years had done so much, or who, dying at his age, had won so wide a fame. But his fame was to go with him. Taylor's work went into that bottomless sea of literature, the press. He strove to rescue it, but so much was hastily done that it was hardly worth the saving. If he could have had ten years over his Goethe, ten silent, busy, delving years, with no butchers and bakers beating their devil's tattoo at his doors, what a work he might have given us on German literature.

Bayard Taylor died in 1878. He was then American minister at Berlin. I remember the last time I met him. It was at breakfast, in Berlin in midsummer, and the only things on the table he apparently cared for were cherries. He complained of some persistent trouble, which as he described it, was "an annoyance rather than a disease." It was in truth a disease, and many weeks did not elapse before its work was done.

I have referred to Bayard Taylor, however, not to write of his life or even make an estimate of his character. The man as I knew him was dear to me in many ways, and it is with a sense of something wrong that I see no proper recognition of his services to his State and the country. Buchanan Read and Boker are in the Pantheon of the Union League. A place should be found for Taylor, ever in war and in peace the strenuous friend of the Union.

BAYARD TAYLOR AND GRANT.

There is a bit of personal history in connection with my meeting Prince Bismarck that comes back to me as concerning Bayard Taylor. I had gone to Gotha to visit Dr. Petermann, the geographer, returning by way of Berlin to join General Grant. Bayard Taylor was minister. I had known him long and well, but found him perturbed over the idea of the General's coming. Taylor was an exuberant, manly, innocent character. Grant had been President. Taylor, as an editor of the *Tribune,* had written against his re-election in prose and verse, and with some vehemence. Now Grant was coming to Berlin and Taylor as minister instructed to welcome him. Could anything be more awkward? I sought to modify Taylor's distress, not without apprehensions that Grant, who had a memory like steel, might have his own views as to the minister. However, so it was, and the best must be done, and Taylor at least, the amiable, high-minded, generous fellow, would not lack in courtesy. So we arranged to go down the road to Stendahl, some sixty miles from Berlin, and meet Grant. As the time approached for the train, Taylor grew braver and braver, was in possession of his full courage, and would do his duty in welcoming Grant, as he had done his duty in opposing him for the Presidency, and as for the consequences—well!—no reproach should rest upon him. This the minister's avowed, resolute mood as the train came in, and there sure enough the serene face of Grant looking out over the German plains. I presented Taylor. Grant was polite in his calm way, and invited the minister into the car, where Mrs. Grant sat in a corner. "This is Minister Taylor." "Yes," and a pause. Bayard also looking out toward the German plains, the prose and poems of the Greeley campaign and the arousing of the country against military despotism evidently coming back to his troubled mind. "Minister Taylor." "Yes," and a pause! "Don't you remember," said the General to his wife, "the winter we were married, that among the books I read you of an evening was one about two young men traveling afoot over Europe?" "Why, yes; and how charming." "This is Mr. Taylor, who wrote the book." "How delighted I am to see you." And what a flood of sunshine rolled in upon the heavy laden heart of Taylor; Greeley campaign and other clouds in instant ignominious dissolution, as the company went off into friendly talk, the brilliant Taylor in royal mood and leading the way, as so well he could. It is due to the memory of two noble characters to say that Grant left Berlin with deep regard for the minister. Taylor himself told me that he could never be too grateful that he had been permitted to know Grant, and to have for him that sentiment of affection which it was the fortune of that illustrious man to inspire among those who came within the dominion of his friendships.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

In 1862 Mr. Young was made managing editor of the Philadelphia *Press,* and took up his residence in Philadelphia, while Colonel Forney devoted his energies to national politics. The responsibilities of such a position, thrust upon a young man of twenty-two, might easily have shaken the balance of a less finely adjusted nature; but in studying the correspondence of these immediate years, one notes the tone of deference to his authority, and regard for his opinion, in all business connection, while the courteous familiarity in his social relations, early indicated the charm of that personal attraction, which was so much the nature of the man, that none knew him well without yielding to it. This correspondence ranges through many sorts and conditions of men. From statesmen in Washington, the army in the field, distinguished citizens at home, to the hurrying throng of the newspaper fraternity at his elbow.

Many and kindly letters occur from George W. Childs; earnest messages from George H. Boker, notes from Edwin Forrest; constant and affectionate remembrances from Daniel Dougherty, and hosts of other well known names. The intimacy with Dougherty ceased only with the death of that lovable and accomplished gentleman in 1892, when Mr. Young wrote the following vivid sketch:

"In a vague, random fashion, I shall gather up some memories of Daniel Dougherty, as they rest with me after a friendship of over thirty years. I knew him as a boy, when he was kind to me. I knew him in man's estate, to become his intimate friend. I only knew him but to honor and love him. Over all the irretrievable years—now so sadly mournful that he has gone—this friendship rests without a cloud. And as I looked upon his pale face, sealed with night and death, it seemed as if so much had gone and that no one could take his place.

Sunny glimpses out of the past,—how many of them! Thinking of Dougherty as I have thought so much, since I knew the hand of death was upon him, what scenes return,—vivid, soft, radiant;—nights with the gods,—long strolls, midnight wanderings, after the Saturday Union Club reunions; the war and its daily menaces, heavy upon us. One evening comes back to me; it must have been in the early spring of 1864, when one of our set was about to go to the Red River campaign, and there was a famous supper at Price's. Price was a solemn, Dombeyish kind of colored person, who kept a small basement restaurant at the southwest corner of Fourth and Chestnut. We had one, perhaps two, bottles of champagne, as a special treat, funds running low with our party in those days, and champagne a luxury indeed. Dougherty was in the chair. There, too, was Stockton, John D.—brother to Thomas H.,—and Frank, the novelist,—a brilliant member of a brilliant family, and surpassing his kinsman, as I always thought, in genius.—Kane O'Donnell, with his weird Celtic fancies and German mysticisms; and his brown honest eyes, which were to close in his thirty-second year;—A. E. Lancaster, with his Shelley fancies, now a star in New York journalism;—"Greybeard" of the *Press* (John F. Graff), likewise near to Forney, to Dougherty, and to us all, sporting in his youth the fancy of years; still with us to show how wit and wisdom and a careful appreciation of events are not inconsistent with devoted citizenship and a modest, unostentatious, Christian life. A radiant night, as with the gods, and our one, perhaps two, bottles of champagne. I can see Dougherty in toasting the parting guest, hold the beaded beaker toward the light and recite with exquisite feeling Moore's "Farewell—but whenever you welcome the hour." Stockton recited from Browning—

"What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip,
Choose land travel or sea faring,
Boots and chest, or staff and scrip,
Rather than pace up and down
Any longer in London town?"

Nights in England and France with Dougherty came back to me, one memorable evening at the House of Commons, and our adventures in persuading the guardians of Westminister that we had a right to the galleries. Disraeli reigned in those days and Gladstone was in his prime. It was during those evenings at the Commons that Dougherty learned those wonderful imitations of the manner of the English Parliamentary leaders, which afterward adorned his lecture on "Oratory." For Disraeli he had a profound admiration. And one evening, as he afterwards himself told the story, with harmless application, while we were in the lobby, Disraeli came from the house bareheaded, stately, the debate on, the Speaker seen in his chair through the closing door.

"Look, my Lord, he comes," and by instinct we turned and paced after him the way he was going. He walked slowly, head bent, eyes introspective and flashing. "Empire upon his brow," whispered Dougherty. "Some mighty thunderbolt forging for the opposition. How genius weighs him down." And so on in rapturous comment, until Disraeli, pausing at a little refreshment stand in the lobby, over which a bright-eyed maiden was presiding, said, in sepulchral tones, "A glass of brandy." Laying down his sixpence, in a moment he slowly turned and re-entered the House.

There comes also the story of "how Sickles and I kept Anderson in Sumter." In the throes of a conceived rebellion came the news that Major Anderson had one night transferred his command from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter. Buchanan was President, and dallying with the Confederate leaders, who were exchanging essays with him on the abstract right of secession, while their folks at home were cleaning the guns and mixing the powder. Floyd and Thompson were in the Cabinet. The transfer awakened the anger of the South, meaning, as it did, that Anderson had moved from a trap into a fortress. In good faith Buchanan must order Anderson back, must command him to leave the fortress and re-enter the trap. Buchanan, who in the hands of the strenuous Slidell was even as clay in the potter's hand, agreed. Stanton, temporarily in the Buchanan Cabinet as Attorney General, was in despair. He thought of Sickles—then Congressman from New York—who had been Secretary of Legation to Buchanan when English minister, and was on familiar terms with the President. Sickles, with the instinct of genius, saw the war coming, saw its magnitude, and had thrown himself prone upon the Union cause. Stanton implored Sickles to arrest Buchanan's fatal resolution. In vain—back to Moultrie Anderson must go. For Slidell had said it, and who dare challenge the imperious mandate?

But Sickles was of all men living the last to be baffled. So swift went a dispatch to Dougherty, "Meet me at the early train without fail, even if the heavens fall."

There sure, in the cold wintry morning, was Dougherty, waiting, breakfastless, to chafe and grieve over the news. "Go swift, swift, swift—and find some artillery, and have 100 guns fired in honor of the firmness of the venerable President in ordering Anderson to occupy Sumter. Have the guns fired, and then rain dispatches on the President, commending him as a second Jackson."

The counsel given, Sickles, without leaving the train, hastened to New York, where he had Rynders with his guns to salvo the heavens in honor of the firm Buchanan. Dougherty, as he told me the story, rushed still breakfastless to find the guns and the powder. Then to stop friends on the highway and implore them to at once telegraph Buchanan. And by nightfall there had fallen upon the limp bewildered President a shower of compliments for his firmness, such adulations of the second Jackson, that he went to bed that night the staunchest and happiest patriot in the land. Anderson was not ordered back to Moultrie. The masterful Slidell was foiled.

"And thus it was," said Dougherty, with his joyous laugh, "that Sickles and I saved the Union." I thought of it all, as I saw the torn and wounded soldier, his face broken with sorrow, limping on his crutches by the bier of his friend—his friend who loved him well.

In those days and in that earnest company, Dougherty was the star. He was in the fulness of genius and vigor. He was an exceedingly handsome man, and he came into every company like a sunbeam. The hearty, resonant greeting, especially to young men,—his frankness, sincerity and zeal; his rare varied gifts, and the coy manner in which he would caress them when persuaded into a speech or recitation; his mastery of every form of expression, from the comedy of Mercutio, when he told of Queen Mab to the terror of Lear in the storm,—all these blended in this notable man, and made him the circle of our "Union League" circles in those weary, anxious days of war.

In the early sixties and until the close of the war there was scarcely a day in which we did not meet. I saw the growth of his mind from the pale, questionable Democracy of Douglas, into the passionate devotion to the Union. Coming, as Dougherty did—a Democrat—the rising hope of the young Democracy of Pennsylvania, his accession to the Union League was not that of a person, but a force. It was a force eagerly welcomed by the fathers of the league, because they saw behind it that Democratic sentiment which was so desirable toward a successful prosecution of the war.

Dougherty had many friends upon which, if space permitted, it would be pleasant to dwell. There were two notably which influenced his life—those of John W. Forney and Edwin Forrest.

"I love Forney," he used to say. "He was my earliest friend. He gave me my first glass of champagne." Forney was some years, ten, I think, senior to Dougherty. When the young orator was edging to the front, Forney, with his remarkable sagacity in reading men, discovered him. Forney had the princely gift of recognition, and, more than that, appreciation. Who like him could speak the cheering word, illumine the young hope, or give fire to the new ambition? He saw in Dougherty noble gifts, and out of his own ample experience and intellectual resources guided them. If Forney was Dougherty's first friend, I take it he was his first master. They had much in common. They had been under the yoke of what Bulwer calls the twin jailers of the daring heart, humble birth and iron fortune. They were self-made, self-taught, alike in their pride, their aspirations, their unpausing devotion to a cause. Forney knew the world better than

Dougherty. While the younger man was mooning—his forehead among the stars, and dreaming over Phocion and Cato, the elder was studying the causes of the latest defection in Berks and the reasons for believing in a larger vote in Lancaster. Forney realized that, not having made the world, he must take human nature as he found it, and follow the ancient landmarks. It would take an eternity to amend them, and his work must of need be for the time being.

Until Forney died, Dougherty was as near to him as any man. Out of the trouble world, with its stress and care, and the all too many battles which Forney was called upon to fight, he found rest in the impetuous, chivalrous, sunny spirit of Dougherty. He loved the young orator, petted, bantered him, teased him, about his vanities,—not vanities, indeed, but the ingenuous expression of the young man's disappointments and hopes. In this world I fancy we all have our vanities in common,—no more, no less,—the difference is, in the silence we maintain about them.

Dougherty was not of a silent nature,—vocal otherwise when it was in his heart to speak, and this heart was ever upon his sleeve. While Forney fashioned the mind of Dougherty in a way, and opened the doors to many new joys in poetry, history, literature, politics; while he charmed him with his courtesy, kindness, appreciation,—the influence of Dougherty upon his master was no less marked, especially as the years went on. Forney in the dark days when the sky was heavy with Anti-Lecompton wars and political treasons, had no friend with surer purposes than Dougherty. His enthusiasm was a trumpet-call, his courage an inspiration, and they were a blessing to Forney in many an anxious, troubled hour. Out of the friendship with Forney grew the intimacy with Forrest, the dominant tragedian of the time. Dougherty was to become almost as a son to Forrest;—his counsel, the executor of his will, under which he was to be a handsome beneficiary. There was nothing in common between the two men but genius. What had this Timon of Athens, at war with the world, a recluse, a cynic, a hater of men, and especially of women,—what had he to say to the joyous youth, to whom the world was an expression of God's beauty, who loved men and reverenced women, and was never so happy as amid sunshine and smiles. It was a relation of compromises and contrasts, and was borne by Dougherty with filial duty and regard.

Dougherty was a pessimist. His pessimism was that of the idealist striving for an ideal ever unattainable. A youth of lofty thoughts, of rapt and vivid imagination, his head was among the stars. The Romans—yes, the Romans! And the Greeks! There were your men. The heroes made empire, and lawgivers evolved the oracles of eternal justice, and poets sang, and philosophers walked in the groves of the academy. And our own great men, our Senators of the earlier days, when Webster moved the heart with his awe-compelling sentences and Clay charmed with his eloquence, and Calhoun convinced with his logic. To be of them, that was not possible. But to take the torch and keep it aflame, and walking in their path, emulate and improve their example. What a dream for the daring young man!

With these high aims the brilliant, ever brooding boy, conscious of his gifts, looking toward politics as an ideal, was doomed, when he came in touch with it, to a rude awakening. What, after all, as he learned in bitterness and dismay, were these contemporaneous gods but idols with feet of clay? What was political action but chicanery? Who could conquer but by stooping in filth and slime? The shock came rudely upon an imagination which had dreamed of silvern harmonious ways in a public career, who had seen himself with a party crowding to honor him for his eloquence, a people coming with crowns for his civic virtues.

How often in bitterness, and with Junius like invective, have I heard Dougherty rail at the realities of public life, what men call "practical politics"—the use of money and patronage. There was no way to pace but by walking in the shadow of the penitentiary. There was no use for genius or character. A political career—it was the hitching of a Derby winner to an offal cart! Politics—successful politics—what was it but the deadening of moral sentiment, the emasculation of manly virtue? Place meant money. And as he could not bend, as he never bowed his head but to the cross, Dougherty kept his way—his face to the stars, while the eager world swept by him.

While Dougherty would have rejoiced in the recognition of his fellow men, that office implied, he was never hungry for place. During the war, and for years succeeding his acceptance of the Lincoln war-policy, he resolutely declined office. He had left the Democratic party because of its divided councils as to war. To take honors from the Republicans would throw a doubt upon his sincerity, and this was not to be endured. I met him one day on Chestnut street, near Sixth, in a state of some excitement. "What do you think?" he said. "The Republican Convention has nominated me to be City Solicitor." "Congratulations." "Congratulations!" "I am going into the American House to resign the nomination."

Calling for paper, he wrote his pencilled declination, and had it hurried to the convention before it adjourned.

It was an honorable place. Yes! It was in his profession. Yes! But he would not be in a false position. While the war lasted he was a Republican. But he was a Republican only to save the Union. That done, and personal honors might be considered. When the war was ended, however, the enthusiasm over the brilliant young orator had cooled,—others had pressed to the front; influences he resented and disdained were in authority, and the palm he put aside with a lead pencil, never returned. Dougherty's alienation from Philadelphia as it was called, and his ultimate "exile to New York" have been much a matter of comment. Dougherty himself invited it by the frankness of his criticisms upon Philadelphia. Practical politics made him a resentful critic. This impossibility of adjusting his finely tuned nature to the coarse harmonies of political methods, was against advancement. Dougherty attributed it to the apathy, the indifference of Philadelphia, but I fancy the fault was in his very virtues, his Spartan attributes of character. Of all places in the world he loved Philadelphia. Her very stones were dear to him, and her grey memories were ever in his worship and his dreams. To be sure—and this should be remembered—in many essential points he was out of sympathy with the dominant sentiment of Philadelphia. He was an Irishman—that is to say,—while native to our soil, Celtic in temperament and earnest in its expression. He was a Catholic; not merely a member of the ancient communion, but enthusiastic in his love for the church. He was a Democrat, and except in war times a Democrat, in every political tradition and conviction. He had studied the philosophy of Jefferson and drew from it his political faith.

Dougherty went to New York late in life. He had an unusual success. His repute had gone before him. He became a center of social and political honors. Tammany Hall sent him to St. Louis to nominate Cleveland. At the outset of his New York career, whenever I saw Dougherty, he was aglow over his hearty political recognition. His gratification was ingenuous and sincere, and I remember having my own thoughts about it as to how long it would last, and in what manner the most impossible of politicians could become possible to Tammany; and whether the spirit that would not brook the whips of Democratic management in Philadelphia would accept the scorpions of New York. The Cleveland nomination incident lasted a season and made the skies rosy. But it could not endure.

The eyes of Dougherty slowly opened to Tammany Hall. The political chicanery which had been the work of amateurs in Philadelphia was here the work of masters. He found practical politics reduced to a science. In my last conversation with him, summing up his New York experiences, he dwelt with scorn upon what he had learned of Democracy, and said that he was making ready for what he meant to be the work of his life—a war to the death against Tammany Hall.

In New York, even in a greater degree than in Philadelphia, as my readers will see, again the ideal had struck the real—again there had been the rude awakening, and he saw the degradation involved in the inner management of political affairs. Dougherty was an absolutely honest man—and although with his imagination and his world of high fancies he might for a period go mooning in the land of dreams, when the truth came and he saw it, there came stern, unyielding anger.

* * * * * * *

Dougherty disliked extemporaneous speaking, although he was at his best when he spoke from his heart, instant, full and free. He was conscientious over his art. Demosthenes had declaimed to the waves with the pebbles in his mouth, Dickens had rehearsed his Copperfield reading two hundred times, and what he did he would do well. I presume he wrote his little speech nominating Cleveland twenty times. It would not make one hundred lines, and when he came one morning to read it to me he would only have the severest criticism. There was nothing to criticise, but the conscientious man went on refining and refining, until, when it was delivered before a hushed convention, it was as perfect in expression and condensation as an ode of Horace.

* * * * * * *

Dougherty governed his life with rigid if not austere laws. He had mapped out a high plane of moral action, and from that he never swerved.

It could be said of him, in truth, as Tennyson writes in his majestic lines on the Prince Consort, that he was one

"Who reverenced his conscience as his king,
Whose glory was redressing human wrong,
Who spoke no slander,—no, nor listened to it,
Who loved one only, and who clave to her."

He was prudent and husbanded himself,—his pleasures, his health, his substance, and his fame. He would not be common in the eyes of men, nor run with the crowd, nor take up issues, merely because they gave him advertisement. He was not an easy man to reach for public occasions. He would not make himself familiar. How often have I heard him declaim, in defence of this reserve, the lines:—

"Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence like a robe pontifical;
Ne'er seen but wondered at; And so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness and solemnity."

A man to be loved and to love, of intense, deep rooted, pervading affection, with his face of smiles and tears, there was one love that absorbed his life,—Rome! yes, Rome,—the dear Mother Church! How his eyes would gleam with fond adoration as he apostrophized Rome! It is hard, especially in writing to a cold material world, with our religions and dogmas resting so easily upon us, in these agnostic times, to convey an idea of the love of Dougherty for his church. Its pageantry, its history; the long line of Pontiffs, at whose stirrups emperors had knelt; the missionaries who had traversed the world with the Cross; its music, its eloquence, and its art; the harmonies of its worship, its pomp and splendor;—all this satisfied his genius. In Rome, and in Rome alone, his soul found peace. There at least, was no chicanery, no strife, no deceit. There before the altar was a sanctuary for disappointment, for sorrow, for bruised ambition. The laws of Rome were laws to him. He was devout, earnest, submissive. All his days he obeyed every requirement of the faith. And if he gave Rome love, adoration, submission,—if he was the humblest of worshippers, he likewise was a champion. No knight-errant in chivalry was truer to his vows to the fair Dulcinea, than Dougherty, to his church. His hand was ever on his sword to battle for it. No word of criticism, however lightly spoken, could pass unrebuked. His last days were spent in preparing an oration, commemorating the discovery of America. "It would be," he told me, "a recognition of what

Rome had done for civilization; of what his dear Mother Church had given to Christianity; of what Columbus, another apostle, had done at the bidding of Rome, to discover, and bestow upon mankind. The discovery of America should be the apotheosis of Rome, and to the elucidation of this thought, he would give his genius and power." It was never to be written. The summons when it came found him busy upon it, but the summons would have no abeyance, and the task was unfinished.

I am sure, if the gentle believing spirit of Dougherty had been taken into the Supreme Councils, nothing could have pleased him more than to know that when the word was spoken, it was to find him honoring his church and doing what he could for its glory." . . . . . .

There lie before me many letters of appreciation of this eulogy, but the following from Hon. Noah Davis seems to express the heart of all:—

Pocantico Hills, Sept. 29th, 1892.

My dear Mr. Young:—I have this moment finished reading your recollections of Daniel Dougherty. The article is a poem of great intrinsic beauty, and external adornment. If Dougherty can read it, in his new existence, he will be quite reconciled to have paid the price which only could have purchased it,—his life. I knew him well and loved him much; but my personal knowledge of him only covered the brief period of his residence in New York. * * * * You seem to have been, all your life, taking photographs on your heart, of the merits and beauties of his nature; and now, that his death has set you free to do so, you give impressions of singular excellence, upon which all men may look and see how true a man he was. You are entitled to thanks, copious and warm, and I hasten to give mine with the most cordial wishes for your own health and happiness.

Your friend,

NOAH DAVIS.

EDWIN FORREST.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17th, 1864.

My dear John:—I have just arrived here, having read as I came on in the cars, your sketch of the Oil Regions. It is perfectly splendid! By far the best of yours that I have read; and I question whether there is in all the country to-day one of your age who could write anything its equal. My friend, Ford, of the theatre, with our friend Forrest, will spend next Wednesday evening with me, and I want you to make the quartette.

Your friend,

DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

Out of the intimacy with Dougherty in those young years sprang a curious friendship between Mr. Young and Edwin Forrest, the great actor. This friendship was always affectionately dwelt upon, and is thus described:—

Forrest I came to know as intimately as it was possible for one to know another who was old enough to be his grandfather. I must have been one of my friend's fancies, remembering, as I do, his extreme kindness to me when I was brought home from the Virginia swamps ill with a fever superinduced in McClellan's peninsular campaign. The afternoon calls during the days of convalescence, the many drives, the unvarying attentions, the human interest of the man are gratefully with me. Forrest rests in my memory with so many tender associations, the

Forrest I knew is so unlike the Forrest of biography and dramatic annals, that I have long since ceased to read what is printed about him.

The rough side of Forrest I never saw, except in a vehemence of speech which was phenomenal. In this he would recall Boythorn as drawn by Dickens in "Bleak House." There was the lion roar when tempted or teased. I am afraid, and not without remorse must the confession be made, that some of his young, irreverent friends, once they had found the trick, would now and then essay it for the fun of roaring. It was like having Niagara on tap. An artless question, asked with the innocent deference due from youth to age, as to whether Edmund Kean resembled Macready in his school of acting; or whether Charles O'Conor recalled the forensic oratory of England; or whether William Stuart, then rather famous as a dramatic critic, was like Hazlett or Lewes; this, or any possible allusion to the jury system, as an agency of jurisprudence, and Niagara was at once in play. It was a sorry business, but Forrest in a flame. Forrest in a Vesuvian state of eruption, Forrest declaiming on the English critics, or assailing Macready with that marvelous power of mimicry, this was something to have seen and studied as though it were among the wonders of nature. Forrest was sincere in his anger. It was living and genuine—real fire and burning more from the very depths of his nature, no pyrotechnics or stage flame.

Talleyrand tells of Napoleon's anger as rehearsed, mimetic, arranged for effect, and if I remember aright, Metternich records the same experience. Andrew Jackson, as one of his close friends once told me, kept his anger where it could be decanted when necessary. The art of temper was to Jackson like Lincoln's art of story-telling, and served to warn off many an importunate deputation.

But Forrest never acted except when on the stage. I have rarely known a man who wore his heart so noticeably upon the sleeve. He had no compromise in him. The world was composed only of his friends and enemies. As the years pressed upon him he became indifferent to society, to new faces or associations. Always prudent, conscious of the value of money, his thrifty habits became those of painful privation. It was difficult to meet him. Unless you had an appointment a day or two ahead you could never see him. And an appointment with Forrest was as hard to secure as with the German Kaiser.

When I used to see much of Forrest he lived in a large, roomy house on Broad street, Philadelphia, now given over to a school of design. If you had your rendezvous he would himself open the door, for among his aversions were domestic servants. Once in a house and the stern master became a very baronial lord of the manor. You could pay him no higher compliment than in answer to the first invariable question, what wine you would drink, to name an obsolete Tokay or some rare imperial brand from the Rhine. It was the old man's fancy that the finest wines in the world were in his cellar. Then the nights in that noble library. Daniel Dougherty, his companion, friend, executor, who was loved by Forrest with a Damon's affection, should put some memories of them on record, as he alone can do. There was his 1623 folio of Shakespeare which you must adore as the old man petted and fondled it. You were blessed indeed if he gave you, as I once heard him, the third act of "Othello," after the manner of Edmund Kean, whom he had supported as Iago. Kean was described to the minutest touch of his stage business, and Forrest told me that his own Othello was largely a study of Kean. I recall a dissertation as to negro melody which was not, according to the tragedian, what it had been in its better days. And to show what it should be, Forrest must needs go limping around the parlor in Jim Crow fashion, chanting negro melody and winding up with a breakdown. He would analyze and demonstrate the subtlest movements of the art of Kemble, Talma and Lemaitre.

Toward Booth, indeed toward all the Booths, toward Macready, Murdoch, Cushman, Davenport, he was never just. And, therefore, it was no pleasure to hear him speak of them. He saw in Barrett, as he once told me, "the hope of the American stage." He admired John McCullough. He wanted to commend Edwin Adams. But some indiscreet friend had repeated a ludicrous story told by Adams, of which Forrest was the hero, and far from his advantage. Forrest would answer any encomiums upon Adams with a growl and the remark that "that young man Adams will never become an actor until he stops his monkey-shines." He was fond of Adams at heart and did not dislike the indirect flattery implied in the exquisite travesty of his mannerisms.

It was in reading, in critical analysis of the higher poetry, that an evening with Forrest was memorable. Never again can we hope to hear a voice so wonderful as that which in low tones read Shelley's "Skylark," or Wordsworth's "We Are Seven," or "The Idiot Boy." The Don Juan scenes with Haidee, as Forrest declaimed them, seemed to give a new genius to Byron.

Evenings never to be forgotten, memories that linked you, as it were, with another century—with Napoleon, and Byron, and the Kembles; glimpses of the art of the other days, as illustrated by a master; art that seemed quaint and old-fashioned, but with a beauty, a truth, a sincerity of its own, which in these times of change it would be well not altogether to put aside.

Here it was that he was at his best. He was a lonely old man, but not exactly complaining. He was in a state of war with a large portion of mankind. All women, with the exception of his sisters; the Southern Confederacy, jurymen, domestic servants, Northern Democrats who sympathized with the rebellion, newspaper writers, with a few exceptions; the law, Irishmen as a general thing and especially those of the clan O'Conor, the writers of modern verse, and whoever had unfavorably expressed or failed to express a favorable opinion as to the merits of his domestic troubles—these were his enemies.

It was not a wholesome nor a cheerful existence. As the years came his thoughts turned toward the home he proposed to found for actors. It was the one theme about which he never wearied. He was the last of his race. All had preceded him, and no one lived to bear his name.

Passionate in his love for children, it was not appointed that he should preserve his line. The love that was denied that fulfilment went out to his comrades in art, His life of labor should make easy the lives of those to whom unprovided old age had come, or who had fallen by the wayside, or who had bent under the heat and burden of the day. How often I think of this when I hear words of severity in regard to Forrest. He was harsh and stern. His hand had fallen heavily upon many men and women. He could cherish an injustice until he felt it was a virtue. He could compass the rage of hate, invective, anger, bitterness and scorn. But under all there was the love for his fellows, and when he turned away from the strife and contention of the world, it was to think and plan how best all that he had to give of life should go to make happy the lives of others for generations to come.

Of many letters from Forrest, the following shows the man's strange aversion to publicity:—

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10th, 1865.

Dear Young:—Will you please be my almoner? I enclose you a check for one hundred dollars, which I wish to be applied to the relief of the sufferers by the late fire, at the corner of Washington and Ninth streets. I do not wish to be known as the donor.

Your friend,
EDWIN FORREST.

It seems a curious trick of fortune, that thirty-five years after the following letter was written, Mr. Young should have occupied the position of Librarian of Congress with his dear and ever honored friend, A. R. Spofford, still at his side:—

Office of the "Press,"
PHILADELPHIA, 1862.

My dear Forrest:—Mr. John Russell Young, with the Librarian of Congress, Mr. Spofford, are coming out to see you this evening. Mr. Spofford is very anxious to meet you and get a look at your library. If you have no special engagement, I know you will be happy to see them. I send you a copy of the *North American* of Monday. It shows how your letter was received.

Ever truly yours,
DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

EDWIN FORREST, Esq.

THE UNION LEAGUE.

One of the finest tributes ever paid Mr. Young was that of Col. A. K. McClure on the occasion of his election, in December, 1892, to the presidency of Philadephia's famous social and powerful political club, the Union League. He said:—

"Mr. Young will recall the venerable institution to higher and nobler aims and actions. He is one of the ripest scholars of the land; he is one of the most sagacious politicians of his party; he possesses every charm of personal grace and dignity; he is more widely acquainted with the distinguished men of this and every other country than any other man in Philadelphia."

It was in November, 1862, that Mr. Young (the youngest member), assisted in founding the Union League, of which he was President, thirty years after. The story of the Union League touches so nearly the history of our country that it may not be out of place to repeat the impression of its beginning, as it remained in Mr. Young's memory.

"I remember well the beginning of the Union League, and the first meeting, and the circumstances under which it was my fortune to be present. The late Benjamin Gerhard, who, with Judge Hare, Mr. Binney and others, used to visit the *Press* office (then on Fourth street, near the site of the present Bullitt building), on critical nights to hear our bulletins from the war, came in one afternoon in November, 1862, and said that some friends were to meet at his house that evening, and would I be of the company? Things were going badly for the Union. The war news was gloomy. New York had been carried by Seymour, Pennsylvania had gone Democratic, and the time had come when public opinion should centralize, when even social lines should be drawn between those who loved and did not love the Union. When Mr. Gerhard told me the names of his guests I begged off under the assurance that I should not be missed. But no, in the first place there would be oysters and chicken salad, and in the second place it was important that the *Press* should know what was afoot, and that there should be a strong editorial to boom the cause. So in the cold November night I went to Mr. Gerhard's house to a meeting which was to organize one of the grandest and most potent influences in the war. Mr. Meredith had sent word that indisposition prevented his coming; Mr. Gerhard presided over the salad and oysters, and around the table were Horace Binney, Morton McMichael, Charles Gibbons, Charles Gilpin, Judge Hare, George H. Boker, and myself. It was an earnest company, the conversation largely led by Judge Hare, who explained the purposes of the organization. It was to be a center of sentiment for Union men. Mr. McMichael, with his fine practical sense, thought that weekly meetings at each other's houses, on the plan of the Wister parties, with sumptuary laws to prevent extravagances and rivalries in the way of meat and drink, would be a good beginning. This advice was accepted and it was agreed that there was to be no champagne, and but two dishes in the way of entertainment. The early meetings would be at the houses of Mr. Paul, Mr. Boker, and Mr. Borie. The meeting over, I went with Boker to the *Press,* and we worked out the article which had been promised to Mr. Gerhard. It was a leader, and as I read it again some months since it seemed a harsh, vindictive, insensate bit of invective. I am afraid I read it with pain. But we were angry in those days, and the heavens were red as with blood, and our hearts were laden with resentment and revenge. The meeting at the house of Benjamin Gerhard, on South Fourth street, near Walnut, on that cold November night in 1863, was the inception of the movement which germinated in the Union League. Of that company, Gerhard and McMichael, Gibbons and Binney, Boker and Gilpin have gone. Judge Hare and myself alone survive. No nobler work was done in its time, toward the perpetuation of the Union. We who live should ever remember what those friends did with gratitude and pride. Two months later and we had the meeting at the house of Dr. Meigs, when the Union League was formally organized. I remember the occasion well. That brave, true, strenuous company—how few remain to recall the trials which were to become the triumphs of the Union League. We had assembled to formulate the articles of association. The report had been assigned to Charles Gibbons. Gibbons represented the intensity of Republicanism. His earnest, close-knit, imperative face; his hatred of slavery and especially of Democracy, as the outcome of slavery; his intolerance of what ever might seem a recognition of the crime; had brought him into the League movement with a kind of ferocious joy. He read to the assembled company the proposed articles of association. There was to be no wine, no game others than billiards, and no one should join who did not give an unhesitating support to Mr. Lincoln and all his measures. It was the spirit of Loyola. There were no half-way beliefs; no compromises; no reservations in the mind of this determined man. And having read the articles of agreement he paused for the assured and anticipated assent of every one in the room.

I was sitting next to Dan. Dougherty in a corner, the group around us, Boker, Milliken and others I do not recall. As Gibbons read the stern averments which were to bind us to the Republican administration and its work, Dougherty muttered his dissent: "Not for me! Not for me! I am for the Union,—not for any Republican President."—Boker made some earnest whispered deprecation, but it was of no avail. And when Gibbons paused Dougherty arose. With his habitual courtesy, but at the same time habitual firmness, Dougherty explained his position. He was a Democrat. As a Democrat, every fibre of his being thrilled for the Union. He could not, he would not believe, but every Democrat in the North would unite with him to support it. As a Democrat he came into the Union League because he saw a powerful agency toward the success of the war. He would support Mr. Lincoln in whatever was necessary to save the Union, but no more. He could not throw off his Democracy like a garment in the night, and recant what he had just been saying, on many a hustings in favor of Douglas. With a mere political club, having no other aim than the integrity of the Republican organization, he could have no part, and therefore, the pledge proposed by Mr. Gibbons was one that he could not bind upon his conscience. The firm, courteous but unmistakable little speech came like a bolt from the blue. Gibbons, his eyes flashing haughty anger, and to whom the denial of even the elementary truths of Republicanism, was even as a sin against the Hold Ghost,—Gibbons flashed back a scornful taunt. This was no time for paltering, for seeking a half-way house between loyalty and treason; no time for people facing both ways, faint-hearted patriots, who came into the fold but still held on to the gate. And if (the resolute Gibbons growing angrier) Mr. Dougherty, or any one else, could not come into their association without reserve, without faltering,—why there was the door—the work would go on without them. Dougherty sat in silence, his face pale, his lips compressed, his head thrown back with that look of unbending defiance which his friends knew so well. For a few minutes it seemed as if our modest argosy of the Union League was to be wrecked in the launching.

The sentiment of the company was with Gibbons. With few exceptions, we were Republicans and had supported Lincoln. We were glad to have Dougherty, we were glad to see Benjamin H. Brewster, Forney and other brilliant Democrats in our company. But after all, when the truth was told, were they not prodigal sons? And here they were coming back, not content with fresh raiment and the fatted calf, but claiming to run the household. In time Judge Hare arose, and I have always regarded the speech then made by that amiable and accomplished jurist, as the foundation of the Union League. With exquisite tact, with a moderation of tone and calmness of statement in contrast with the pale, defiant Dougherty and the scornful Gibbons, he presented the whole case.

He was in sympathy with Gibbons. And if this were a social club, or even a political association, he would vote with him. But what had we come to do? Assuredly to form a league that would aid the cause, and unite the friends of the Union against its foes. Was it not, therefore, our duty to take whoever would contribute to that high purpose?

And if we could persuade eminent Democrats like Dougherty to join heartily, was it not a marked advance toward a sacred consummation? He could well understand how gentlemen could support Mr. Lincoln in war policies, and at the same time dissent upon other measures. He could comprehend differences on popular sovereignty, or the homestead law, or the tariff. But why concern ourselves with these academic variances of opinion if our friends would contribute with zeal to the immediate work of saving the Union? He understood Mr. Dougherty and those of his faith to come with that intention. Therefore, while agreeing with Mr. Gibbons, his best judgment was with Mr. Dougherty, and he proposed that the only test of admission to the League should be a support of the Union.

Horace Binney, the younger, Mr. Gerhard, and Mr. McMichael supported the amendment of Judge Hare. Those gentlemen were the fathers of the League in those early days. Their will was law and against our judgment the amendment of Judge Hare was accepted. Gibbons was incensed and in a few vehement words of repudiation of the half-hearted policy left the room. I do not know that he came back that evening, but his anger was simply an expression of the intensity of his patriotism, and he soon returned, to be one of the most earnest and intrepid of the membership. The storm blown over, peace was assured and we signed in a group—the signature of Dougherty being, as I saw it some weeks ago, some twenty or thirty from the top,—where rested the honored name of Stephen Colwell. Experience showed the wisdom of Dougherty's objection,—and in pressing what may have seemed a personal preference or pique—he was broadening the lines which made possible the splendor and power of the Union League, and its mighty work in the prosecution of the war."

Ct. Com. Pl., Oct. 28th.

My dear Mr. Young:—Your tribute to Dougherty gave me much pleasure and carried me back to the days when I was young and ardent and full of the great cause for which we were conscientiously working. I recall the scenes you have so vividly described, and the friends with whom I was acting: Gibbons, McMichael, Gerhard, yourself and the best man who ever lived,—my brother-in-law, Horace Binney. Dougherty deserves all you have said of him. He had genuine scorn for all that was low and ignoble in professional politics;—thought for himself, put charity above party; acted disinterestedly for what he thought right—in short was "True."

Yours sincerely,
J. I. CLARK HARE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Mr. Young's recollections of Lincoln begin, as I find them, early in 1863. He writes of Lincoln:—

"I saw a great deal of Lincoln from time to time during the war. For a time I was the private secretary of John W. Forney, who as secretary of the Senate and owner of the Administration newspaper, *The Chronicle,* was near the President. I saw him with the eyes of a boy, vividly, however, as our vision generally is in these plastic observing days; had when requisite familiar, ready access to him—recall many incidents of good will and recognition. There remain to me many memories of Lincoln, which with somewhat of a sense of duty, I gather up and add to the discussion of the hour. I scarcely venture to speak of Lincoln as a friend. Years and our stations made that an impossible relation. But as I looked upon his cold, white brow—and the peaceful, deeply-lined face—lying in state under the Capitol dome, I felt that a friend had passed from me, and as such I have ever held him.

If there is any logic in the drift of political action, I should say that Mr. Lincoln could not have desired the renomination of Mr. Hamlin in 1864. To go back to the beginning, Mr. Hamlin was an after-thought at the convention of 1860. When Seward was defeated and the enthusiasm of the Lincoln people abated, the first question was: "What shall be done to please the Seward men? Give them the second place; give them anything, so they will go home and work for the ticket." Horace Greeley, as a New Yorker, and a leader in the Seward overthrow, was deputed to go to the Seward people and offer them any olive branch, an olive grove if necessary, if they would accept Lincoln with good will. They had simply to name their Vice-President, and he would go with a whirl. Mr. Greeley, as he told me the story himself, went to one of the Seward leaders, if I remember to Edwin D. Morgan, then Governor of New York, with the peace offering. Morgan himself might run! But no! The Seward people were implacable. The Lincoln people, with their wigwams and rail-splitting and all too lavish outpourings of beer, had bowled down their divine Seward, and so they must make or mend matters with their rail splitter as best they could. The Seward army had lost all but honor. That honor should not be bartered for a Vice-Presidency. Rather let it be carried to the feet of the sage in his Auburn home, and they would contemplate the campaign with the quiet dignity due to their great leader and their own lacerated hearts.

If not a Seward man, was there no convenient Democrat, some convert from the Democracy? John Hickman, of Pennsylvania, was pressed, but Pennsylvania was torn by the Montagues and Capulets under the respective banners of Curtin and Cameron. Hamlin, as so often happens when a convention lapses into indecision, was the first to come to mind and so was named. It was a nomination without strength, and in the Vice-Presidency Mr. Hamlin was an unknown quantity, so far as aiding the Administration was concerned. When 1864 came other Democrats were in dazzling prominence. Other States than Maine had become the battle ground. And moreover, and this assuredly could not have escaped the keen, watchful eyes of Lincoln, around Hamlin as around Chase there were crystallizing elements of an opposition. Keen, watchful eyes, that knew when to open and when to shut, as Chase, and McClellan, and Hooker and others saw when the decisive moment arrived.

So far, therefore, as the wishes of Hamlin for renomination were concerned, Mr. Lincoln felt undoubtedly that everything should give way to the Presidency, and that the Presidency was his ground. He had no illusion about it, was in no way insensible to its attractive belongings. Simon Cameron said to me that Lincoln, had he lived, would have had a third term, and that he had told Lincoln so. "No one," said Cameron, "could have cleaned up the war-belongings in four years, and while Lincoln lived the country would have allowed no other hands to make a mess of the job." This, however, was a far away speculation, even when it was made. I note it as a tone of the political color at the time.

Here was a worn, ever-driven, kindly President, his mind upon the war; held at bay by the mendacity, ambition, chicanery, sentiment, hope, treachery, devotion of the hour. What dreary, barren days, with a tone of baseness about it all, that one cannot recall without pain. "I saw so and so go down stairs." "Yes," said Lincoln, "I have just made his son a general!" "A general!" "Yes," was the weary answer. "You know I must have time to do something else." Indubitably true, as told me by one who was present. Strifes from the camp,—over rank, pay, promotion, allowances,—no end to that sad business, —something that one does not like to recall on Decoration days, but a part of the time,—a part of the work appointed to this man, and to be considered, even if with remorse and shame when we study his character and the conditions in which it flourished. They call him a humorous man. So I often found him. A flippant man.

This I heard, never saw. Would read Artemus Ward at Cabinet meetings. This I was told by Secretary Chase. As I see it now, I can well feel that but for this humor he would have died. That rare, unspeakable blessing was given him by the gods to save him from a daily assassination.

The estimate of Lincoln by Horace Greeley, printed in a recent number of *The Century,* I read with deep interest, more especially as between the lines you see Greeley's distrust of the President. This I remember was the impression made upon me when I read it at the time it was written by Greeley. "Lincoln," as I have heard him say, "was half a statesman and half a horse jockey." Greeley was recalling Mr. Lincoln's sudden disavowal of him in the Niagara Falls negotiations. He felt as if, in the Biblical phrase, the pit had been digged for him, and that he had fallen through the contriving of the digger. The Niagara Falls business was undoubtedly seized upon by Lincoln for the emasculation of his most powerful and persistent critic. And as Lincoln was entirely human, where the humanities came into play, he could not avoid the fact that his critic was at his mercy, under moral bonds to keep the peace. Whether this was the President's intent or not, it was the result. With Greeley, however, the Niagara Falls disagreement was not the cause, but a culmination of many causes. To Greeley more than any other Republican Lincoln owed his nomination. He especially could defeat Seward, and although in doing so, so far as New York was concerned, Greeley committed political hari-kari, the profit went to Seward. For the rival he had slain, recognition; for himself, isolation. Something not to be endured by so brave a leader. Lincoln saw, however, that he had simply profited by an act of revenge, that he was never in any sense a selection of Greeley, who wished Bates, and never, I think, cared for him. He therefore bound New York to the car of his administration by giving confidence and authority to Seward.

This Mr. Greeley never forgave. As the war clouds went down, and political policies supervened, he would have become as severe a critic of Lincoln as later of Grant. A proud rival with a memory like steel, from a race which never forgives and never forgets, the Niagara Falls business would have been fought out by Greeley, had time served, under conditions which would have cost the President many a sore and anxious hour.

The estimate which Grant formed of Lincoln was personal. I printed it during the General's life, and may recall it. "The greatest," said Grant, "I have ever known, and the day of his death the darkest of my life." So grateful that Lincoln's last free breathing hours were spent in his society. Those rides around the lines, and the President's fine horsemanship, assuredly not to escape eyes ever keen in that regard. "The greatest I have ever known." Grant's words to me again and again. Mournful on one occasion because he did not go to the theatre on the fatal night, as he had appointed. "Might have reached other conclusions." Perhaps! I have sometimes tried to fancy what might have been, had fate not swayed Grant from this engagement. An infuriated young actor, maddened with brandy, with the blind rage of a frenzy worse than insanity, in the presence of a young soldier of forty-three, fresh from the army, in the fullness of alertness and strength, famous for his personal courage in an army of brave men. Grant believed that Booth could never have unlatched the door of the stage box, latched it and drawn his pistol without his hearing him, an impression more than probable, remembering Grant's phenomenal acuteness of hearing and observation. "Might have reached other conclusions." Undoubtedly, —but why dwell upon it now?

Lincoln always seemed very much of a man. I have never read a description of him that recalls him quite as I knew him. Something always beyond and beyond. Nor has fame been kind to him, in the sense that fame is never kind unless it is just. There is little justice in much that is written of Lincoln. There comes the dismal fear that he is to live in an apotheosis, to be treated as Washington by Marshall. His sad fate may invite this. Assassination is ever a consecration, for thus do the gods appoint their compensations. We see it in Cæsar, Henry IV., William of Orange, Garfield. The figure vanishes into mists, incense vapors; a vision, not a man. For of such is human sympathy and human love. I can think of no one who would care to be known as he was so much as Lincoln; to have posterity remember that he had muscle and brawn, and not become a fantasy like this we call Washington going on his knees from elm tree to elm tree in a state of moral indecision and despair, painted to us as if there were but one honest, clear-headed soldier in his day. And as these incense mists float and form into clouds and the real Lincoln vanishes into a kind of pantomime divertissement, one might hear him say: "Save me, save me, friends, from this slush called history; from this miasma of adulation, misconceptions running riot; from this murrain of falsities—for in truth I was a man, very much of a man, a man of my day and hour, living with my duties and opportunities and striving with them as a man should do."

The atmosphere about the White House in those Lincoln days was unnatural. It is hard for those of us who are accustomed to ways of peace to understand the Washington of the war times. Mr. Lincoln did not impress the Capital as a welcome personal force. Living in an element of detraction, he was not a popular man. It would be hard to recall his friends or favorites. I presume Forney was as near to Lincoln as any one of those in politics or journalism. He edited the leading Republican newspaper in the Capital, as well as in Philadelphia—was a brilliant writer, an eloquent speaker, and an earnest, intrepid friend. Yet I can never recall in my observation of Forney, any other feeling but that of doubt as to what the President might or might not do. This was the tone which pervaded many of the political circles which surrounded Forney. It was not a coterie of the opposition, but, on the contrary, very much a coterie of the President's friends. Simon Cameron was there every day, and yet when Mr. Cameron resigned the War Office and Mr. Stanton was nominated there was no one more surprised than Forney. The President did it alone.

What I confess, and, as reflecting the feelings of the elders around me, was a distrust of Lincoln. It comes back as an evidence of the strength of the man. I take it that great genius is always solitary—that we attain the Alpine altitude whenever we ascend. Lincoln measured the men about him at their value. He knew their worth, their fidelity, and in no sense distrusted them. But it was every one to his duty. To have descended among them would have brought his administration to the level of that of Andrew Johnson—where every puny whipster of a political adventurer or parasite could flout and jeer and strike him on the cheek. With the Union ever before him, and its salvation the one duty. One also can see excuses for what on the part of Mr. Lincoln seemed an abuse of patronage. He was racing for his life with the wolves afoot and the wolves must be fed. Only upon the theory that all interests however despicable must be considered and conciliated can we understand many of the military and some of the Southern judicial appointments of Mr. Lincoln. The wolves were afoot and the wolves must be fed! For the very life of the Union they must be fed! Throw out a judgeship, a brigadier's commission—they must be fed! There was a humorous story of the President in vogue in those days which seems to indicate that his clear mind was not insensible to these hard conditions. "A brigadier general has been surprised and captured." "Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "but what became of the horse?" "We don't know. The general has been taken to Richmond." "Oh, don't trouble me about the general! It's about the horse that I am worrying. I can make a brigadier any day, but a horse costs money to the Treasury."

It was not a wholesome outlook, as one sees it now, however it may have fallen upon the wondering eyes of young men who found themselves in Washington and face to face with generals and ambassadors. Washington was the rear of the army. Since armies have been we know what trails after them. I recall no invective of Sherman more amusing than his description of the rear of the army at Shiloh of the mules, contrabands, the teamsters, huddled up, trembling at the roar of the guns they could not see, intoxicated, frightened, going from worse to worse. "No wonder," said the General, "that so-and-so (naming a well-known correspondent) fell into a panic when he saw the sight, and began telegraphing our defeat all over the Union. Why, it was like a fellow down in one of Dante's first-class divisions of Hades telegraphing to his newspaper the condition of affairs above." This rough illustration will give a relative idea of Washington during the war. In a sense we lived among the mules, contrabands, teamsters, the impedimenta of the army. No it was not a wholesome outlook! The air was suffused with hatred, distrust and fear. There was no love for the Union among the Washington people. "Oh, you vile Yankee!" as a comely maiden hissed at me one Sunday morning, on her way to church, as she saw me come out of the quarters of the Third Infantry, on Lafayette Square. The maiden could not help it. She was modest, fair and pious, but the animus was there! It pervaded Washington. She could no more help it than the lark could help its singing.

It was not the heroic side of the contest that those of us saw who remained much in Washington. In this sombre trade of war the heroic is only seen in the flash of the guns. Washington was the rear of the army, much as what Sherman described the rear at Shiloh. It was a city of dissipation. The gambling houses were in bloom. Among the heart-breaking experiences in my young process of becoming acquainted with public men was the sight of several heroes of former political dreams hovering over a faro table or submerged under the fascinations of roulette. As General Sickles said to me at a later day when recalling the impressions and experiences of the war: "It was a Whisky Rebellion. Whisky everywhere—in the committee rooms, private houses, at a hundred saloons. There never was a State that seceded that did not secede on whisky. The debates reeked with whisky. The solemn resolves of statesmanship were taken by men whose brains were feverish from whisky. If one-tenth of the whisky drank in Washington in one day in those war times, and especially when secession was in development and culmination, were to be drank by the French

Assembly, there would be war with Germany in a day. Yes," continued Sickles, "we have had two Whisky Rebellions in American history, but the second was the greater." As we recall it now there could have been no atmosphere more unwholesome, and amid these fetid surroundings how could we, even with eyes of trust and hope, see the true greatness of Lincoln. He stood in the mists. He was nebulous, uncertain, trying to the eyes. When the mists lifted we saw him as he was,—and that what were apparent clouds, black and trembling, was Mont Blanc in its mighty splendor, the eternal sunshine resting on its head.

Of the infinite patience of Lincoln, and that exquisite politeness which an extreme occasion alone can show, I recall one experience. During the after midnight hours, on the Washington *Chronicle,* there came a newspaper from a correspondent at the front, taken from a Southern picket. It had news of the fall of Charleston. We had not heard of it in the North. News then came over the grape-vine, and if this were true it would be the news of the generation,—"Charleston fallen." So after deliberation, accompanied by Mr. Hart, the chief of the journal, I went to the White House, two in the morning, perhaps later. But it was such news as would irradiate even a President's dreams. The faithful keeper, a well-known North of Ireland personage, with the soft Scotch brogue, finally announced our errand. Mr. Lincoln, who was in bed, came down to the magnificent reception room, half awake, hair tousled over a sleepy face, in slippers and night gown. Curling up on the lounge, eyes half-closed he listened to the news. "Charleston surrendered," "Yankees in the sacred city," "Town given over to rapine," "Southern valor exhausted," and so on. Mr. Lincoln listened, slowly nursing his knees, and said: "What is the date?" "December 20," or some such day. "December 20th. Well, I have news from Charleston, December 22d, and then the bombardment was going on zealously." We felt as if we had committed leze-majesty or some other dreadful crime, this dragging a President from his slumbers at 2 in the morning to hear news that he knew to be untrue. But so gentle over our regrets, so courteous, so much obliged for our coming—for did we not see it might have been news—and then what hopes and happy dreams, all so gently, softly bestowed, that we came from his presence as if we had been dowered and not as unseemly visitors who had robbed him of his peace.

Why should one write all this? I knew him, and yet seem never to have known him. When we approach Lincoln, it is as if we were on enchanted ground, into an atmosphere of incense and repose. Memories of him, more than of any of the famous men of the day, crowd upon me. At Independence Hall, raising the flag; at the famous review of Munson's Hill; in almost daily sight at Washington; in beleaguered road ways through the camps; in lonely striding walks to the old War office; at midnight disturbed from his slumbers; in that window recess of the Cabinet room which I never see without a hush as if he were there; at Gettysburg; in his coffin when the lilacs were in bloom and the great star hung in the evening sky. Memories, all sacred to me now—but what better recognition than silence? In silence, yes; but with gratitude, humble, devout, that even these eyes were permitted to see and know him. In that spirit, as somewhat incumbent upon me, and let this be my excuse, I have sought to recall Lincoln as I found him, and in doing so, with reverence, with a sentiment akin to worship, once again to pay tribute to his pure, undying fame.

In "Further Recollections of Lincoln," I select a few paragraphs, descriptive of "The famous day at Gettysburg,"—and Lincoln's speech.

It was my duty to report the speech on behalf of the Philadelphia *Press*, to sit at the side of Lincoln as he pronounced the immortal words, and write them down in shorthand as they came from his lips. My memory of of the event is as clear as it could hope to be after so many years. In some idle, silent hours I have gone over memoranda made at the time. So far as these may serve I will tell the story as it rests with me.

The celebration of Gettysburg took place on Thursday, the 19th of November, 1863, a little more than four months after the famous battle was fought.

When we arrived the rainy afternoon settled into a soggy November night. Gettysburg was in chaos over the new invasion, and a corner in a tavern was a crowning mercy. The Presidential party came in about sunset, and we were all on hand to do them honor. They were a straggled, hungry set. Lincoln, with that weary smile, which a poet might have read as a forecast of destiny; Seward, with an essentially bad hat; John Hay, in attendance upon the President, and much to be troubled by the correspondents, handsome as a peach, the countenance of extreme youth; Usher, Secretary of the Interior, if I remember, with heavy, reserved features, and a capacity for silence; Dennison, of Ohio, smiling and courteous; gruff Tod, from Ohio; Pierpont, of Virginia; Montgomery Blair, with his face in which fanaticism was tempered by enthusiasm; John W. Forney, in the flush of his winning manhood, Secretary of the Senate and rather in the lead of the Washington party. Lincoln became invisible to us, and could not be enticed even by serenading parties, who were bewildering the night with music. Seward was more amenable, and as he came to the door I recall my trouble in reporting him. Nothing better than the note book and a stone step.

I remember the impression of the speech, "What a voice for the Ghost in 'Hamlet,'" my first thought as the Secretary, speaking in a slow, artificial, metallic tone, threw his sentences like clanging oracles into the night. It was an optimistic speech—Seward I should say in a temper; how he had seen it all; how much better it would have been if his advice had been taken forty years before; with a great deal about our distressed and erring brethren, of whom so many had been slain on those hillsides, and what an immense country we should have when this latest of rebellions was suppressed. This was the blending of the seer with the pugilist which those of us who were radical and impatient with his conservatism saw in Seward in those days. I remember that I did as well as I could with the speech and was studying my notes mournfully with a view to transcription, when Seward's secretary gladdened us with the news that it had been prepared beforehand and given to the press associations. Seward's speech done, the crowd must have Forney, who spoke with Pennsylvania enthusiasm. His theme was the war, and especially what Douglas had done to bring Democratic support to the Union. The proud, gallant Forney! The banner of the dead Douglas was in his keeping, and it was ever unfurled.

Curtin came with his party from Harrisburg. He was our Governor and a star of the first magnitude, having just won a notable political victory in his re-election, and therefore an influence which these Washington people might as well treat with civility. The relations of Curtin toward the Washington people were those of criticism at least. "A good deal of Cameron about this Administration, and wise politicians, who do not like being trodden upon, must wait and see." He was host, streaming, spontaneous in his courtesies. With him were Wayne MacVeagh and a brilliant staff. Wayne, then the rising hope of the exuberant young Republicans of Pennsylvania, had led the party to victory, was much sought after at county fairs and gatherings which yearn for eloquence, and might have become a wretched party boss, or some other dreadful possibility, had he not switched off toward reform and scholarship and the less truculent pursuits of the law. He gave us a rattling good speech at the serenade, which I helped to cheer. With him a silent young official named Quay, silent then as now, but to become the cause of speech to a considerable extent among others.

I think I was indebted to John Hay, assuredly to some kind friend, for a special audience with Edward Everett. We of this generation do not realize the space which Edward Everett filled, at least in the imagination of the younger men. He was the embodiment of a noble and stainless fame. Webster, Clay, Calhoun gone, he was the last of the orators. No more great men left to us, only Everett. He had welcomed Lafayette; his scholarship was our envy and admiration; he had been the friend of Byron, the guest of Walter Scott, Minister to England, Secretary of State, and we, even we were permitted to see him. We were critical, some of us, not always friendly to the Lincolns, the Sewards, the Seymours who swarmed around, but here was one who had outlived calumny, misrepresentation, even fear and hope—who had belonged to the serene days, when patriotism was hand in hand with peace,—one almost in touch with the Revolution. He was only one remove from Washington, whose glory had been the theme of his noblest oration. The fame of Everett is now somewhat faded. In the tapestries of our Pantheon the war colors darken all others with their fiery splendor; he has gone to be with

Madison and Rufus King. But to us at Gettysburg Everett had an apostolic fame—and I know with what awe one of that company came into the presence of the sublime and venerable man.

Everett had not been visible at the serenading and other noisy festivals. That might do for the youngsters like Curtin and Seward, but he was an old man, and had a speech to make, and that, too, in the open air on a cold November day. He had been carefully put away, as it were, in rooms that felt to us uncomfortably warm, as though he were an exotic and needed precious care. Everett was stately, exquisitely courteous, the hair the whitest and softest that I had ever seen, and as he talked, caressing a cambric handkerchief, which seemed somehow a part of his elocution. He expressed but little interest in our personality; indifferent, I fancied, to the tremendous power of the press which we were supposed to wield; sat as one whose fame was in sovereign security. One of the company—Wallace, I think—among whose many enthusiasms was Lord Byron, could not resist the current of his though swaying toward the famous poet. Everett rather welcomed the interruption. It was a relief to him, kept away political and other themes of irritation, appealed to his memory rather than his observation; was, I presume, a compliment, as he went at once upon Byron. "Oh, yes, I knew Lord Byron, and can never forget his kindness in London and Venice." Think of that for an experience in our young enthusiasm! To hear the immortal Byron spoken of as though an everyday friend whom the speaker was in the habit of meeting at his club. Everett spoke a good deal of Byron, rather in an academic fashion; nothing new as I recall it, in the way of actual knowledge of the man, but a general recapitulation of the courtesies the peer had shown him, and how much the friendly forethought of his lordship had helped

Everett in Greece. The Byron talk was grateful, and we took it as from an oracle of the Olympian gods. There was some effort to bring Napoleon and Walter Scott into the conversation, but my impression is that Everett had missed seeing Napoleon, who was fighting Waterloo while he was in London. If anything useful was said about Scott it has passed away. I recall the impression made by the man rather than the conversation. The antique, courtly ways, fine, keen eyes, a voice with a singular charm, old-fashioned tones of pronunciation, perhaps only old-fashioned to our uncouth ears; the soft, white hair, sunny, silken, clinging, and that caressed handkerchief, which helped to turn so many a phrase. It was really not a call, but a tribute—a visit of ceremony, feeling as if we would say, Oh, master, oh my king!—homage and reverence duly paid, and accepted with a soft, sovereign dignity. As Everett sat in the low roofed Gettysburg chamber, to my young revering eyes he seemed like some stately comrade of Adams and Jay, stepped out from the sacred past. This memory of him rests with me as I write.

The procession from the town was a ragged affair, we all seeming to get there as best we could. A regiment of cavalry, a regiment of infantry, a couple of batteries clattering about, added to the confusion, and not much to the dignity of the day. Everett had been carefully conveyed in sheltered fashion. He was prudently not exposed to the vicissitudes of a crowd, and that oration impending and the sore task for a raw November day. We gathered about the house where Lincoln resided, and waited—led horses restlessly in attendance. The President came to the door, a fine flush and smile coming over his face at the rude welcome. "Three cheers for Old Abe," "Hurrah for Lincoln," most heartily given, as he mounted the saddle, sitting there to appearances a perfect horseman, his tall form towering above the escort. As he rode away Seward half mounted, went scurrying after to find his place. Many of the distinguished guests, Curtin leading, Simon Cameron among the number, walked off, a brisk tramp over the country road, the most conducive to comfort on this cold wintry morning.

It was about 11, as I recall it, when we got under way—cavalry, soldiers, statesmen, governors from other States, wounded soldiers, country folks who knew all about the battle, and teeming with narratives of its horror and glory; Horatio Seymour, then Governor of New York; Schenck, a good deal of a hero from his wound—all streamed along, and reached the cemetery in time. We journalists of the party, who had work in hand, forged ahead and were in place before the procession arrived. A rude platform looked out over the battlefield. On one side sat the journalists, John C. New, our Consul-General in London, among others. The eminent people had the other side, the President coming late. There was some little trouble over a Democratic reporter who did not admire Lincoln, and insisted upon standing near the front with his hat on and smoking a cigar, and jeering now and then at the ceremonies. No judicious remonstrance had effect, the reporter claiming his rights in a free country; even the right to stand around with his hat on and smoke whenever and wherever he pleased. A summary proposition to treat him after the manner of Daniel, and throw him over the rails among the lions, adjusted that incident, and there was nothing unseemly to disturb the President's reception. As he slowly came up the steps with his famous company we arose, and as he took his seat there were loud voices of welcome. He sat between Seward and Everett, near him the venerable chaplain of the day. It was an illustrious company, men of national, world-wide glory; others then unknown who were to have in time their own renown. The brilliant, shy young Hay in attendance on Lincoln, unconscious of the fame that was to await him in other fields than politics and administration, Morton, Governor of Indiana, fashioned in giant mould, his harsh, Berserker face, to whom this war was a serious business, silent, watchful, scowling; Seward with his eagle nose and half closed eyes, as in a dream; Seymour, open, bland, courteous, expectant, might have been some peer of the realm rejoicing in his rent rolls and his hounds, willing to show his loyalty, his patriotism, his sympathy for the fallen, but not smiled upon by that earnest company. These were stern days, my friends! There was the Puritan spirit abroad, and you can imagine the feeling with which a company of Roundheads would have welcomed a prince of the Cavaliers.

There was none who made a deeper impression than the clergyman as he arose in prayer,—Thomas H. Stockton, the chaplain of the House. Stockton was celebrated as an ecclesiastical orator; had a fame as wide as that of Everett, but which like Everett's was to pass into obscuration. He was of the New Jersey Stocktons, elder brother to Frank, whose stories are among the joys of current existence; also of John D. Stockton, for several years one of my most cherished friends, a brilliant, refined, lovely character, doomed to leave us in the very morning of his days at the early age of forty-one. Reverend Thomas was tall, gaunt, with a manner that recalled to those who could make the comparison that of Henry Clay. His face was thin, worn, like one gone in disease, the great eyes peering out from under his finely arched forehead, peering, staring, bent upon futurity. His bearing was that of one who seemed charged with a special message from the Holy Spirit, and I was told by those who knew him that he lived in rapt assurance of that sacred responsibility. He was supremely eloquent, could produce effects with his voice that I have heard in no other orator but Gladstone. I recall the solemnity of his "Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts," his Jehovahs and Halleluias, that came like chants from a far off angelic choir, and such a recitation of the Lord's Prayer as would bring tears to the unbelieving. It was eloquence in a state of tropical luxuriance. The adjectives, the invocations, the metaphors, the superb incisive command of speech, the current of thought like some steady, densely flowing, ever shining stream; the winds, the stars, the Hebrew anthology, the mythology of the Greeks, nature, the gardens of roses, whatever typified beauty, sensibility, piety, peace, all came forth in the sermons of this extraordinary man—eloquence tumbling suddenly into metaphysics and transcendentalism, and the intonations so strangely moving—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, whose Righteousness endureth forever."

The sun was at meridian when Everett arose, and there was as much of a welcome as the sun could give on a stern November day. It was an effort, too, this two hours' declamation, bareheaded and in the open air, and we were not without concern about him. The brave old statesman seemed imbued with the genius of oratory. No Demosthenes, no Cicero, no Patrick Henry pleading for his country's fate, could have been more thoroughly impressed with the solemnity of the hour. I sat within a few feet, on the second bench of the press people. And as his oration had been prepared and was in type, was not compelled to report it, but could listen, as I gratefully did, to every word. He spoke without notes. Now and then he would take a sip of water, and at times that white cambric handkerchief would come into oratorical play. His voice was clear, satisfying, every note in tune, no signs of age. He never hesitated for a word, and as his oration was historical, and argumentative, with no special flights of eloquence, showed a marvelous memory. He was graceful with his hands. They were never in his way, as is so often the case with undeveloped orators. An effective way of impressively raising them, and gently bringing them together as they came down—this I recall—this and the handkerchief—which at times he would drop from one hand into the other, as I used to see Disraeli do in the House of Commons.

Everett spoke for two hours and was heard with the deepest attention. There was little applause—no invitation to applause. I felt as I looked at the orator as if he was some antique Greek statue, so finished, so beautiful, so chaste, so cold, the lines so perfect, the exquisite tracery of the divine manhood—all there—all evolved and rescued from stone—the masterful art, something that you ever dwell upon with freshening wonder at the capacity of human genius. But so cold! If it were only alive! If only some immediate trenchant thought, spoken as if it came from the very throne of God; if only some living thought could go out over these hillsides to the millions beyond—a trumpet call and an incentive; if only the spirit, the fury of the war, the thought in all men's hearts could come from those silver lips, and that voice of harmony and persuasion! But so cold, so chaste, so exquisitely beautiful, that even the mighty fact that we were at Gettysburg—that we were standing upon our Marathon—seemed lost in our wonder at the speaker's genius and skill. The voice was from the past. This orator came from the past, even to speak to us. Not to him the abrasions and wrenchings of the hour, the mighty wars and the tramp of armed men, the noise and the fighting, the terror and fury of political passion. Gettysburg was as far from him then as it is from us to-day. He looked at it even as we might now, as one of the events of the ages, to be studied as philosopher and historian.

There were none of the "effects" of public speaking, but you might as well have expected an effect from a symphony of Beethoven, or a statue of Michael Angelo. There was no applause other than that of courtesy and deep personal reverence for the man. The peroration was calm. One noted rhetorical effect comes back to me. "Pericles," said the orator, "looked upon the whole earth as the sepulchre of illustrious men." Then pausing and raising his voice into solemn, measured emphasis, he added: "Yes, and all time will be the millennium of their glory." This, as I quote with reserve, because from memory, but with a distinct remembrance of the impression it made, as the one effect of Everett's oration at Gettysburg.

But if the voice that might have spoken did not come from the silver lips of Everett it yet was to be spoken, and here and now upon the hallowed ground of Gettysburg. When Everett ceased, exhausted, excited, the two hours' talk telling on him, there was a moment of rustle, hands extended in congratulation, the President and Secretary of State among the first, then loving hands carefully enfolding and wrapping him up in shelter from the insidious purposes of the cold November air. The music ran on a bit and the President arose. Deliberate, hesitating, awkward, "like a telescope drawing out," as I heard some one say, the large, bundled up figure untwisting and adjusting itself into reasonable conditions. I do not recall Lincoln as in appearance an imposing man—but impressive. You would turn and look at him a second time on the street. And there was that in his face when you looked closely that might well give one pause—a deep, unfathomable sense of power. He stood an instant waiting for the cheers to cease and the music to exhaust its echoes, slowly adjusted his glasses, and took from his pocket what seemed to be a page of ordinary foolscap paper, quietly unfolded it, looked for the place, and began to read.

My own personal anxieties at the moment were as to whether he would or would not make a speech. Colonel Forney had promised me a ride over the battlefield in the afternoon, along with Senator Cole, of California, and an army officer who had been in the engagement, and we were to have the story of Gettysburg. I had an easy time with Stockton and Everett; prayer and oration in type. But what would the President do? My outing was in the hands of Lincoln. Would he speak an hour? Would he speak from notes and memory or read his address? An extempore effort meant a long evening transcribing notes and no Gettysburg battlefield, no useful afternoon of the solemn study of a mighty drama—aught else, for that matter, but close work in a dingy tavern. I am afraid I pestered Hay on the subject for an advance sight of the manuscript, were there one; but Hay, ever generous and helpful, as I remember, either knew no more than I did or would not tell me. So when the President arose there was my uncertainty. I took up the pencil and began to take him in shorthand. The sight of the single sheet of paper was not reassuring. It could only hold the heads or threads of a discourse—a text as it were—and the outing over the battlefield dissolved into the gray wintry skies. Therefore the emotions with which I took down this immortal address were entirely selfish. To my surprise, almost it seemed before Mr. Lincoln had begun to speak, he turned and sat down. Surely these five or six lines of shorthand were not all. Hurriedly bending over the aisle I asked if that was all. "Yes, for the present," he answered. He did not think he could say any more.

Lincoln, as I was saying, when he arose, adjusted his glasses, and, taking out the single sheet of paper, held it close to his face. He began at once in a high key, voice archaic, strident, almost in a shriek. He spoke slowly, with deliberation, reading straight on. I did not write the report which appeared in the *Press*, as the manuscript had been given to the Associated Press, and the transcription of my notes was unnecessary. This report was studded with "applause," but I do not remember the applause, and am afraid the appreciative reporter was more than generous—may have put in the applause himself as a personal expression of opinion. Nor in fact was there any distinct emotion among those around me on the platform after the prayer, and when Lincoln was speaking, but one of sympathy for the forlorn photographer who failed to take his picture. This enterprising artist, by dint of persuasion and making interest with the crowd, had managed to place his camera in front of the President. And as he began to speak the workman began his work, peeping through his lenses, adjusting them, dodging his head to catch a favorable position, fooling with the cloth that covered the lens, staring wistfully at the President, in the hope to make him "look pleasant" in true photographic fashion. But the President was not a good subject. Whether conscious or not of the honor thus impending, he drove on with his speech, ever holding the paper before the face, the dismayed photographer vainly hoping for one glimpse of the face. And as the President summarily turned to sit down, he desperately uncovered the camera, but too late! The flash of sunshine brought him nothing. There was a general ripple of laughter at his dismay.

I have read many narratives of the scenes, of the emotions produced by the President's address, the transcendent awe that fell upon every one who heard those most mighty and ever living words, to be remembered with pride through the ages. I have read of the tears that fell and the solemn hush, as though in a cathedral solemnity in the most holy moment of the sacrifice. Nor am I insensible to the power of oratory, nor to the rapture that came from hearing Gladstone and Phillips and Castelar. There was nothing of this, to the writer at least, in the Gettysburg address. Nor were the conditions such as to invite it. Mr. Lincoln was an orator. Even as I remember him, there were no flights of oratory to which he did not and might not ascend. But he needed to warm up to his subject. This impression was confirmed by what was said to me in later years by a very dear friend, who had followed Lincoln and Douglas in their famous debate of 1858, hearing and reporting the speeches. "Lincoln," he said, "never began to be an orator until he had been talking a half hour, and then he was great, especially if any one interrupted him." At Gettysburg he only spoke three or four minutes. The long oration of Everett had made people restless. Bits of the crowd had broken away and were wandering off toward the battle scenes. We were tired and chilly, and even the November sun did not take the place of the heavy wraps. Lincoln, as I said, began at once in a high, strident key, as one who had little to say, and would say it so as to be heard and seen. The two emotions of that memorable scene were first the wonderful prayer as chanted by the chaplain, the rich Hebrew phrases and intonations reverberating like organ music, and the dismay of the poor artist, who failing to outline the President's picture, was fain to bundle up his tools and take his barren journey home.

SEPT. 3rd, 1891.

Dear Young:—But this is preface to what I wanted to say about your paper on "Lincoln at Gettysburg," some weeks ago, which I consider one of the most valuable and interesting things I ever read. The Lincoln legend grows and expands as it recedes, and will soon become fabulous, like the Washington myth. Such contributions as yours, rescue it from fiction, and what is worse,—history. When I was at Gettysburg last year I talked with McPherson about that dedication ceremony and he mentioned many of the incidents you describe; notably, his putting on a pair of spectacles with short bows, clasping on the temples just behind the eyes. McP. thought the oration was studied and elaborated, and had been the subject of consultation with Seward the night before.

Faithfully yours,
JOHN J. INGALLS.

LINCOLN!

Editorial in *Herald* upon Lincoln's birthday, says:—

It is eighty-five years since Lincoln was born. In the words of Stanton, while closing in death the eyes of the departed President—"he belongs to the ages." And yet he seems to belong to some immemorial period. He entered upon his public work in the Congress which saw the close of that of John Quincy Adams, and was probably on the floor when that venerable statesman fell at his post stricken with death. As Adams began his career with a commission signed by the Father of his Country he might be regarded as the link which bound Lincoln to Washington. Yet, if Lincoln were to return he would find welcome from Robert C. Winthrop, who was Speaker of the House of which he was a member. Robert M. McLane, his colleague, would meet him with Maryland hospitality, while his greeting in the Senate might gracefully come from Morrill of Vermont, who was born in the same year. Like them, he might be still with us as our fellow citizen, and yet, somehow he seems to us as having ruled and lived in the infinite past.

History is coy as to the acceptance of great men at the estimate of their contemporaries. Rome waits half a century before beatification, and centuries may elapse before canonization. The Sacred Congregation still puzzles over the sainthood of Joan of Arc, although nearly five centuries have elapsed since she was burned at the stake. The most austere historian will not grudge the place of Lincoln. In the world's Parthenon he stands by the august shade of Washington. No second comes to light without a new illumination of his fame. His enemies in the war are among his fervent eulogists. Even the silent lips of Grant spoke of him with enthusiasm. "I have no doubt," said the General, "that Lincoln will be the conspicuous figure of the war—one of the great figures of history. He was a great man, a very great man. The more I saw of him the more he impressed me. He was incontestably the greatest man I have ever met."

Lincoln's career, as a part of the story of the war, is known, and we need not dwell upon its details. It was fruitful, and its influence will widen and spread, like those majestic growths of India, where the seed dropped into the ground becomes an ever extending forest. Without his far seeing statesmanship the war might have had another close. So long as we held to the paths blazed by Lincoln through the wilderness of public policy we walked wisely. With what gratitude we recall that patient wisdom which has been to us for a generation the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night!

The high water mark of a generation's civilization is found in its heroes. The combined forces of Europe might conquer Napoleon, but Napoleonism was not to die. His influence is the most potent factor in the destiny of modern France. You might dethrone him, but the Code Napoleon is still the law. You might send him into exile, but you could not undo the material transfiguration of France. Lincoln holds somewhat the same relation to the United States. The hero is a people's heritage. We can answer slurs upon our country by pointing to Lincoln and Washington—to the founder as well as the savior of the Union. We have our past in the splendor of these shining names, and we are true to their admonitions when we live in their example.

Lincoln fell in youth, or what, as statesmen go, might be called his youth. He had lived fifty-six years, of which but six were in public affairs, two in the House of Representatives and four in the Presidency. From the Presidency came a body of statesmanship surpassed in fullness and fruit by that of no other American. Whatever he touched ripened as with the wisdom of the ages. His work was as pregnant as that of Cæsar, and as masterful as that of the elder Pitt. Study whatever he bequeathed to us, and feel the master's touch. Read the debates with Douglas, in which will be found the very jurisprudence of Republicanism; no page that is not fresh and vital. Take the first Inaugural, with its tones of justice and patriotic invocation, its solemn entreaties to the angry men of both sections which were to fall unheeded upon war jarred factions. Take Emancipation, which rises out of the table land of history, a shining Sinai peak. Take the second Inaugural, with its words of infinite pity and magnanimity toward a crushed and crumbling South. Take the address at Gettysburg, which might have been composed by Homer, and will live while Homer endures. His example can never die. It should never grow faint and cold. We follow his watchwords as the British troops in their Egyptian wars when they marched over the midnight sands were guided by the constellations. With day they knew there would come combat and victory, and they marched with confidence and joy. In his words Republicans should find an inspiration. "It is for the living," said Lincoln at Gettysburg, "rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced."

We accept the lesson of a precious and immortal life in the master's own words. The work is still "unfinished." It is for us to be dedicated to it. The cause for which our heroes gave the last full measure of devotion—the cause which Lincoln sealed with his blood, is the same to-day as when it was an issue at Gettysburg. The men who then fought to preserve the Montgomery constitution are now fighting to recover and impose upon the Union the principles of that constitution. It rested upon slavery and free trade. Mr. Cleveland in signing the disfranchisement of the colored man in the South legalizes slavery in its worst form. We gave the negro freedom; we now stab that freedom to the heart. Free trade is as potent in Democratic counsels as it was in the Confederate Congress which engrafted it upon the Montgomery constitution. Mr. Cleveland would approve it with the truculent haste with which he signed the instrument meant to be the doom of an honest franchise. The issue is unchanged. Those who forced it upon us, as the alternative of a fearful war, were in earnest. They are in earnest now.

Therefore, if we are true to the memory of Lincoln, if we apply the lessons of this honored anniversary, the issue will again be resisted. We shall win if we have the spirit which conquered at Gettysburg—"if we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

WALT WHITMAN.

A picturesque figure in Washington during the war days was Walt Whitman, that eccentric genius, whose work has provoked more discussion and contrariety of opinion than any other American poet. But whatever may be the quality of the man's genius, and it will probably engage discussion until the "youngest critic has died," there can be no question as to his attractive nature. A deep and genuine affection existed between Walt Whitman and John Russell Young, the result of many years' acquaintance and profound admiration. His crude and bold signature frequently appears on letters, an original manuscript, or a tumbled card, thanking his "dear friend J. R. Y." for a book, or some kind attention; and toward the end, affectionate expressions, almost pathetic, in their tenderness. The following recollections of Whitman appeared in 1892:—

"Among my earliest indiscretions was Walt Whitman. So at least I was summarily informed one day by the famous Shelton Mackenzie, Doctor of Civil Law, literary editor and miscellaneous magnate on Forney's *Press,* a considerable and shining figure in his time, with a large place in criticism and current affairs, and memorable to me always for many friendly words and deeds. I had written something in an ambitious vein, and decorated the theme with lines from a book I had tumbled over in literary wanderings—a thin book, with solid, square type, wide margins, the frontispiece a figure in shirt sleeves, brawny, spry, nonchalant, one hand on the thigh, the other in the pocket; deep eyes, a sorrowful face and lips of expectation. Out of this book I had dug something—I have long forgotten what

—which seemed to beautify my composition. Mackenzie gave me due monition. No gentleman ever read such a book. No gentleman ever referred to it in the presence of ladies. It was unspeakable. And if I had ambitions, as the good Mackenzie pointed out in his emphatic, paternal way, I must never have it known that I had kept company with such a writer. Were there not Thomas Moore, and Clarence Mangan, and Thomas Davis, and all that radiant galaxy of Irish poesy, beautiful with the gems of genius, that a young writer like myself, a well enough meaning reporter, who might even some day be an editor, could not accept with profit to my fame and no peril to my immortal soul, not to speak of my standing in society?

Whitman was the author of the lines, and my quoting them among my earliest indiscretions. I accepted the admonitions of Mackenzie, and for a long time literary relations with Whitman were maintained under furtive conditions. The wise, prudent Mackenzie spoke his own conservatism, which was likewise the literary judgment of the hour. Whitman was not respectable. Mackenzie also had high, antique notions as to what was proper in one's literary sympathies. He had lived when George the Third was king. He had been the friend of Moore and Southey, had supped with Sir Walter Scott. Deep in his heart he saw much that might be mended in Tennyson, as well as in Thackeray and Bulwer and others of the "new writers." Whitman had come upon him,—somehow,—no one knew whence or wherefore;—how did he come? "One book last summer," wrote Emerson to Carlyle, "came out in New York; a nondescript monster which yet had terrible eyes and buffalo strength, and was indisputably American, which I thought to send you. But the book throve so badly with the few to whom I showed it, and wanted good morals so much, that I never did. Yet, I believe now again, I shall! It is called 'Leaves of Grass,' was written and printed by a journeyman printer in Brooklyn, New York, named Walter Whitman, and after you have looked into it, if you think, as you may, that it is only an auctioneer's inventory of a warehouse, you can light your pipe with it." I cannot find that Carlyle ever received the book. The Boston impression referred to, that Whitman "wanted good morals," had permeated Philadelphia. This was what Mackenzie felt, and so my wise preceptor,—seeing that I was not only reading but quoting him, awakened me to a sense of the indiscretion.

Yet, somehow, there were things in Whitman that I found in no other book, unless I went back among the Hebrew prophets. The wanting in "good morals" never occurred to me. Then, as now, when I look at Whitman with maturer eyes, when I see him accepted and ruling as one of the influences of the nineteenth century, I was never in sympathy with those who deemed him an immoral writer. He was an exemplification of nature. I should as soon think of finding immorality in his writings as in the antique statutes of the Louvre, in the paddocks of the Derby, or the Zoölogical Gardens. In Byron, yes! In a dozen other writers, in exultant and in rose-tinted hues; the immorality that would weaken by mockery or invective the delicate sense of right and wrong, which underlies the devotion we call love—this with too much abundance. But Whitman, as I read him, never gave a thought which could awaken the sense of shame in those not prone to shame. We were a long time coming to this recognition. I am not sure that we have reached it in America, but it will come, as it did in England years ago. The most original writer of our day, a generation since won across the sea what had been denied at home.

I saw Whitman in war times and later with an experience akin to that of some Athenian who had known Socrates, and perhaps followed the grand pug-nosed old loafer from place to place to hear him talk. If ever the loafer may come to his own, and we amend our Christian legends, Saint Socrates will be his patron. Even as I had fancied the shaggy-powed Socrates, floating about Athens, the eyes of the police upon him with their own thoughts as to his means of support, there was the suggestion of a parallel in Whitman. He had a conspicuous, massive figure, invariably in frowsy, picturesque raiment. You ran against him in out of the way places—riding on the front of horse cars in conversation with the driver, giving pennies to ragged groups of negro children; sailing down Pennsylvania avenue, with that wonderful hat, that collar that was never buttoned, like some slow old three-decker of ninety-four, or trailing out toward the camps in suburban Washington with packages under his arms or in his coat pockets, presumably for the hospital. There was something of a rude, enviable splendor in his superb, rugged health,—the body dominant with wholesome conditions; something also of the Horace Greeley in this personality—the same shambling, go-as-you-please gait, Whitman rather the sturdier of the two; nothing of the inspired childhood; phenomenal touch of genius, as in the famous journalist. You were apt to find him silent, civil, not communicative, but cordial when you could reach him. He had no apparent companionships, apparently alone with his teeming soul. A sincere, absorbed man, whom you never saw in what was called society, or at the rude homely routs of war days; nor at dinners—rather a gentleman of the pavement, even as Socrates must have been, when he loafed about Athens and said such living, wonderful things.

Whitman was in those days likewise a martyr and his sufferings were much talked about in our independent circles, although they seemed to sit blithely upon the shaggy, lounging wayfarer. The secretary of something or other, and by some odd twinge of fortune in the Lincoln Cabinet, had been told of Whitman's book, "the nondescript monster which had terrible eyes, and buffalo strength." This secretary, as I well remember him, was of the dumb species, with an obtuse faculty for believing everything he heard, and a good deal more than what he saw. He lived in an advanced, uneasy stage of Wesleyanism, and had as Senator represented a proper people. He was, as rumor ran, among the statesmen who had discovered that Grant's habits unfitted him for high commands. One White House story comes to me of his leaving Lincoln in wrath, "slamming the doors behind him" because of some Presidential obtuseness in regard to Grant. I think also that he was the hero of the famous whisky story of Lincoln, now an undying part of the literature of American wit. "Tell me, Senator, the brand of Grant's whisky, as I want to send a barrel to some of the other generals." One day his eyes opened to the enormities of Whitman's lines, and the poet was sent about his business. No such unholy hands should pollute the sacred records of that department. Whitman went, and might have been a gentleman of the pavement indeed in the saddest form, had not the poet Stedman, if I am sure in my remembrance, and John Hay found him access into another department. Here he toiled at small wages, living in humble lodgings, pacing Pennsylvania avenue of the afternoons on his daily errand to the hospital and camp.

I do not think that I ever heard Whitman refer to this halo of martyrdom incident, nor do I see any trace of it in his writings. He was not a man to nourish enmities nor recall dark remembrances. It was his nature rather to respect as a solemn dispensation the bereavement of intellect which could see sin in his poems, to regard it with the sympathy we give to the blind, the halt and the dumb.

Whitman was never in the idle throng. Occasionally glimpses of him at theatres. Of the noisy, frothy world he never seemed to be a part, was more at home with the chestnut trees and the shady lanes. I do not think that we knew then, as it has come to us since, that he was living a life of renunciation. He was very poor. His salary was small. Unfitted for the camp he had devoted himself to the hospital. He lived in reserved, honorable penury; practiced personal abstinence that every penny might go to the hospitals. You will know what this involved if you knew the hospital life of Washington in war times. Those days after Manassas and Gettysburg! Was ever anything so pitiful under the sorrow-laden heavens? The long trains of the wounded, the slowly driven ambulances, each with its burden of pain; the public buildings, the churches, the private houses, the Capitol itself one vast hospital. Then it was that love and sympathy came to succor valor. Gentle women threw aside the cares of the nursery and drawing room to attend the wounded and dying. There was scarcely a Washington maiden, certainly no one of high degree, who did not have her daily mission to the wounded; her own little group of sufferers, whose pain she soothed, for whom she wrote letters and read the heavy hours away. Those days of Manassas and Gettysburg! We shall never know the depth and meaning of war until we know all that they involved.

It was not for our poet to go to the wars, and his life was given to the camps, and especially to the hospital. It was humble work. I have seen nothing of it in canvas or stone, and somehow it has never found a note in the trumpet of fame. It meant everything to the stricken hero away from home. There were potions to be mixed, and wrappings to be released and bound again. There was a mother who must hear from her boy, some sweetheart who must know how the battle had swept through her hopeful, trusting life; for in those dreadful days it was not alone those slain in battle who really died. Here is a glimpse of it in Whitman's own prose: "I walked on to Armory Hospital," he writes, "took with me several bottles of blackberry and cherry syrup, good and strong, but innocent. Went through several of the wards, announced to the soldiers the news from Meade, and gave them all a good drink of the syrups with ice water, quite refreshing; prepared it all myself, and served it around." The news from Meade was about Gettysburg, "a big flaming placard on a newspaper office announcing the victory," and "a sort of order of the day from the President himself, quite religious, giving thanks to the Supreme Being, and calling on the people to do the same." Meanwhile the bells of Washington rang out their sundown peals—joy for the victory; joy over the Fourth of July. Then—the misery of it all—"a string of ambulances moving up Fourteenth street north, slowly wending along, bearing a large lot of wounded to the hospitals." The blue and the gray, side by side. Valor had done its work. Love and sympathy claimed its devotees their own.

In this humble work Whitman spent his war days. It is, believe me, no want of respect and honor for the clamorous doing of the battle—the onset, the rally, the retreat—that makes me feel there was a singular kind of heroism in what this laboring clerk in the departments did for the suffering. Whitman himself, frank as he is about everything, has little to say of it in his poems. I recall the dead cavalryman, shot through the neck, and who could not live:—

"Come, sweet death! be persuaded, O beautiful death!
In mercy come quickly."

There are likewise some further lines in one of the few references to these scenes. As a rule, however, silence upon what even his admirers will regard as the noblest episode in his life:—

"I thread my way through the hospitals,
The hurt and the wounded I pacify with soothing hand;
I sit by the restless all the dark night,—some are so young.
Some suffer so much. I recall the experiences sweet and sad,
Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have crossed and rested,
Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips."

I never was submerged by the Whitman enthusiasm, even in earlier days. I saw, as Emerson wrote, that in his book were incomparable things incomparably said. I recognized the wit of what I once heard from Wendell Phillips, that there were many kinds of leaves among the "Leaves of Grass," but no fig leaves. It was an indolent book, so much that might have been weeded out, if the author had foreseen that his work was to be something more than a daring experiment. Ben Jonson's regret that Shakespeare, instead of never blotting a line, had not blotted a thousand, applied with more force to Whitman than to any great writer of the century except Southey and Byron. And even the improprieties which barred it from the bazars, the leaves, which were not fig leaves, were the mere saying of things so obvious, that it seemed such a waste of time to say them. Why rob me of night and silence and meditation, and the self respect of my thoughts? Nor could one accept, without protest, the caprice which denuded his poesy of harmony. Whitman himself is my authority for the fact that he carefully culled out all touches of rhythm and metre and held to his rugged, uneven lines. This is a loss to literature. No one can read "My Captain" or "Pioneers" without seeing that there was capacity for music in this man, as definite and sweeping as in Swinburne or Poe. I know few lines with more harmony than these on Lincoln:—

Hushed be the camps to-day,
And, soldiers, let us drape our war-worn weapons,
And each with musing soul retire to celebrate
Our dear Commander's Death.
No more for him life's stormy conflicts,
Nor victory, nor defeat—no more time's dark events
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

Whitman's work was never apart from the charm of his personality. He was always Socrates loafing about the streets of Athens, and I never saw him in the war days without the idea that he was a revelation of the old Greek. And as I was out of the range of the worship, with perhaps a tint of heresy, the exclusion of his books from circulation, attorney-generals of Boston issuing warrants, Cabinet ministers chasing him out of departments as noisome things are chased with a broom,—this was such an ignominious business. Reasons of revenue and personal comfort were to be considered, as Whitman was poor; what he could save from his hire as clerk going to the soldiers in the way of syrups, tobacco and stationery. This justified such an editing of his works as would pass the muster of the police. It had been done abroad. Rosetti's edition, as decorous as Watts' Hymns, with the Rosetti pruning, I had found in England. Other editions were among the current literature of the railway stall and the shop. I was among those of Whitman's friends who hoped in some such manner for his larger, truer and more remunerative recognition.

In this mood of thinking I one day ran against Whitman sailing down Seventh street in his majestical, three-decker way, opposite the little brick house in which Jefferson had written the Declaration, then a sacred landmark of Philadelphia, but now crushed under the grinding heel of trade. He was steering for Forney's office, at Seventh and Chestnut streets. I was glad to hear that he meant to print his book, believing that the world was ripe enough to receive it and that it meant mended fortunes. But why not omit the "Children of Adam"—not above seven or eight hundred lines in that, and perhaps two or three hundred in addition, and then have such a book as was classic in England, what might readily be accepted in enlightened Sunday schools and in the apparent regions of fashionable society? And so on, with emphasis as precise and courteous as I could bestow upon one I so much admired and in whose material fortunes I had so deep an interest.

Whitman, who was always gentle and kind, a free, spontaneous nature, who never argued, but rather listened in benevolent, complacent wonder to argument, heard my speech as if it were by no means a new story. I soon discovered that I might as readily hope to have the Sphynx throw the Egyptian sands from her person and go into the mazes of a country dance, as for Whitman to change, eliminate or reserve one line. He had had it out with Emerson, he said, years before, and his mind was settled. What he had written he had written. It was his message to the world. If men and women would not have it as it came from his lips, it was not worth the having. As for the English editions which Rosetti and other friends had clipped and patched together, that was their affair. He had made a statue or nothing. There should be no torso in its place by his grace or leave.

There was a modest, resolute pride in all this, a sincerity I could not but respect; nor was the subject alluded to again. The fact that the book never had other than a languid circulation, may have come from the agility of the police; or it may have been that it was ahead of its time; that the Whitman taste had to be formed. I thought of the weary years through which Wordsworth waited for recognition; and how poor Carlyle hawked "Sartor Resartus" around London, only to find the reluctant, eleemosynary hospitality of some second-hand magazine. Yet Wordsworth is now with the sovereigns, in their spheres; and "Sartor Resartus" is sold by the thousands every year. I had known also of a similar experience. That estimable gentleman, my dear and honored friend, Henry George, had written in those years a book which he felt, as Whitman and Carlyle before him, to be a solemn message to mankind. Composed under depressing circumstances in California he had managed by heroic sacrifices to put it into type. Now if some one would read his book!

Henry George was then unknown beyond the threshold of his Pacific home. I was going to England, and took a dozen copies to peddle for him. I tried an old-fashioned bookseller at the Haymarket, who had exalted people for customers—a royal highness, Lord Beaconsfield and the like. In a few days I called only to see the books on the shelves, and the bookseller debating with his conscience as to whether he should not go to the Old Bailey and plead guilty to the condonement of a conspiracy for overturning society. All that was left was to take the volumes and ask the ever willing Smalley, of the *Tribune,* to name some advanced thinkers of the "crank" species at whom I might throw them and have the rubbish well out of the way. This book was "Poverty and Progress." In a short time its sale in London had reached to sixty thousand a year. It gave its author world-wide fame as one of the foremost men of the time.

Whitman was no farther from the spirit of the age than Henry George, and the party which came around him was as devout in its allegiance, although much smaller than that which now follows that eminent and intrepid man. I know of no writer, except it may be Carlyle, in prose who has affected literary style more deeply than Whitman. The directness of expression, the cogency of thought, the precise, unmistakable sense of meaning which we see manifest and growing in current literature, is largely due to Whitman. His influence is rather with those who write than read. From the thinking world has come his appreciation, even as those on the mountains see the sun long before its glory floods the valley. No poet since Byron ever went more directly to his theme. No arrow ever left his bow without going home. Poe had this power when he had honesty and courage enough to use it. As in "Helen, thy beauty is to me," how surely the arrow goes home. I should say, however, that even above Byron—above all English writers since Goldsmith and Dryden, the faculty of clear, definite thought rests with Whitman. You are never lost in his pages. You never pause over a word, nor listen for the echo of a double meaning. The refinement refined of Tennyson—the mysticisms of Browning—the lush and over-ripened euphony of Swinburne—there is nothing of this in the American. The sea is the sea—the sun is the sun—and you go with him to stream and meadow and waterfall, and disentangle the constellations, and sit by the fireside over the singing kettle, and read of old Kissabone, the sailor, who lived until he was ninety, and died watching the brig circumvent the winds.

In this simplicity, this sinewy strength will be found some of the reasons for the steady growth of Whitman's power and fame. Others will be found in the fact that more than any other poet he identified himself with the civil war. I recall no writings which contain so much of the war as the thousand lines he has given to it in verse; not to speak of much that is valuable in prose. "Calamus" and the body electric, the "Sea-Drift" and "Birds of Passage," much of this we should be loath to spare. Still it could be spared, while the loss to American literature of the war passages would be irreparable. The Song of the Banner at Daybreak, and President Lincoln's Funeral Hymn, reach the high water mark of American poetic genius; are as precious at least to the writer of these lines as Wordsworth's ode to Immortality, which in his humble opinion is the highest reach of poetic genius that has been attained since Shakespeare.

You have the soul of the war—its majesty, its strength, its Titanic grandeur. "War!—be it weeks, months, or years, an armed race is advancing to welcome it." No anger, no truculence, no vindictiveness toward the South, no belittling the mighty lesson that the ages will find in that gigantic struggle by obtruding the wrath and vanity of the strife. Rather tenderness to the vanquished foe, as in these lines:—

My enemy is dead—a man divine as myself is dead.
I look where he lies, white-faced and still in the coffin, and
draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face
in the coffin.

Whitman never troubles himself about the mere policies of the war, not even with Emancipation. There is no allusion, not even in the Lincoln poems, to the breaking of the shackles, or setting the negroes free, no swelling the current note of Lincoln adulation. Nor does the freedom appear in any part of the poet's noble vision of the restored Union. This cannot be attributed to indifference as to slavery, as one of the author's few bitter poems refers to the surrender of a fugitive slave by the Boston Federal courts. That it was a mere emancipation war, that these tremendous battles and sieges were for a negro's freedom, Whitman will have no such thought! Emancipation is an incident, like the invasion of the Shenandoah or the bombardment of Charleston; a political policy, unworthy of poetic consecration, an expedient to break the power of the South. Its moral value is embraced in the higher value of a restored Union. It was a Union war, the war of men, the war of the private soldier. There are few tributes to heaven-directed genius,—some lines on Grant, as "man of the mighty days and equal to the days," the exception. The soldier is the theme. Our Pete hit in a cavalry skirmish, and to die; the boy shot in the abdomen, and about to die; "face as white as a lily;"—the soldier found dead in his blanket; the great drum pounding; the small drums whirring,—the dead at rest, the wife, the child, the musing comrade; the ones to live and to suffer; the unnamed soldiers fallen in front in the lead; to whom he would rear laurel-crowned monument, high above the rest:—

"Brave, brave were the soldiers (high-named to-day) who
lived through the fight;
But the bravest pressed to the front, and fell unnamed
and unknown."

The last time I saw Whitman was on November 2d, in company with Sir Edwin Arnold and Major J. B. Pond, of New York. Sir Edwin had arrived in Philadelphia to read in public from his poems. I had had a note from Whitman as to some proposed courtesy toward the actors Florence and Jefferson, and also in pursuance of a promise to Carpenter, the artist, that I would try to persuade the poet to sit for a portrait. As a small side light on the ways of the man, I may venture to give this note:—

CAMDEN, N. J., October 24, 1891.

Dear Friend J. R. Y:—Yours of 23d received. Many thanks for the invitation, and affectionate regards to you and to Jefferson and Florence. But I am too dilapidated and cannot think of trying to come over.

If you see Frank Carpenter, tell him I am willing to sit for the picture, which is all I can do, and I send him my best compliments. Am sitting here now in great armchair with wolf skin spread over back for warmth—cannot get across the room (from paralysis), but fair spirits. Just had a pleasant call from Jeannette Gilder, N. Y., and some charming girls. WALT WHITMAN.

On the edge of the orange-tinted sheet upon which the note was written were these printed lines, as a quaint scroll, a motto or emblazonment in social heraldry:—

From the Boston *Evening Transcript,* May 7, '91.—— The Epictetus saying as given by Walt Whitman in his own quite utterly dilapidated physical case is, "a little spark of soul dragging a great lummux of corpse-body clumsily to and fro around."

We inferred from the tone of this note that while Whitman was not going about, a visit might not be unwelcome. Sir Edwin had a profound admiration for the poet, and was the bearer among other things of a message from Tennyson. He could not, he said, pass as it were through the very dominions of the master, without for the moment turning aside to pay him homage. It was arranged that we should visit Whitman in the morning.

There was a long ride over Delaware ferry and through silent Camden town, one of those suburban developments of modern growth which have no apparent reason for being. Camden had been among my earliest problems and I think Sir Edwin Arnold showed self-command in not expressing what must have been in his mind, when repeated inquiries from policemen and wayfarers in Camden failed to reveal any knowledge of the very existence of their illustrious townsman. This self-command was not shared by Major Pond. We had not thought of taking the address. It would be so much like going to Weimar with the address of Goethe. The cabman in a mood of despair reined us up at a chemist's with some sad fancy I am afraid that the temper of Major Pond required medical advice. In time, through the Major's diligence, we attained the modest house.

I had written Whitman that he might expect us, and he gave us a cheery welcome. The attendant said he had not been downstairs for many a day. We climbed to the upper story, found him in a bed chamber looking out on the street. He sat in an ample chair, with a white wolf skin from the Mongolian plains over the shoulders. The floor was littered with papers, some with wrappers unopened, others partly read, higgledy-piggledy everywhere. There was a broad table littered to the edge with books and papers, a remnant of two or three inches for writing. There were some scattered photographs on the mantel, faded, dusty and stained, one of John W. Forney, with an affectionate message of farewell as he was "off to Europe." The humblest, plainest lodgings, a home of penury. And yet there the proud old man in royal wolf skin robes, with his thin whitened hair and flowing beard, calm, resolute, rather dimming eyes, voice clear, loud, just a touch of weakness in his hearing, and unable to rise from the seat, because of the paralysis, received us with quiet, sovereign dignity.

Arnold saluted the venerable poet with affectionate tenderness, as a subject might salute his king, and the honor was received in grave royal fashion. Why should not those subjects of mine come from over the seas in answer to my message? If it had a meaning they would surely come. And this is as it should be, even as appointed. This as if you read it in his eyes. Here was the poet of the elder world, the interpreter of the mythologies and creeds of the infinite past, the scholar from the Indies and Japan, never so eloquent as when in praise of moss-covered, medieval, aristocratic England, and in honoring church and crown,—here was the very poet of conservatism, caste and privilege, a most probable Poet Laureate, in homage before the poet of Democracy. The Light of Asia, the Light of the World—face to face with the Light of the Prairie.

Sir Edwin had only the other day left Tennyson at his English fireside, and had been charged by the Poet Laureate with a special message of regard for Whitman. "Tennyson has always been kind to me," said Whitman. "His voice was one of the first that came with the sign of encouragement—the superb old man!" He must hear from Arnold in detail about Tennyson's health. How did the heavy burden of years rest upon him? Tennyson could walk, could go out on the cliff, and look out on the downs, and see the mists that sheltered his England from continental rapine. Well, that was a blessing, and such a comfort to hear it. As for his own legs, they were in such a bad way—paralysis down on one side, and helplessness except to sit and read and think and talk. It was a comfort that this had been spared "the fine old fellow at Farringford."

Apart from a certain haziness of the eye, and what seemed to be an idle fragment of catarrh, Whitman seemed mentally and relatively physically well—might readily have been taken as younger than seventy-three. He would hear of no suggestion of an early leave-taking, or that our coming might invite weariness, or discomfort, but evidently wanted to talk. His mind was clear, vivid, and he talked in the quaint old way, recalling Washington days, and days in Forney's rooms. To the intimation that we might like to treasure a memory of his reading, that no poem could be truly read except by the poet, and that perhaps he could be persuaded to recite "Captain, my captain," he pleaded fatigue. "Oh, you like that, do you? Well, I am afraid I cannot recite it." Not in a petulant tone, but decisively—no! The name of Robert Ingersoll was mentioned and Whitman had many questions about him, must know just how he looked, and whether he was well and doing well, and how he could never forget the Colonel that had come over and lectured in his behalf, "which brought me," he added, "a very useful bit of money."

He was pleased, but still and always in reserved sovereign fashion, to hear from Arnold of his growing fame in England. And about it he had his own thoughts. England was more tranquil, the minds of her people freer from immediate cares than the New World—no building cities and cutting away forests—and could hear what he had to say. As to America, he was afraid she was too busy for poems. He saw America in its future. In that he believed—how profoundly he believed! Through what troubles and tribulations and volcanic eruptions and outbreaks we should come to it, he could not say. He had seen one of them in the Civil War. What would be the next? The greed for money was not pleasant, the hurry scurry after the Material, the deadening of finer thought, was distressing. But we would come out of it; yes, we would come out of it—triumphant, fruitful, although he would never live to see it! It was often in his thoughts that America of the future, conglomerate, composite America, melted, fused; the glowing mass with its Magyar, Saxon, Hebrew, Slavic, even Chinese ingredients embedded. What would it be? What would be the type of the ideal America when the twenty-fifth century was in bloom?

This was evidently a favorite speculation, and it came rather as a philosophical thought, the meditation of an old man, with only his thoughts for his companionships, face to face as it were, almost in touch with the "Que scais-je" of Montaigne. There was no real abatement of the enthusiasm, which in the earlier days had sung the glory of En Masse, the resonant song of Democracy. There was no such change as between Locksley Hall as it was to the young poet and "Locksley Hall sixty years later," but rather looking beyond the noise and the mists for the glorious future. The message from Tennyson through Arnold was the leading theme in the earlier part of the conversation. Whitman was anxious to know if Tennyson had any pieces on hand—things written at leisure, to ripen to their fullness and come to light after he had gone. I do not recall that Arnold had such information. Whitman hoped that Tennyson knew how much he was appreciated in America. Arnold said that this was well understood. There was a comment from one of the company upon the fact that Longfellow was better known in England than in the United States, while Tennyson had a fame in America that he had never enjoyed at home. The theory was advanced that the absence of an international copyright had permitted cheap editions of Tennyson here and of Longfellow in England, and that their widest fame was where they were most widely read.

It was something, however, for "the grand old fellow" at Farringford to know that a nation which had never looked on his face had no greater delight than to hear his words. And the strength of his genius, as Whitman remarked, singing with as much freshness and truth as when he wrote In Memoriam. One of the company was not sure that his latest were not his best lines. A noble thought, said Whitman, as Sir Edwin recited the latest lines of the Poet Laureate:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Sir Edwin referred to the profound beauty of some of Whitman's own poems, no clearer touch of genius since Homer. Then to emphasize with an illustration he leaned over, and resting his hand on the old man's knee, recited these lines:

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each
Sooner or later delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure, enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song, that when thou must indeed come,
come unfalteringly.

Whitman heard the reading, which was exquisite, with partly closed eyes, and when Arnold had finished, simply said, "You like those lines, do you?"

An allusion was made to the growing influence of Poe, especially on the continent. Whitman said he had had one interview with Poe, and the man was clearly before him, gentlemanly, quiet, reserved, with a tired aspect. Saw him on the streets again, but remembered only the one interview. He was inclined to think better of Poe than he had done in earlier years, although one could see that Whitman had little sympathy with the harmonies and rhythm and euphony of the elder poet. He recognized the intense personality of Poe, and could recall no author who had so deeply impressed himself upon men's thoughts; wonderful, considering how little in the way of verse Poe had done. The weird in nature, the demoniac in imagination, the horrible, the impossible which seemed to animate the strange genius of Poe, were foreign from Whitman. Yet there was a fascination in it, if fascination were the highest aim of verse.

An allusion to Emerson, led among other things to an anecdote of the Concord seer, when he was once in Philadelphia. "I want to know," Emerson said suddenly, "something about Dorgan? Who is Dorgan?" There was silence. "John A. Dorgan of Philadelphia," continued Emerson. "He sends me a thin, almost shivering book of poems, with some lines on Fate which are Napoleonic:

These withered hands are weak,
But they shall do my bidding though so frail;
These lips are white, but shall not fail
The appointed word to speak.

Thy sneer I can forgive,
Because I know the strength of destiny,
Until my task is done I cannot die,
And then I would not live.

"I should like to know," asked Emerson as he concluded the recitation, "what Philadelphia has done for a man who could have written such lines?" The answer was not only had Philadelphia done nothing for Dorgan, but had never heard of him.

Whitman said, "And Emerson called them Napoleonic lines. They have a noble thought—especially at the end. And did Emerson ever find Dorgan?" My impression was that he never did. I had a moderate acquaintance with Dorgan, a clear memory of him as a young conveyancer's clerk, who died shortly after the close of the war—at most a year or two. I recalled him as a delicate, sensitive genius, with sorrows in the way of personal suffering. Much in his life, its promise, its cares and its early effacement reminding you of Keats and Henry Kirke White.

There was talk of Lowell, and especially of what he had done in England as minister. Sir Edwin had his narration about this—the ambassador not alone from the Republic of Politics but the Republic of Letters—and whose example and influence literary England would not soon forget. I could not observe any point of special sympathy with Lowell—not so manifest as toward Longfellow. Sir Edwin dwelt upon the perfect form of Longfellow's work. Whitman referred to his having had a visit from his New England friend in this very home and of the warm personal regard. Longfellow, he believed, sang the time in which he lived, breathed its conservative spirit, had placed us under obligations for what he had secured in the way of translation from the finest things in German, Italian and Scandinavian literature, was the poet of gentleness, as Byron was the poet of nature.

Sir Edwin again invited Whitman to England. "Ah, my legs; look at my legs," he said with a half mournful smile. "Let me have a month of you, sir," said Arnold, "and take you out of these rooms, and submit you to the treatment of some of the skillful Japanese, who know the needs and anatomies of the human body. I would have you in the air, and again in the company of the sea, and you could take counsel with Tennyson and the others, who may keep their years and their genius for a century." Then came a gentle upbraiding of Whitman for his seclusion, rally and banter, which the poet received in a mild, serious, smiling, human way. When the time came to leave, Whitman took one of his books, and said: "Arnold, this is all I intend to say to the fellows on the other side. When you see them you will tell them it is all here."

Sir Edwin asked him for his autograph and a line of remembrance. "How shall I write it?" said Whitman; "Sir Edwin?" "No, omit the Sir—from you let it be Edwin Arnold." Whitman slowly wrote the name and date in a clear, heavy-lined hand—and for a moment paused. "I don't think," he continued, "that I shall add any inscription. You know all I would say to you and to Tennyson and all the other fine fellows, who are so dear and kind to me. The inscription is inside. And when you see them all, you will give them my loving regards." As we took our leave, which was affectionate and cheerful, Sir Edwin in accepting the hand of the old man reverently kissed it, even as if it had been that of his sovereign and queen.

Of the influence of Whitman upon the age, a word or two may not be out of place. Has he any message on higher themes? Is it paganism after all, paganism unrelieved even by the poetry and art of the pagan days? Let us see. Here is the future life accepted in some brave lines:

Do you suspect death? If I were to suspect death I
should die now.
Do you think I could walk pleasantly and well-suited
toward annihilation?
I swear, I think there is nothing but immortality;

That the exquisite scheme is for it, and the nebulous
float is for it, and the cohering is for it;
And all preparation is for it, and identity is for it, and
life and materials are altogether for it.

In the prayer of Columbus, one of the most solemn of Whitman's writings, there is what might be regarded as a direct recognition of a God, as a form of personality to whom the sorrow-stricken and heavy-laden might come:

Thou, O God, my life has lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee.
Light rare, untellable, lighting the very light.
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;
For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
Old, poor and paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My hands, my lips grow nerveless,
My brain feels racked, bewildered,
Let the old timber part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet
me,
Thee, Thee at least I know!

The thought of the future life has even a more definite expression in some lines that Whitman must have written after his seventieth year:

No thing is ever really lost, or can be lost,
No birth, identity, form—no object of the world,
Nor life, nor force, nor any visible thing;
Appearance must not foil, nor shifted sphere confuse thy
brain;
Ample are time and space—ample the fields of Nature.

The body sluggish, aged, cold—the embers left from earlier fires,
The light in the eye grown dim—shall duly flame again;
The sun now low in the west, rises for mornings and for noons continued;
To frozen clods ever the spring's invisible law returns,
With grass and flowers and summer fruits and corn.

"Thanatopsis" could not be more comforting than the thought which underlies these fervent lines. At the same time Whitman keeps from formulas, dogmas and abstruse theology. There is no teaching that seems to have influenced him more than the simple, spiritual doctrines of the Society of Friends. If I were to sum up his theology in a sentence, I would describe him as a Socrates immersed in Quakerism. There is always the coming back from the contemplation of spiritual to the Heaven that we make or unmake; to the divinity of love; to the sacredness of comradeship; to what he might have learned from Confucius, and the earlier Chinese poems and anthologies; the supreme sovereignty of fatherhood. "Our father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name." Yes, yes, with reverence and humility let us breathe that prayer. But our father who art on earth, whom we have in our daily life, by the fireside and in the market place, is there no reverence for him? Or let Whitman express the thought in his own words and not in my paraphrase:

Having studied the new and antique, the Greek and Germanic systems,
Stated the lore of Plato, and Socrates greater than Plato,
And greater than Socrates sought and stated, Christ Divine having studied long,

Yet underneath Socrates clearly see, and underneath Christ the Divine I see
The dear love of man for his comrade, the attraction of friend to friend,
Of the well married husband and wife, of children and parents, of city for city and land for land.

Home, friendship, love, patriotism—what else? In these few extracts, taken at random from the writings of Whitman, I have given the best synopsis of what might be called the theology of this extraordinary man. Perhaps it will be found best summed up as follows:

Lover divine and perfect Comrade
Waiting content, invisible yet, but certain—
Be thou my God!

Thou, thou, the Ideal Man,
Fair, able, beautiful, content, loving,
Complete in body and dilate in spirit,
Be thou my God!

O, Death—for Life has served its turn,
Opener and usher to the heavenly mansion,
Be thou my God!

All great ideas, the races, aspirations,
All heroisms, deeds of rapt enthusiasts,
Be ye my Gods!

Or Time and Space,
Or shape of Earth divine and wondrous,
Or some fair shape, I viewing, worship,
Or lustrous orb of sun, or star by night,
Be ye my Gods!

I am afraid the reader will find himself confronted with a strange philosophy. For a generation this Outlaw has roamed the forests of Literature a very Robin Hood, keeping to his woods and streams, lawless, irretrievable, daring, seeking companionship and amenities in his own firm wayward soul. I know of no such figure in Literature, nothing akin to it, unless perhaps Carlyle. And although Carlyle likewise went to his Craigenputtoch moors to be an Outlaw, a law unto himself, to war upon the generation, in time London sucked him in, and you saw him at routs, at the feet of Lady Ashburton and among the hero worshippers around mumbling, shuffling old Wellington. Whitman in literature is apart from the laws and conditions of man, and has lived by his own cross-bow. Of his seventeen thousand lines which I have striven faithfully to read, and many of them again and again, there is scarcely a stanza that does not pulsate with the very insolence of triumphant freedom. It is a magnificent monotone, the eternal Ego always; call it Democracy, call it En Masse, call it Walt Whitman, the Ego is always there. There are no tales, as in Dante or Chaucer. No appeals to the imagination, no romances, nothing but the Man, for whom the world was made, for whom were summer and roses and clover that he might "loaf and invite his soul,"—the creation of this world expressly for Walt Whitman, in itself the most beneficent of the Providences.

You look in vain for humor, for narrative interest, for harmonies or studied art in these wonderful lines. Out of the pages of Shakespeare what a multitude of men and women come with greetings and even with friendships. Milton gives life to the above and beyond. You take from Pope where has been preserved with the fidelity of the Pompeiian ashes the world in which he lived, and see Betty with her patches, and my Lord on his morning stroll. What pageantry, what troops of knights and cavaliers, serfs and peasants and maidens high and lowly come from the luxuriant genius of Scott. The pirates, and the women proper and improper, of Byron, are creations. The pages of Whitman are as barren, so far as the creation of ideal persons is concerned, as some tumbled continent heaved out of space, before man was made. There is no invention—no portrayals. Lincoln—yes, in a fashion, but Lincoln is something between the radiance of a drooping star and lilacs in bloom—an influence, a memory, not a man, as Shakespeare drew in Cæsar, or Victor Hugo in Cromwell. There are but two or three semblances of stories, the letter announcing the dead soldier; and one of the most exquisite things in literature, the romance of the two feathered guests from Alabama—a mocking bird down in Long Island that lost its mate, and the distress of the boy mingling with the distress of the bereaved singer:—"But my mate no more—no more with me, we two together no more."

Electricity, joy, purity, courage, health, laughter—these are the Outlaw's prophecies, which he sends us from the woods and streams. They are the outcome of this divine enfolding earth. There is no weakening in the strain, for no singer ever sang with a more incessant, resonant note. Give him Life, all the joys of life, life whose every moment a sensation. Give him Death, beautiful Death—Death in Life, Life in Death—it is the same in this strange philosophy. "Has any one supposed it lucky to be born? I hasten to inform him or her that it is just as lucky to die, and I know it." And when life takes social form what higher expression than Democracy? In all greatness, nay in the greatness which suffuses the world with glory, what do we see but En Masse, the Demos, Democracy. Lincoln was but a man, the wisest, sweetest soul of all his days and lands, but a man withal, "gentle, plain, just and resolute." What best he saw in Grant, as he walked with kings with even pace the round world's promenade, was that the prairie sovereigns of Illinois and Kansas walked with him and were "all so justified." The death of Garfield awakened only sobbing bells and the heart beats of a nation in the night. Washington was but courage, alertness, patience and faith, and his monuments wherever we find Freedom poised by Toleration and swayed by Law. Of the mere men who had lived, the Napoleons and the Alexanders, the poet has nothing to say. I fancy an olive tree at the base of Mount Olympus, or a spreading chestnut dowering with its blossoms the woods of Fontainebleau, meant more to Whitman than the sovereigns who once reigned over them and aimed to conquer the world.

Our Outlaw had no interest in the dramatic movement of life. This green earth with its multitudinous seas had other meanings, and is not to be given to any catalogued groups of men. It belongs to Demos, to the Ego, to Democracy. God is good, and good is God. That he sings! Man is the one supreme creation—the perfect man and the perfect woman the nearest approach to Divinity. In its passions, appetities, necessities, its every essential this body is divine and to be worshipped. Paternity, maternity, the sacred laws of nature, should command our devotion. Original sin and eternal punishment—the law of expiation—nay, even the thrilling law of salvation,—none of them, none of the old theologies, not even the Greek law of compensation. Yet under all an ever-flowing devotional spirit. Praised be God for life—praise for the splendid, silent sun; praise for mice and squirrels sitting on their haunches; praise even for walnuts, and grains and for the roar of Broadway. There is no man who is not his brother! The stricken, the blind, the fugitive from justice. Nor scrofula, nor leprosy, nor intemperance, nor the loathsome diseases of sin shall deprive that brother of the fraternal kiss. The good time is coming. Life is joy, and living an advance of civilization. The woman will come,—chaste, affectionate, compassionate; the man will come,—beautiful, gigantic, sweet blooded, we shall have races of splendid and savage old men.

Raphael Sanzio, said a famous critic, was a greater artist than Claude Lorraine, but the world will see many a Raphael before another Claude. So we shall see many Whittiers before we have another Whitman. Much that he has written will be forgotten. Many of his apostrophes will die away even as the waves upon the shore, living in the splash of the moment to break with the rush and roar of the sea. As in the diamond we rub and polish and cut—destroying the bulk for the splendor within—so Whitman will be rubbed and clipped and pinched, and much of what we read will pass into silence. But even as robbing the diamond of the accretions of the immemorial ages reveals its august and thrilling beauty, so we are persuaded that of what this memorable man has written there is a great deal that those who come after us will not permit to die. I have known no manlier man. From those lips no lie has fallen. From those deep eyes only sympathy for his fellows. This was my thought as the other day Whitman gave me his kind farewell. This has been my thought as each returning morning brought tidings of hope and fear—of the strong man indeed with death. If it were to be farewell—then farewell! With thanks and gratitude for what he has done, for the life of renunciation; for the chants of humanity; for poverty, proud and uncomplaining; for that courage and integrity which are the truest and most inspiriting of poems. For this, and for all, remembrance and gratitude, and again—Farewell! We shall see a Raphael before we see a Claude Lorraine. So shall we have many a messenger with music from infinite harmonies before we hear so overmastering a singer of Democracy and Home; of the Dignity of Man and the Divinity of Love.

I have reason to think that the following lines by Whitman have never appeared in print. They were sent to Mr. Young marked, "personal,"—"don't print."

A FONT OF TYPE.

O latent mine! O unlaunched voices!
passionate powers, all eligible.
Wrath, argument, praise, or comic leer, or
prayer devout, or love's caress,
(Not nonpareil, brevier, bourgeois, long primer, merely,)
Shores, oceans, roused to fury and to death,
Or soothed to ease and sheeny sun, and sleep,
Within these pallid slivers, waiting.

—WALT WHITMAN.

This short verse was also written for the *Herald*, and does not appear in his volume of poems:—

BROADWAY.

What hurrying human tides, or day or night!
What passions, winnings, losses, ardors, swim thy waters!
What whirls of evil, bliss, and sorrow stem thee!
What curious questioning glances,—glints of love!

Leer, envy, scorn, contempt, hope, aspiration!
Thou portal,—thou arena,—thou of the myriad
long-drawn lines and groups!
(Could but thy flagstones, curbs, facades tell their inimitable tales;)
Thy windows, rich, and huge hotels, thy side-walks wide;
Thou of the endless sliding, mincing, shuffling feet!
Thou like the parti-colored world itself,—like
Infinite, teeming, mocking life!
Thou visored, vast, unspeakable show and lesson!
—Walt Whitman.

It may not be out of place to touch upon a little personal incident in this connection. The name of Whitman always brought up in our home circle, a quaint and humorous discussion. After a struggle with my own deficiency of appreciation of Whitman (except in a half dozen instances), I boldly declared against poetry that was not even good blank verse, to say nothing of the absence of all rhyme. Whereupon I was always fetched a volume of tender nursery jingle, or some nonsense from our "Early Lady Poets," and possibly before the day was out I would receive, in my own room from the "Den" upstairs a "hurried despatch," bearing every indication of importance, which, upon opening, might read:—

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two."

To the Lady who is "after" Whitman!

Nor will this humorous imitation of Whitman, written by Mr. Young during the awful blizzard of 1888, betray any confidence, for it is here set down, from my own scrapbook, for the first time.

To J. C. Personal and Affectionate!
(Montana Blizzard, Manahatta, Month of Winds, 13, 1888.)

Roaring imperial beauty, Julius; icicular, valvular, panting,
Dacotah blizzard,—Montana blizzard, tremulous, blizzard from the Buffalo Lands;
Julius, weather prophet, stormy, accurate; Arctic in sunshine, tropic amid snows;
Herald-governing, salary-raising, ever accurate Julius,
Lord of the cable, the wire, the thin, clammy type, millions of whitened sheets;
No bananas, nor oranges, nor feathery pines nor odorous pine cones;
Nor mint juleps, fragrant with spices and fruits and hurried tumbling ice;
But hyperborean night, sombre, deadening night;
O, Julius with the weather-prophet eye!
(After) Walt Whitman. (24 hours).

TRIBUNE DAYS.

The following sketch of Jno. Russell Young, at the beginning of his *Tribune* career, is from the pen of an old friend, and colleague, Geo. O. Seilhamer:—

"Never was the truism that journalism is a calling for young men, better illustrated than in the case of John Russell Young. Even the younger Pitt, as Prime Minister of England at the age of 23, had not greater responsibilities or power than the boy editor at the manager's desk in the *Tribune* office. Although Mr. Greeley was still in the plenitude of his intellectual vigor, Mr. Young was practically supreme in the direction of the paper. This supremacy applied not only to the news management of the *Tribune*, but to the organization of its staff and the control of its politics. A boy he was almost in years, but a man in experience, ripe in judgment and acute in his knowledge of men. I have often wondered whether his almost unerring prescience in the selection of particular men for particular tasks was intuition or whether it was an acquired art that came with his own development as a newspaper worker under the guiding hand of Col. Forney and the appreciative encouragement of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie.

In his *Tribune* days Mr. Young was of slight and boyish figure, but his face was marked by a sedateness beyond his years. It was a face that in repose showed the intellectual power of maturity. As he went in and out among the *Tribune* men of that time, old and young—almost all of us older in years than he—he never created the impression of youthfulness that in most men at his time of life would have impaired their authority. When he took charge of the paper in 1866 its working force sadly needed the infusion of new blood. Without any violent displacements of the older men a younger element was introduced that was in effect new wine in the old bottle. A number of these new men were from Philadelphia—none of them famous, but all of them newspaper workers of unusual gifts and perfect training, but it was not true that Philadelphia received any undue favors. Smalley, a New England man, was sent to London to organize the European service. Clement, for many years the editor of the Boston *Transcript*, and White, afterwards the Washington correspondent under Whitelaw

Reid's management, were, like myself, accepted without any favoritism except that of opportunity. Amos Cummings, now the Hon. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, was promoted. The same thing was true of J. R. G. Hassard, an exceedingly graceful writer and cultivated gentleman. Of the Philadelphians there were only four who were Mr. Young's personal selections—John D. Stockton, a lovable man and a writer of rare gifts; Kane O'Donnell, a Girard College boy and a born critic of music and art; James McConnell and James Rankin Young.

The influence of a temperament like Mr. Young's, serious but not severe, sympathetic when the occasion called for it, and appreciative when opportunity offered, was a spur to intellectual effort in every part of the activities that he directed as if with the wand of a magician. He was one of the few men that I have known to whom jealousy of his instruments was impossible. He never failed to commend a successful article because it was too brilliant—he never praised an article when it was not brilliant enough. For these reasons his letters of commendation were scarcely less prized when they came without than when they came with an extra check enclosed with them. Even before I obtained one of the coveted missives I knew the standard it was necessary to reach in order to get one and I knew that one was coming when the article that brought it was only begun. I felt that I had touched the right chord, and I was not disappointed.

In these relations to his fellow craftsmen Mr. Young's position was peculiar and exceptional. I never knew a similar relationship to exist in the case of any other journalist, and it only ceased when his sympathetic heart stopped beating. In my own case a tie was recognized by both of us in the unbroken friendship of a lifetime."

Mr. Young's various changes in the *Tribune*, at the time of his appointment, were strongly endorsed by Greeley as the correspondence shows; and as the many "leaders," by the young editor began to attract attention, Greeley was often congratulated as being the author. The personal relationship also grew to be of the most intimate order; and as the years went on seems to have been almost like that of a father and son.

Of Horace Greeley Mr. Young writes:—

HORACE GREELEY.

Horace Greeley was a leader. To him journalism was not merely a vocation, an honorable means of earning daily bread, but a profession. He gave his newspaper, in calling it *The Tribune*, a self-conscience name. Bennett was content with the busy, noisy office of a herald; Greeley had something to say and must say it. The selling of news and narrative and literary criticisms, the imparting of precious truths upon deep ploughing and ensilage,—these, indeed, were grateful offices, but disputation was the higher duty of man. So during the busy years of his life from the early thirties when he was in the *New Yorker* and the *Log Cabin*, until the sad unnecessary end in 1872, Greeley was ever in argument. His moral aims were high. This was an atrocious world—that he knew very well. It was permeated with Democrats, and free traders, and idle folks given to drink! There were evil men and evil women; but that was no reason for giving it over to fire. It should be converted. There should be regeneration through the spirit of daily reproof and objurgation. Greeley labored with the world to better it, to give men moderate wages and wholesome food, and to teach women to earn their own living, and that it was better that they should learn how to make shoes than to play on the piano.

Greeley inherited from his Scotch-Irish ancestors plainness of speech. "I can," he used to say, "write better slang than any editor in America." He knew the value of words. The traditions called him profane, and nowadays one rarely hears a story of Greeley which does not turn upon some quaint archaic use of an improper phrase.

Yet he was far from being profane—was pure-minded, and chaste in speech, as a daily intercourse of years enables me to testify. He was impatient of ignorance or frivolity. He had a complaining way, generally amusing from its quaintness, apt to become petulance if anything teased. He had the capacity of spontaneous aversion—formed opinions of people by a kind of second sight. I knew one noted man whom he disliked, as well as I could make out, for no other reason than the color of the hair. He never forgave another for being a college graduate.

Life and its employments were an earnest purpose; there should be no trifling by the wayside, no lolling over vanities, no giving way to meretricious appetites; and therefore the greatest of crimes was drink. A man's troth was sacred; it was the human expression of a divine attribute; and therefore, next to drink there was no crime so great as marriage infidelity. His dislike to tobacco, as to wine, was an indication of personal discomfort. There was no virtue quite as desirable as thrift, and thrift was best served by small salaries.

The material happiness of mankind was a care. The Jersey marshes that stretch from Hoboken to Newark distressed him. "Is there no way—are there no lessons in the economic conditions of Holland to teach us how to reclaim these wasted square miles of marsh and overflow, and make them into enduring homes?" This was a frequent inquiry. His dislike of slavery, when you sifted it down, was rather an earnest of sympathy with the white man who was undersold in his labor than sentiment for the negro.

The anti-slavery atmosphere surrounding the *Tribune* was not inspired by Greeley. It really came from the gifted young men who were attracted to the *Tribune* because of its independence and high literary standard.

Greeley was generous to honest well-meaning thought, whether he accepted it or not, and he was a purist as to form. So in time, beginning with the advent of Ripley escaped from the ruins of his Brook Farm—or as Carlyle, if I remember, called it, Potato Gospel—experiment, until the coming of Sidney Howard Gay, who had been Garrison's co-laborer in anti-slavery, the *Tribune* in spite of Greeley—rather by reluctant, grumbling acquiescence than his judgment—was governed by men who had a fanatical aversion to slavery.

They were resolute, brilliant, capable, irresponsible, intolerant—not above setting things on fire for the fun of seeing them burn. They attracted Greeley by their sincerity, and charmed his keen literary sense with their gifts. They won the *Tribune* and carried its editor with them.

I fancy the attitude of Greeley toward the *Tribune* in the early days was a blending of wondering admiration and despair—something of the feeling with which, as we read in children's story books, the affectionate mother then sees that her chickens are, after all her brooding cares, ducks, and will go quacking into the streams.

I can conceive no wider divergence in intellectual opinion as to the means of obtaining moral and political results than between Mr. Greeley as a leader and thinker, and the wayward forces which surrounded him in the making of the *Tribune*. "I never," he once said to the writer, "opened the *Tribune* in those days without a terror as to what they might make me say after 11 o'clock at night."

Greeley was loyal to his journal. Consistency was the corner stone of its credit. He governed it as the wise ruler governs a state,—not according to his predilections, but by precept. Once a policy was laid down, and the course marked, he stood by it. He never fettered those who took his place, with contingent instructions. They must act according to their light. He might, therefore, walk the deck, his heart heavy and wrathful, but the vessel headed, so must she go, until there could be some reason to be justified toward men for the course being changed. I remember his narrative of the Somers mutiny, the hanging of Midshipman Spencer, son of a cabinet official, and with a boy's craze to be a pirate on the Spanish Main, and the excitement when Commander Mackenzie returned. Greeley was away, and young Raymond in command. Raymond, swift, instant, bold, swung out the *Tribune* irretrievably upon the side which happened to be the reverse of Greeley's views.

Intensely as Greeley felt about it,—for he was intense in everything—he would not change the *Tribune* nor explain. Raymond might be headstrong, impetuous youngster and the *Tribune* wrong, but right or wrong, it must be consistent. In this apparent inconsistency was profound wisdom. It was the courage of genius. The *Tribune* must have character. It could afford to make a mistake; it could not afford to be a trimmer or time-server. The Somers incident is remembered as a tradition told by Mr. Greeley himself. I recall another instance even more remarkable. When President Johnson's administration gradually became (as stern Republicans viewed it), that of a Christopher Sly in the White House, Greeley, not without impatience, came to see it in the same light. He believed, however, that it was good politics to let Johnson alone. "All that Andy wants," he would say, "is rope enough and time enough, and he will save us trouble." The *Tribune* was rather in this temper when Greeley went off to lecture in some out-of-the-way region,—no telegraph, no communication. Suddenly Stanton was removed, and the issue with Congress came, as if a dynamite bomb had been thrown from the White House into the arena before the Speaker's chair. The party arose in passion, and the answer was "Impeachment." The *Tribune* led the way. "Impeachment is Peace," it cried, and there was a session of turbulent public opinion which recalled the seething days of the French Revolution.

The *Tribune* leaped and bounded. The circulation swept onwards. There was joy in the exchequer. Greeley returned in grief from the Minnesota woods. He did not believe in impeachment, "Why hang a man who is bent on hanging himself?" "Hadn't Andy the requisite rope, and was he not making the best use of that rope toward a welcome ignominious end? And why should Elihu Washburne and Ashley of Ohio, and Thad. Stevens insist upon transforming a case of desirable suicide into one of undesirable martyrdom? And, moreover, was it not perilous—was it not even flying in the face of God and defying the warnings of history—to introduce these crazy reprehensible French methods into a composed American legislature?" As I have since read in the narrative of Mr. Blaine and the Memoirs of Grant, these leaders came in time to the same opinion. Blaine and Grant favored impeachment when in vogue, but were grateful upon reflection, that it had failed. Their maturer thought was that of Greeley at the moment. Grave and earnest were his lamentations as he returned to the deck of the *Tribune* to find his ship surging ahead in the mad Impeachment seas.

As in the Somers mutiny, however, Greeley was loyal to the *Tribune*. He never changed its course. Only those in his confidence knew how he grieved over that precipitate venture. Under similar circumstances, the elder Bennett would have dismissed the staff, dictated three or four historical leaders, fraught with allusions to Julius Cæsar, a dozen cynical mirth-provoking squibs, and steered the paper into line with his own thought.

Mr. Raymond would have written a series of misty philosophical articles and persuaded his readers to go about with him. But with Greeley the *Tribune* had spoken. Moreover, it had spoken the voice of the party,—the deep, angry, perhaps rash voice; but it had spoken. He saw the material gain, the bounding circulation, the smiles of his chancellor of the exchequer, but, as in the case of the bailing of Jefferson Davis, had he been at home, and in command, it would not have weighed a feather against the higher voice of his conscience.

The signing of the bail bond of Jefferson Davis was an act of moral courage characteristic of this extraordinary man. When it became known to a few of those near him that Mr. Greeley meant to visit Richmond and enter into recognizances for the appearance of Mr. Davis to answer the charge of treason, there was sore dismay. The night before leaving he came into my room, and, other matters out of the way, talked about it. He was impatient over the dissonance of friends to whom he had spoken, for it was not in his nature to endure dissent, or to be reasoned with when he had made up his mind. He recited their arguments. The *Tribune* was never more prosperous, and that would be injured. There were the soldiers who subscribed to the *Weekly Tribune,* keeping it up in the hundred thousands, and who had not tired of singing about "hanging Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree." They would desert his standard.

There was "The American Conflict,"—his two-volume war-book, with its enormous sale, from which, for the first time in his life he had the assurance of a good deal of money. There was his canvass for the United States Senate, the consummation of that, assuredly in sight. Here were three distinct reasons, any one of which would have disturbed the judgment of an ordinary man, and each crying in trumpet-tongue against the proposed sacrifice. Greeley, however, had thought it over. Mr. Davis would be bailed, whether he signed the bond or not. That he knew. They might assign whatever motive they pleased. There was a duty,—that of stilling the after storms of this horrible war, of giving the Southern people an earnest of one Republican's desire for fraternity. The seas might rise, or the mountains fall, or the incumbent heavens compass him about, but he was going to Richmond. And he went!

It came to pass as was feared. The *Weekly Tribune* received a staggering blow. Thousands abandoned it in anger. The sale of the "American Conflict" ceased, and never recovered. The canvass for the Senate,—a canvass, as it seemed, with every certainty of success,—went down into darkness; and even the Union League of New York was summoned to protest against a fellow member bailing the Confederate chief. The losses to Mr. Greeley in money, newspaper hopes, and revenues, and the consummation of a proud ambition, dear as the ruddiest impulse of his heart, were immeasurable. He had counted them. He knew the temper he braved, the resentments he awakened, the force of Republican anger, but he went his way as Luther of old, smiling and brave. Those of us behind the scenes. saw the sublimity of this self-renunciation. We might question its necessity, its timeliness, but it was the act of a patriot who felt that the dearest of his life were as nothing when the country could be served.

Horace Greeley once said to me that he pined for the hour when he could go and lose himself in the vast solitudes of London. The fame of Mr. Greeley and his picturesque striking personal traits, denied him any solitude in the United States, other than what came from personal isolation. A man who could never stroll up Broadway without being stared at as a freak or a scarecrow, might well yearn for the independence of Pall Mall.

Of the various friendships, which began during the *Tribune* days, many evidences endure of their strength and fidelity to the end of life; and where Mr. Young survived such ties, he wrote many gracious words, that speak their "love and friending." Charming letters, too, remain as silent witnesses of cordial relations,—and humorous incidents and jokes that have passed into traditions. It was with the most affectionate admiration that he always spoke of Alice and Phœbe Cary, the talented nieces of Horace Greeley; and two of the most attractive forces in that coterie of brilliant writers who made up the literary circle of the day.

I recall how tenderly Mr. Young described the frail appearance of Alice, who through long years of invalidism, bravely kept in touch with the world, and regularly held her Sunday afternoon "receptions," where one was sure to meet the most distinguished strangers, or local celebrities, and from which Greeley himself was never, willingly, absent. Invitations to her "Sunday Teas" were eagerly sought, and Mr. Young was wont to compare the simple household, over which these gracious women presided, and the clever company gathered there, to the similarly unpretentious home of Huxley, just out of London, where on Sundays during the "season" the crowded little drawing-room held the choicest and latest in the world of letters, politics, drama or art. The following half bantering little note from Alice Cary is one of the few signed with her full name, a rare occurrence, for her initials, A. C., were almost invariably used.

53 East 20th St., Wednesday.

My dear John Russell:—I have put off my tea hour till seven all for your sake, or rather, for the sake of your company; so pray, don't put me off much longer. . . .

About that euchre, I have been obliged to say "Faithless," "faithless," and "he cometh not," she said.

MY BOY JOHN.

"He that went to sea,—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me!
Why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy, John,
If I was as loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town!"

And now, pray, why didn't you come to euchre? What care I for the *Tribune?* I want to play euchre! Now "sailor of the sea," didn't you get my letter?

Alice Cary.

DICKENS.

It was during *Tribune* days, in 1867, that Charles Dickens made his second visit to the United States. Of that event, and his subsequent friendship with Dickens, Mr. Young wrote a few years since, the following article:

CHARLES DICKENS AS I KNEW HIM.

I have been reading in a recent number of the New York *Times* a narrative of Richard B. Kimball, author of "St. Leger," to whom our literature is indebted for so much that is useful, of the two visits of Dickens to the United States,—that is to say, in 1842 and in 1867-8. In regard to the second visit, Mr. Kimball writes without that fulness of information requisite to the entire value of his narrative. I saw much of Mr. Dickens when in the United States,—was his friend and became somewhat in correspondence with him. He rests with me as a memorable figure. What Mr. Kimball has so gracefully written may justify me in recalling some memories of the man as I saw and knew him.

It was one snowy Saturday afternoon in December, 1867, as I place the date, when I found myself in the dingy editorial rooms of the *Tribune,* under engagement to dine with Horace Greeley. He had letters to write and I was to await his leisure. There were no Sunday newspapers in those days, and the editorial rooms were deserted. Greeley in a small ante-room writing, nothing better to do than to pace up and down in front of the worn desks of Ripley, Bayard Taylor, Winter and Clarence Cook, look out upon the snow and watch the falling in of the night. A desolate, sobbing day; all nature under drifts of the ghastly deadening snow; the park as bleak as a bit of Nova Zembla. Mr. Greeley's own invaluable Dennis, drowsing in the corner in attendance, awaiting to take the mail, brought me word that a person below named Dickinson desired to see me. I had a profuse knowledge of Dickinson; recall him as an enthusiast in patents; had several machines with a vital money-evolving principle, which had only to go, to make the world go with it, when he would build colleges, and in other ways elevate and bless mankind. There was, however, a conspiracy to rob him, and the only way to defeat it was by elaborate expositions in the press. Dickinson was a weary, dreary, cheerful, sanguine soul, whom I had avoided with assiduity. So when his name was given, my impulse was to ask Dennis to rid me of him, with as little burden to his conscience as possible. The afternoon, however, was shuddering in its dreariness—skies dark as despair—and perhaps poor, sanguine, cheerful Dickinson had a new idea, and anyhow it would be a kindness to see him. Moreover, Greeley was scratching away, and no knowing how long that process would run, and time had to go, and better the Dickinson enthusiasm than being alone with the sombre night. In a few moments up the stairs and out of the shadows came a furred figure, sprinkled with snowflakes; ruddy, teeming cheeks glistening with snow, which whitened a full and already frosty beard. A very Kris Kringle stepped out of his sleigh, who shook hands in the clasped, hearty American fashion, as his companion, Osgood of Boston, famous bookseller then as now, introduced him as,—

CHARLES DICKENS!

I was living at the time in bachelor quarters on Irving Place, Mr. Greeley likewise with chambers in there, and Dickens at the Westminster a few doors above. The next morning, while shoveling together some newspaper work and arranging for the day, Dickens came in with hardly the formality of a card—came in, as it seemed, almost tumbling over the maid servant who announced him. He had only heard—how jolly—had only heard from Palmer, friend of both (his hotel keeper), that Mr. Greeley lived so near. We could be neighborly, and all that! He was so sorry to hear that Greeley had gone to his country place, as he wanted to say to him—he was not sure he had said with due emphasis the night before, but it was something that he must say—how grateful he was for the very great kindness the *Tribune* had done him,—how much he appreciated it and how much it had to do with his coming. And this Greeley should know, and I should know, and he could not be at peace until it was well understood. I have tried to recall the special incident which had impressed Dickens, and to which I owed a valued and memorable friendship. I believe some foolish story, disparaging his motives in coming to this country, that they were vulgar and mercenary, had floated over. Picked up in some London coffee room, some foolish truculent imagination had magnified it to the chagrin of Dickens, and the *Tribune* had set it right. I remember Fields, of Boston coming one afternoon in a mood of dismay, with a cable or a letter from Dickens, then in London—cable, I think—to the effect that the story was despicable, and must be stamped out. It was a pleasure and a duty so to do; would have been done for one less estimable than Dickens. However, he must come and say how deeply the incident had impressed him, and how handsomely Greeley had behaved.

It was a long call! Dickens, with many apologies for breaking in, would run away if I gave a hint, for he knew the value of Time. If I gave a hint! This royal visitor from the land of romance, the master and king, his presence making the atmosphere sovereign. If I gave a hint! The eager, joyous man, with those fine, gleaming eyes, and how he tossed at once into journalism, had had deplorable days at it, could not endure the day in and day out never ending grind, asked me a hundred questions about journalism in New York. They were direct, leading, thorough,—questions about pay, the division of labor, the powers of the editor, our relations with public men and affairs, and all that pertained to the inside economics and ethics of the press. If I knew aught of journalism which was not bestowed upon Dickens the fault did not rest with him. The effect of the war upon journalism interested him, the white paper problem and the imminence of the cable. He saw with his discerning eyes what the cable meant. "Farewell to the adjectives," I said. "Yes," he replied, "to the adjectives and adverbs and all the horticulture of newspaper genius." The relations of the editor to the business departments were strange, and especially when I said that I could not see how such a relation as that of Delane to the *Times* would be permitted in the New York press. "Ah!" he said, "your newspapers are properties. Ours are institutions. The editor, as we understand him, with his royal attributes and powers, will come to you with time, as many other things will come. There can be no real editor without it, and no true journalism where the editorial prerogatives are impaired."

I must tell him, too, about our report of his first reading in Boston. How could it have possibly been done. Straggling, ragged, rubbishy, hysterical, jerked narratives in other papers, and here a perfect essay, written with the grace and finish of Addison. And yet it was late before he had finished his reading, and this must have been telegraphed to New York, hundreds of miles away.

The report to which Dickens referred, and at the time a memorable newspaper event, would be quite an obvious incident now, and hardly worth the telling except to note the advance in journalism. When Dickens came to Boston it seemed that the one only thing that could be done was to report his first night in a manner worthy of his genius and his fame. I took counsel with Clarence Cook, then as now one of the most accomplished and graceful writers in American journalism, and laid my purpose before him. That he must hear the reading, that he must absorb the color and incident, and going to the telegraph write it with all the care and style possible, even marking where the paragraphs belonged, and aim in the whole narrative for striking, finished rhetorical effect. This was the time when telegraph tolls were dear and condensation was the rule. Cook accepted the mission, and that done there should be absolute secrecy. Once it was known that a writer of his eminence were to do the work, and other writers would be sent from our rivals, and there would be a competition of rhetoric. My hope was that the first Dickens night in Boston would be treated by our rivals as an ordinary news reporter incident, a street affray or an elopement. I am afraid that to encourage that hope one of the most indifferent of our police news reporters was sent to Boston with some show of ostentation, at least there was no instruction that his mission should not be the theme of the nearest beer saloon. Cook went to Boston. No one knew of his errand but myself. His despatch was, of course, the only one used. I remember it as a masterpiece of brilliant composition, so far beyond any other report that comparison was useless. In this idle, little story, Dickens was profoundly interested, said that the journalism of England could not have surpassed the story of Mr. Cook, and it was not alone because of the compliment to himself, but as a step forward in journalism that he valued it. "If we only knew how narrow the distance between the good and bad in our craft," he said, "and that the one is almost as easy as the other—if we only knew it."

This was the first of what were to be many meetings with Dickens, and how clearly it stands before me. The hearty, easy, direct, spontaneous, cheery man, with those sovereign, searching eyes. Yet, somehow it was a disappointment. There was something about Dickens that I did not like; that deterred me, as it were. His genius I had held in sovereign reverence. How much he had been to my life, as he had been to so many millions in those innocent believing days. No spirit from the infinite reaches of our love and hopes and dreams, not even Byron, or Shakespeare, or Burns, could have been more welcome. And here, even here, in my chamber—to look into the eyes that had seen Agnes and Micawber and Little Nell—to hear the very tones of his voice that had given the world so many precious lessons of joy and hope. Why the very gods were dowering me with Olympian splendor. In soul I long had worshipped Dickens, and if I could have made worship then and there, it would have come from my soul. But somehow I did not like Dickens. Here he was, but where were the illusions? Can the fancy never be satisfied? Are our idols ever to have the feet of clay, and men never to be what they seem? What was it? Something awkward, unnatural. Could it be that certain condescension of the foreigner toward Americans about which Mr. Lowell has written an essay? There was no want of heartiness nor tact, nor came there between us any point of controversy. He seemed restless, artificial, like one on his guard; began his sentences as though he had been waiting a cue; was acting rather than talking. There was an impression of showiness, and the thought came over me, how much more agreeable the man would be if one could only see the man. There was now and then what seemed to be an effort to adapt himself to circumstances, to be entirely agreeable, to seek themes that would interest or please me, so that instead of being spoken to, as man to man, I began to feel as if I were being caressed, soothed, being put quite at my ease.

I dwell upon this strange impression, because it is a part of my memory of Dickens, and because it was so soon to pass away. I spoke to Greeley of it when we met in the evening, and I gave him the various messages of Dickens, spoke perhaps with disappointment, as I recall Greeley's remark, that such a manner was almost inseparable from such a fame. "This having to live ever in full dress," he said, "plays the devil with one's deeper and better personality." It was soon to pass away, and I came to know Dickens as the most natural of men, simple, direct, straightforward, with the very gaiety of genius. Among the messages which Dickens left was that Greeley and I should come and dine with him at his rooms, the next evening. When we arrived we saw there had been some mistake. Dickens had named one hour for the dinner and ordered it for an earlier hour, and we found in his manner the dismay which comes with the consciousness of cooling soup. There was the hour noted in a pencil scrawl by Dickens himself. How well I recall his laughing self-condemnation, his walking across the room and striking the table to make his remark more emphatic. "It is always a mistake to give a friend a verbal invitation and not confirm it with a written note confirming time, day, place, hour and minute. Then there can be no mistake. I always do it in London; always insist upon friends doing it, and then "you are sure to be right." Boythorn himself could not have been more amusinglyboisterous as he arraigned himself for this neglected duty and laughingly pointed us to our seats.

I could write of many meetings, but one evening, when we had been at Delmonico's with Greeley and two or three friends, and together walked home. There was just a film of snow and in the air a keen invitation for a walk, a challenge I was never loath to accept. Dickens lingered a minute at the door of his hotel. It was so fine a night, even with the melting streets and the snowy clouds, that it was a sin not to do it honor. So out and around Gramercy Park and toward Third Avenue—"Your Tottenham Court road," as he called it. I do not know how far we walked, recall ourselves near the far end of the park, and looking sharply to see that we were on our way. He spoke of his books with simplicity; like "Copperfield," could hardly understand my enthusiasm over "Bleak House," wished I had seen more in the "Tale of Two Cities," to which he had given his best work. However, I had not then been in France, and I would comprehend what he was striving to say when I saw France. I was to see France, indeed, and to know the truth of the master's own criticism.

Dickens craved all I knew of Lincoln, said Carpenter's book on Lincoln had taken a night from him, and that there was something weird about Lincoln—a fascination. He had met Stanton and admired his strength, and told me that the Secretary could repeat pages from his works. I recalled what Stanton had once told me, that during the war, when he was harried and worn with his superhuman struggles, his invariable source of comfort was Arthur Helps' "Friend in Council." "What Helps?" exclaimed Dickens. And this I had to repeat to him, until it was fixed in his mind so that Helps might hear of it—"there being," he said, "no truer man in England." I was coy about Thackeray, and cannot recall any opinion from Dickens as to his rival. He seemed to dwell upon Irving and Poe among American authors; was disappointed when I referred to Irving as the genius of his own generation, rather dimming under new conditions. Dickens could not see how we should rise above the high-water mark of the genius of Irving. The compliments paid by Dickens to American authors seemed as if given rather in a general spirit of compliment, with no attempt at analysis or criticism. He doubted if there were any more growth in Poe, fearing that years with conservatism would have dwarfed rather than developed his genius. People, however, he thought, could not very well write books and plant trees, and no critic, however severe, should be impatient with America.

I am afraid it was in a sense disappointing that Dickens did not share in some of my own foolish literary enthusiasms. He was quick with sketching outlines of whoever came into our talk—Tennyson, Moore, Browning, Shelley, Wordsworth and the rest. Each one limned as alone the master could do it. When I came to inspect my company of heroes, as retouched by Dickens, they did not seem improved. There was scarcely a remembrance or an estimate that did not have what I may call a sting. "Yes, yes, quite so—but," and with the "but" would come anecdote, phrase, epithet or comment—brilliant, grotesque, irresistibly amusing. So my poor heroes had little good, in my eyes, from the Dickens touch. Illusions vanished. Harmonies became discords. The gods wore wooden shoes after all. We could hear the patter of their feet and their garments were not sound. The judgments were those of a just and true man. I have never questioned them. Over against my modest Pantheon the Dickens decrees must rest, never to be disturbed by any appellate tribunal.

A notable exception was Carlyle, and especially Mrs. Carlyle. "Carlyle, yes—but Mrs. Carlyle!" he would say. "Old Carlyle," he said; "what a man. I was reading the Trial shortly before I left London, and while doing the Buzfuz speech became conscious of peal after peal of laughter, that seemed to come from some cavern below the stage. It was so noticeable that people in the audience began to laugh likewise. I could not make out the source, but in the course of the declamation managed to edge toward the end of the platform. There, sure enough, on the first bench was old Carlyle, head bent and wagging, laughing peal upon peal, and muttering, 'Buzfuz, Buzfuz, oh, Buzfuz.' It was by the severest restraint that I could keep from laughing, too, and breaking down in my work." Of Carlyle, Dickens never spoke but with tenderness, enthusiasm and affection, and of Mrs. Carlyle as among the most gifted women he had ever known.

I have heard famous talkers,—Greeley when in vehement mood; Grant when among his friends, say at one in the morning; Conkling, with a grievance, Bismarck, Beaconsfield,—have been under the spell of perhaps the most exquisite of all, even the silvery spell of Wendell Phillips; have talked with *Tribune* Smalley and Gen. Sherman, Robert Ingersoll and Henry George, but the talk of Dickens was unique, an art in itself. The supreme dramatic power, dramatic expression in repose, as in Wendell Phillips; his way of settling himself in the chair as his narrative proceeded, head rather bent forward, the eye archly turned upon you, partly sidewise, glancing with its ascending look, as if studying the effect. This is as I recall him. A Dickens story was ever finished and minute. Occasionally an effort at mimicry, as when I heard him once describe Carlyle's unconscious self-communing, description in the broadest Scotch, of some other one at the table, as "a puir, feckless creature," but not as a general thing mimetic. No contrasts or surprises, or odd fancies so often summoned for conversational effect. Yet at times the humor of the man would stream, and picture after picture would be thrown at you, as though he were some wandering silhouette artist at a county fair. One occasion, for instance, when he had returned from Philadelphia and we met at dinner, a handful of Philadelphians, whom I knew, and about whom I made friendly inquiry, were each one sketched in an airy, bantering way. Mr. Childs, among others, a graceful etching, reminding Dickens, as he stood at his carriage, of one of his characters in his books—name escaped me; a quizzical sketch of Du-Chaillu, somehow his heart going out to the gorillas as he approached the famous explorer; the boys that would trail after Tennyson, as if ever boys were born that could help trailing after such a cloak and hat—an invitation to boys quite irresistible in its way; a solemn quizzing of Sumner, whom he admired, yet as if he were afraid he would surprise himself when he was with the Senator and forget to be solemn; little bits of portraiture, vivid, acute, as though drawn upon the thumb-nail, would flutter out of his talk, and keep alive your wonder at the incessant genius.

"Shakespeare with some threads of the negro minstrel running through him," as Shelton Mackenzie said to me of Dickens in an impatient mood, endeavoring to forget, I fancy, some frailty in the way of recognition on the part of Dickens in London. A tendency to showiness, personal decoration, scarfs and pins, and other bits of innocent adornment. This, I presume, is what Mackenzie meant; and although I could see no reason for the criticism in New York—as I have read of no reason why it should have applied in London—yet Dickens, as I knew him, might be called a somewhat over-dressed man. In this, however, he had preserved what we read of the manners of Bulwer, Disraeli and the brilliant young bucks who came after Alvanley, Brummel and Byron. If there was an exuberant tone in Dickens it belonged to his nature. If we are never older than we feel, as I have read in the pages of some consoling French philosopher, Dickens was a young man, even at fifty-six, when I knew him. I should say among the youngest of my friends. His face seemed free from care. Sorrow had kneaded no lines around those radiant eyes. A very living human man, amenable to comforts, putting aside, at least not without inquiry, whatever the world might bring him in the way of sensation and experience; a hearty, wholesome man, who as he came swinging into your room seemed redolent with life; to have exacted tribute from nature whatever her mood; and if he could not bring the scents of the clover field, to reek with the fallen rain or the stern blustering winds.

I had a good deal to do with the famous dinner to Dickens, now recorded in his works; found myself in a sea of trouble before I was well out of it. Some of us, the working press people, met one day at the Park Hotel to talk it over. The thing to do was to dine Dickens. Assuredly, but would he come? Among my fellows in a small way an authority upon Dickens, knowing him at all events, when appealed to was compelled to say that I did not believe he would come. His one refrain when we had met, that he was in America for reading work, and all else must give way. An occasional dinner, under the rose, as it were, to Greeley or some definite favored one,—well, that would not count. As working newspaper men, in presence of a working newspaper man whom we would honor, there would be no harm in asking him to dine. The invitation went from Croly in due form. Dickens was not only willing, but eager. It was the one invitation that he could and would accept—only let the dinner be on the eve of his going away! And thus it fell, that on the Saturday night preceding his departure, he dined with his newspaper friends at Delmonico's, on Fourteenth street, no banquet in my remembrance more notable and brilliant.

I was chairman of the committee that arranged the dinner. Charles E. Wilbour was a member. Wilbour, then a *Tribune* shareholder, and spasmodic writer—a thorough, scholarly man, who had won fame as the translator of "Les Miserables," and was to go off into the fascinations of Egyptology, and to become a professor of hieroglyphics on the Nile—where I vainly tried to find him some months ago. D. G. Croly, manager of the *World,* a quaint man of genius, striving ever in a whirlpool of ideas; kind, appreciative, angular, with strange formulas of governing mankind upon some Ollendorff plan of learning the philosophies in six easy lessons. Sheppard, of the *Times,* a steady headed Canadian, then right hand to Raymond, and for a small space to succeed him, long vanished from journalism in New York into railroads and measurable affluence in London. Amos J. Cummings, I think, then journalist, now shining with political splendor as a kind of Tammany magnate and Congressman, completed the committee. About Cummings I am not sure.

We resolved that it should be a dinner worthy of Dickens, and representative of whatever was clever and good in our calling. Upon that there was instant agreement, and we went about it in a severe, unrelenting way. I shall, I presume, never know, until I have access in the eternities to the books of Time, the enemies I made as Chairman of that Committee in repressing young ambition and suppressing rising talent that would shine and astonish Dickens. No Robespierre—Carnot, Revolutionary Committee of Safety was more implacable in the resolution to suppress the self-glorification that the occasion would awaken. Who should preside? Who but William Cullen Bryant? Of the host of those who had known and welcomed Dickens when he came in 1842, Bryant alone remained. When Bryant was sought with the purpose of extending the invitation, he was in a state of offended dignity. Dickens either had not called upon him, or, as is more probable, Bryant had called on Dickens and the courtesy had not been returned. I fancy there must have been a mistake, as Dickens seemed exemplary in such social pieties. At all events, he had taken no pains to see Bryant. The poet, therefore, would not preside, nor would he even attend the dinner.

Bryant out of the way, there was no special sorrow in my mind in that regard, as I was anxious for Greeley. The professional renown of Greeley justified the honor, and more than that, he was friendly to Dickens and much esteemed by him. There was a battle over this—some of my colleagues afraid of the consequences. Greeley was not popular. His hand had fallen heavily upon many, whose society would be grateful. Some, Thurlow Weed among the number, would not come because of Greeley. He might object to wine; people unacquainted with him did not know what he would do. Once in the chair, might declaim upon bran bread or a vegetable diet, or insult the Democratic guests. One thing was sure—Mr. Bennett would never let such a dinner pass without an arrow flight of sarcasm. And more and more of this, the end being that no chairman ever presided with more grace and dignity than Mr. Greeley, and no incident of the banquet was more striking than his persuasive eloquence and humor.

Among other things out of this famous dinner came the celebrated association of ladies which now flourishes in

New York as Sorosis. Dickens was to be honored by the brethren of his craft, the working men of the press. But where were the working women? Why should not the gifted women of America be permitted to do honor to the master? Fanny Fern was moving in her eloquence in that regard; the proud, sanguine, high souled Fanny, with a spirit like Tudor Elizabeth, coming to me so often in these later years. Dear Alice Cary, her genius as exquisite as when it commanded the proud admiration of Poe, with the shadows of her soon to be good night softening her gracious presence; dear Alice Cary could not endure that Dickens should leave with no recognition from those like herself who loved him. I was with the women. It seems the strangest thing possible that there should have been a question. When it came before the committee the unanswerable argument was that there was no room. The men had helped themselves—where was the place for the ladies? I was dissatisfied with the argument and voted for the ladies, but with the minority. As a result, the ladies, under the leadership of Alice Cary, Mrs. Croly, Miss Kate Field and others, resolved to form a club of their own; to exclude the men from their festivities, as they had been excluded from this dinner; and when Dickens or some other of relative fame came to the United States, they would honor him in their own sweet and gracious way. They named their club Sorosis, and even as determined upon by the justly angry ladies who were denied admission to the Dickens festival, it has flourished and flourishes even to the present day. Among other contributions to the happiness of mankind it was appointed that Dickens should indirectly give us Sorosis.

To return for a moment to the narrative of Mr. Kimball. I read that when the guests assembled there was some apprehension that Dickens would not come, that there was a panic, that "the committee felt specially compromised," and "finally sent word to Mr. Dickens through his most intimate friend that come he must, if he had to be brought in an ambulance." The impression that there was any hesitation on the part of Dickens in accepting the splendid tribute that had been arranged with so much care, does his memory grave injustice.

Dickens, as a matter of fact, took a deep interest in the dinner, and when I saw him, as I did on occasion in a neighborly way, was curious as to the details—wanted to see the list of guests and to be told who was who. And when he heard that from all over the Union men of the highest station were coming to do him honor, he was deeply impressed. Brilliant as I felt our dinner would be, I knew he would rise to it. I did not know, as we all do now, that he meant to make as far as was in his power his farewell a grand recantation of the severe and absurd things he had said and written about the United States.

The afternoon of the dinner, when I called to arrange some minor detail, time of coming and so on, I found Dickens in great pain, lying on the lounge, his right foot bare, Dr. Fordyce Barker bending over it. The foot had troubled him off and on, he said, but he put it down to our "dreadful weather." "That morning while writing to Lord Lytton," pointing to an unfinished letter on the desk, "the pain smote into helplessness." Dr. Barker pronounced it neuralgia of the foot, and was afraid the exposure of the dinner would be too much. Dickens, in his earnest way, said that he would go if he had to be carried by "Dolby and the rest of them," as the Pope was carried into St. Peter's on a throne, with a grotesque description of the effect it would produce, the bearing him aloft to bless the assembled journalists. It had been proposed, and for this reason the guests were bidden at an earlier hour than usual, that

Dickens should have a little reception before dinner, with the chance of taking each guest by the hand to give and receive some friendly word. This was at once vetoed. Mr. Dickens must not stand, and as soon as he came dinner would be served. Mr. Greeley would meet him at the hotel, and the guests were prepared for what was in a way a disappointment, the impossibility of the reception.

In time he came, looking ill, and as he walked into the room leaning on the arm of Mr. Greeley the company formed a lane, and with difficulty he kept his way to his seat. I had occasion to speak to him, and he said that Barker had swathed him in black silk, but he was in horrible pain. He was cheerful, merry even, and said that Mr. Greeley must protect him from violence if he should leave before the feast was over. We were all in concern about him, and those who knew the facts felt that his presence was in truth a heroic thing, what alone a brave man could do.

It was a noble gathering, ever to be remembered. Two hundred guests and from all parts of the Union—men of authority and renown. Horace Greeley, in the prime of health and genius, his almost sixty years resting lightly upon him, with a deep red rose in a wine glass whose perfume he would now and then inhale, to the scandal of many near-sighted guests who saw with their very eyes that he was sipping wine. There was Raymond, the chivalrous, gracious, eloquent, tender-hearted man, in the early days of a brilliant career, and ere many months were to pass to fall stricken in the night; Boker, in the noble beauty of his young ripening manhood, but upon whose brow genius and fortune had rested the crown of achievement and renown; Bowles, of Springfield, then famous as the embodiment of virtuous journalism, with his pale Puritan face; "Harry Franco Briggs," who had been the friend and partner of Poe, the years resting upon him, one of the few who had known and welcomed Dickens a quarter of a century before; Hawley, of Connecticut, soldier, Governor, journalist, in time to be and remain Senator; Charles Eliot Norton, from Cambridge, one greatly esteemed by Dickens; Parton, with his calm, fine face; the brilliant Hassard; young Stedman, the poet, hovering between literature and finance, not quite sure whether he would be a Rothschild or an Addison, apparently still undetermined; George William Curtis, who was to make the speech of the evening; Charles Nordhoff, lieutenant of Bryant, sturdy, constant, earnest, true; Lester Wallack, the comedian; Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, likewise held in esteem by Dickens, studying our guest with the proud fond eyes that had rescued the features of Lincoln and so many great ones from the night we call life and given them to the day we call time. Philadelphia had sent McClure, heavy with the honors of having maintained the Republican ascendancy in Pennsylvania, unconscious of the greater honors that awaited him. Thomas Nast, then as now one of the most famous as he is now one of the most brilliant and worthy of our sons; Hurlbert, a corruscating quantity on the *World,* and Whitelaw Reid, who was about to close a noted career in the journalism of the West, and win another and more noted in the journalism of the East.

These among the living and the dead come as the shadows from the Dickens festival. The committee had been imperious as to speaking. There was to be no buncombe, no fustian, no zoölogical eloquence over eagles and lions and other birds and beasts of prey. Dickens should see us at our best. But it was no easy task. Bryant had flown off irreclaimably—no Thanatopsis eyes to speed Dickens over the seas. Weed would not come but sent a quaint, elaborate letter, which with the other letters, because of our guest's sufferings and the need of speeding things, was not read. Then at the last moment there was the fearful rumor that Raymond would be absent. It was impeachment times, the political air feverous, and Greeley and Raymond had taken to calling each other liars in the fond old endearing way, and what if the discussion would break out under these sulphurous conditions before the very eyes of our guest. What a sight for the master who had created Pogram and Jefferson Brick. But with Raymond and Greeley, these tempters were the very foam at the beaker of wine, and underneath was the ever present chivalry, forbearance and kindly regard. A battle also as to whether Hurlbert should speak; certain grumblings from Boston in opposition. But upon this Croly came down in his firm Celtic way, and by all the gods that were ever overthrown by Saint Patrick, Hurlbert should speak or there would be no dinner. That settled it. Halstead was selected from the West, then not quite a field marshal, but welcomed by us all for his noble and princely qualities. There was Demers, of Albany, now no longer visible in my range of journalism; T. B. Thorpe, the lively, genial "Bee Hunter," who had been a colonel in the Mexican war, great on sporting themes, kind of painter, too, as well as soldier and journalist, to remain with us until 1878, and leave many gracious memories behind him.

The speaking was about the best I ever heard. Greeley was crisp, quaint, original, told how he tried in a Florentine inn to read Copperfield in Italian, and gave a noble toast which made every glass ring—"Health and happiness, honor and generous, because just recompense to our friend and guest, Charles Dickens."

Dickens spoke with an ease marvelous to those who knew his suffering. I should rank him high among orators,—certainly among dinner speakers. The presence, the grace, the perfect self-possession; the grave, kindly, rather husky tones of the voice, and the striking personality of the man were dominating. His speech was prepared,—you have all read it in his books,—for he decreed that it should be a part of them while his wishes had any power. He spoke from memory amid the closest attention, and at times enraptured enthusiasm. There was a figure at the end,—it were better for the two nations to go back to the ice age and be given over to the Arctic fox and bear, than fight, that brought us to our feet,—and as he sat down in a storm of cheers the band played "God Save the Queen."

Raymond spoke as he always did, with clear, courtly eloquence. We cheered him a great deal because the newspaper people liked Raymond and rather resented Greeley's having called him a liar in a recent *Tribune.* Hurlbert was classical; Hawley eloquent over his memories of the first Dickens visit. Boker was dragged out in some way as an afterthought by Mr. Greeley, and made a short, impressive address. Norton spoke for Boston, Halstead for the West; De Leon, who had been in the Confederacy, represented the South, while the gentle and accomplished Youmans answered for the journalism of science. There were some words from Demers and the Bee Hunter. The one speech was that of George William Curtis. I never heard that distinguished orator to greater advantage, and I remember the enthusiasm of Dickens over the address as we went home in the carriage. The peroration, spoken as only Curtis could speak it, in the low, musical cadence of his marvelous voice, leaning toward Dickens as in the attitude of farewell, aroused tremendous cheers. "Old ocean bear him safely over. English hedges welcome him with the blossoms of May! English hearts, he is ours as he is yours. We stand upon the shore. We say farewell—and as he sails away we pray with love and gratitude—

may God bless him." The farewell of Curtis to Dickens can never pass from the memory of those who heard it, and saw what was possible in the supreme beauty of eloquence.

The rapture of applause, the glow and go of fellowship, the laughter and the wine, the sense that we were having a Dickens night; so many ruling, true original spirits from our various sections, almost every face a notability, served to enfold our dinner as with a rare atmosphere. It irradiated Dickens, as he sat there, the guest, the man, the master; one after another of us sidling up under the blazing lamps to do him homage. The unique splendor of the scene rested heavily upon me, knowing the condition of Dickens, and having been of the anxious conference that determined his coming, I went to his chair once or twice with suggestions of home. Greeley was sure that departure was humane and wise when the speech of Dickens was done. Raymond, sitting at the side of Dickens, pressed for departure, and said that the company with proper knowledge would demand it. But how could he tear away from so splendid a feast? "I fear," he said, "I am like the mummy that the Egyptians passed around at their dinners. If the mummy, however, were not on duty as an entree, it would have been an imperfect feast."

When Norton had spoken, Dickens, who was my vis-a-vis, beckoned to me. "The pain," he said, "is simply horrible. I think I will take the advice of Mr. Greeley if you are quite sure it will not be misunderstood." Before calling on Halstead, Mr. Greeley arose and said that he knew the expression of sympathy that would come from every one in that company when they were told of the suffering of the guest; when they remembered that in spite of pain he had spent so much of the evening with them, and that they would excuse him now, with every loving wish for his speedy recovery and favoring breezes home. The company arose as if by instinct, and stood while Dickens shook hands with Greeley, Raymond, Curtis and those around, and as well as the pain would permit him slowly moved out of the room. A cheer of farewell started by some hearty admirer awakened a whirl of cheers, continuous and resonant, until Dickens was outside the Delmonico walls. He was grateful over the company and for what had been said; dwelt upon the intellectuality of Greeley, Raymond and others, and the inexpressible charm of the eloquence of Mr. Curtis. "No orator in England," he said, "who could have surpassed Curtis in grace and feeling." When we came to the hotel Dickens insisted that I should return to the banquet, as his immediate concern was with his bed and Dr. Barker. Standing in the doorway he would not say farewell, for he knew I would come to England. And when I came let it be "when the hedges are in bloom," and I was to "report at Gadshill."

I came, and the hedges were in bloom, but there was no master at Gadshill. Dickens was asleep in the silence of the Abbey beside Johnson, Macaulay and Sheridan. I was never to see Dickens again. To the Dickens whom I knew, and the impressions of him as here crudely shadowed, I was to add, during my extended residence in London, even another Dickens—the man as he had been to so many who had known his life. From all came the one tribute—the recognition of his fine truth and nobility as a man walking among men. I can give this sentiment no more eloquent expression than what came from Carlyle, when the news of the sudden death of Dickens came upon him, as it came upon mankind, with the sense somewhat that one more glorious star had set, and that the heavens would never shine with the same splendor. "It is almost thirty years," wrote Carlyle, "since my acquaintance with Dickens began, and on my side, I may say, every new meeting ripened into more and more clear discernment of his rare and great worth as a brother man—a most cordial, sincere, clear-sighted, quietly decisive, just and loving man—till at length he had grown to such a recognition with me as I have rarely had from any man of my time. The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens, every inch of him an Honest Man."

At the time of the above written article Mr. Young received this letter from Judge F. G. Gedney, of New York:—

My dear Mr. Young:—Apropos of your article on Dickens, if you could look over the old assignment book of the *Tribune*, you would find: Gedney:—"Go down the bay with Dickens." I did. We were on a little tugboat. The late James T. Field, of Boston; Thurlow Weed, George W. Childs, William Winter, and I cannot now remember all. We went alongside the steamer, and I saw both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Dolby talking with an officer and separated from the party. I had just time to say to Dickens, "Can I bear any answer for you to the *Tribune?*" Shaking my hand in a hearty manner, Mr. Dickens said, "Tell Mr. Young that I shall never forget his kindness." So, perhaps, the last words spoken to an American in America by Mr. Dickens were the words I have written.

Yours truly, F. G. GEDNEY.

GADSHILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Monday, Fifteenth June, 1868.

My dear Mr. Young:—Many thanks for your kind letter of the fourteenth of last month, and for the copies of the

New York *Tribune*. I am happy to report that three or four days at sea vanquished both the catarrh and the neuralgia, and that I came home in great force. I am now looking out expectantly for Longfellow.

With kindest regards to Mr. Greeley when you see him, believe me, Always faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

On the death of Dickens, Mr. Young wrote this editorial in the New York *Standard*, June 11th, 1870:—

"Mr. Dickens concluded the last book which he gave to the world with this paragraph:

"'On Friday, the ninth of June, in the present year, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin (in the manuscript dress of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Lammie at breakfast) were in the South Eastern Railway with me in a terribly destructive accident. When I had done what I could to help others, I climbed back into my carriage, nearly turned over a viaduct and caught aslant upon the turn, to extricate the worthy couple. They were much soiled, but otherwise unhurt. The same happy result attended Miss Bella Wilfer on her wedding-day, and Mr. Riderhood inspecting Bradley Headstone's red neckerchief as he lay asleep. I remember, with devout thankfulness, that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers forever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have closed this book—(*the end*).'"

As though these words were a presentiment of his own fate, the time came to write "The End" to his illustrious and noble career on the 9th of June, 1870. On that day, just five years after this strange event and its singular anticipation, Mr. Dickens died at his country residence, near London, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

With the exception of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, no modern English writer has filled so vast a place as Mr. Dickens, and none since Burns will be so widely mourned. We question if Byron or Scott enjoyed a renown so rare and universal. There will be many who would regard the loss of Thackeray and Wordsworth and Shelley and Tennyson as a greater misfortune; but, without denying the claims of these men to higher grade of art, it is certain that Mr. Dickens came into a closer relation with the nineteenth century than any writer who lived in it. His art was his humor and his sympathy. He amused as well as instructed. The children of his fancy have long been more than creations of fancy to nine-tenths of the general readers of the English language.

Our current literature has drawn upon him for illustration more largely than any writer since Shakespeare and Bunyan. Like Shakespeare and Bunyan, his genius was universal. The dramatist and politician—the man of the drawing-room and the exchange, and society have come to know his characters as friends and associates—to give them speech and action, and make them a part of everyday existence.

This is one of the highest attributes of genius. We know Hamlet and Othello and Iago and Macbeth, and the fair Ophelia, as though they were our friends. The journey of Christian and the terrors of Doubting Castle, and the visions of the Enchanted Land, belong to our earliest and brightest dreams, and in the same life and the same dreams we have Micawber and Weller, and Little Nell, and Nancy Sikes, the Fleet Prison, the Circumlocution Office, the Mansion of the Dedlocks, and the wild sea waves which never speak to us without something of the strange meaning they gave to Little Paul.

This is what we have called the universal power of genius. Upon such a dominion he entered at the outset of his career and reigned to the end. How much we owe this man, even the best of us! For in whatever place we walk, no matter how high in philosophy or sublime in poetry, we have all of us come within his hearty and imposing influence, and known freshness and rest and incentive to loftier aims. The world is better because he lived in it. He has taught us patience, faith, the sweetness of domestic love, the peace of the fireside. Some one has said of him that he made the Christmas trees to blossom, and over all England and English lands the Christmas fires to burn merrily.

His gospel has been simple, but truthful,—to eat, drink and be happy, to live peacefully, marry early, and be content with our daily bread. He never went beyond society. He believed in lords and gentlemen, the sacraments, the gallows, power, the British Constitution, the old traditions, and was a thorough Conservative. His world was the world we live in, and although he took us into the byways, and far down into the haunts of sin and misery, and threw broad, purifying, strengthening light and freshness into many dark and noisome depths, he never ascended. He had not the courage and sweep of Hugo, and gave us nothing like "Les Miserables." He was no worshipper of abstract ideas. The man who sinned should be punished; the women who fell should die; for the naked there should be clothing, for the hungry food, for the poor great content and an assured plum-pudding on Christmas day.

Beyond this he saw nothing but society and the statutes. He never ventured upon dangerous ground; nor did it ever seem to him that our whole modern society, church, law, system, Parliament, the monarchy, under what we call religion and justice, there was a great wrong to be redressed, and mighty crimes, no less criminal because the world approved them. In nothing is this more painfully seen than in his view of the French Revolution. We pass through marvelous scenes with a shiver, seeing nothing but the guillotine and the Jacquerie; the dripping heads; the wine that seemed to be blood; the men, black and swarthy and hideous; the fearful women knitting under the axe; the king with a big face; and France itself a land of terror and crime and death.

This was all that our great writer saw in those glorious and memorable years, and those who look for an apostle in every teacher, may feel that a work which was limited and superficial was only partly done. We make no such criticism. Mr. Dickens did a good and glorious work—such as no man could do in his stead.

Mr. Dickens had various gifts. He was a journalist, an actor, a dramatist, a poet, a biographer and a historian. He had amazing industry. He died in the prime of life, and yet see how much he did! His written works would make a good library—his edited works, even daily and weekly publications for many years—in themselves the labor of a man's life. As an actor and reader, he must have given as much time as the most industrious comedian on the London stage. This intense, absorbing labor, no doubt, cost him his life. Those who met him in America saw, beneath his rugged, manly face, the marks of hard, anxious toil. The bright and blithesome, curly-headed youth who came here in 1841 was prematurely old and gray and worn. He lived a generous and easy life. This is the saddest thought about the death of Dickens. He was in the afternoon of an illustrious and glorious career.

The time of rest had come—the time which came to Goethe, and Wordsworth, and Landor—a time for thought and contemplation, and some one work, perhaps, to crown and cap his edifice. But he had lived with too much intensity and he died too soon.

It is not the time—standing, as we do, over his grave and sharing in the deep sorrow which to-day fills the heart of the English-speaking world—the sorrow of millions who feel the loss of Mr. Dickens as that of a personal friend—to estimate his position in our permanent literature.

Writers of fancy and sentiment are apt to live with their generation and die with the fashions and customs in which they lived. There was no more popular novelist than Richardson, and yet his books are as dead as the men and women he described.

DeFoe has left one book which is a classic, and we may say as much of Goldsmith. Fielding gave us "Tom Jones" and Smollet "Humphrey Clinker." Beyond this, their "works" are almost forgotten. The early novelists of the nineteenth century have passed into silence. Scott remains, but with a limited and dying influence. We fear we must say as much for Disraeli and Bulwer.

Thackeray seems to gain with every year (there is no such book as "Vanity Fair!") and although Dickens has passed through two generations, his works were never more popular than to-day.

Much of what he has done will, no doubt, share the silence and neglect that have come upon most of the books of Fielding and Scott, but we are greatly at fault in our estimate of his labor, if the time will ever come when the English world will cease to regard with classic veneration the "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby."

GEORGE W. CURTIS.

Of the distinguished company assembled at the "Dickens Dinner," Mr. Young wrote from time to time, in later years. Of George William Curtis, this sketch appeared at the time of his death, in 1892:—

The death of George William Curtis is an event. Many things are written about him, mainly in a spirit of ignorance and exaggeration. I knew Mr. Curtis well. I should like to see his handsome, gentle face assume one of those cynical smiles his friends knew so well as he read the editorials in the *Tribune* and the *Herald.*

Curtis has been for many years a shining light—in later days not perhaps the audibly shining light of the sixties. He had a unique position. Everybody admired him. We rejoiced in his eloquence. We were proud of the example of his pure and lofty life. But somehow few followed him. In political matters he did not always follow the logic of his own position.

He had rare and varied gifts. His figure was comely, his face handsome and refined. He took care of both. Art and courtesy were ever handmaidens to his genius. His voice was as musical as a flute, and he held it in exquisite command. He never wasted himself on impulses or emotions. He was ever deliberate, and deliberation was among the reasons why his genius did not soar. What are the winds and clouds to one who has so much in common with his looking-glass?

He was not a great, but a charming writer. There was lightning, but no fire. I do not recall a line he wrote, or a book that I would care to read again. "Nile Notes" are an echo of Kinglake's wonderful "Eothen," which once bewitched the world. The "Potiphar Papers" were an imitation of Thackeray—"Prue and I" sentiment to order. The wonder in these books is that so true an artist should have written them. However, Thackeray wrote the "Yellowplush" and "Snob" business, and we cannot cease to marvel at the idiosyncrasies of genius.

Curtis was close to the elect of the earth. He knew Emerson, Lowell, Thoreau, Hawthorne, the whole galaxy. He was the Benjamin of that sovereign tribe. One would have hoped that from him we should have had such an estimate, say of Emerson or Hawthorne, as the world would cherish among the adornments of American literature. It never came, and there is no sign that it is among his papers.

It was in the man to have done this, but I fancy disappointments deterred him. The failure of *Putnam's Magazine* overthrew his ambition to become a literary monarch. The defeat of Seward at Chicago blighted his later career. His defection from Grant on the civil service business closed the avenues of practical politics. While his refusal to consent to the nomination of Arthur destroyed confidence in his political foresight and magnanimity.

Yet it was a part of the genius of Curtis to make these mistakes. His opinions lacked in intensity, in consideration likewise for the sweet reasonableness of human nature. So when his blows struck they never went home. So far from being a leader Mr. Curtis became an actor. People admired him, studied him, revelled in the charms of his eloquence and then went home and forgot him. When a crisis came, a time of stress and storm, and the consequent apportionment of great rewards, he was overlooked. Fenton glided past him into the Senate, while Conkling stalked over him to be Fenton's colleague. And yet this honor belonged to Curtis, who was an older and better soldier than either.

Curtis was a critic. In that may be found a reason for his failure in practical affairs. It is quite true that Dominus knows more than we do and can give us points on everything. But when Dominus insists upon telling us this every week, we are apt to vote him a prig or a bore. Some things were almost right to Curtis, but nothing was entirely right, and this ever-present supreme self-consciousness became in time maddening.

As I have said, there was lightning in Curtis, but no fire. I see him as an auroral light—beautiful in the heavens while it lasted, looked upon with gratitude and pleasure—but only a memory. Those who knew him loved him; those who knew him by his work admired him. But I do not feel that he made any lasting impression on his time. A high, serene, sensitive, aspiring character, an ideal gentleman in whatever that name implies; he was in politics what McClellan was in war. Ever repining on the subleties of politics, ever spinning out problems that required a generation for their development, the world went on and he was out of it—battles were won and fought without him.

IMPEACHMENT.

Of John Russell Young's political writings in the *Tribune*, the ablest and most powerful were those on the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson.

In his "Memoirs," General Grant devotes much space to Johnson's extraordinary efforts to thwart Congress, "his attempts to interpret the law; his continued opposition to the work of reconstruction, under the law; his malicious and illegal persecution of General Sheridan and final removal of that officer while in Louisiana, carrying out the provisions of the law;—all this so roused the loyal sentiment of the country, that after General Sheridan went North, he received the greatest ovation of his life." For more than six months the *Tribune* opposed impeachment, on the ground that it was against public policy; that Johnson's term of office would soon expire, and Greeley, himself, opposed it at first, as inexpedient and unnecessary. But later, toward the close of Congress, the President's acts became so arbitrarily illegal, that the impeachment was demanded. The *Tribune*, under Mr. Young's control, aggressively championed the movement; and he had the firm support of Secretary Stanton, the radical leaders in Congress, and the generals of the army. It was the beginning of his lifelong friendship with General Grant.

For the impeachment editorials, Mr. Young received high endorsement and recognition.

Stanton writes,—

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

WASHINGTON, May 10, 1868.

My dear Young:—With great delight I read your article in Saturday's *Tribune*. The hour of judgment is nigh at hand, and should the great criminal be condemned, the national deliverance will be due to you, more than to any one else. Yours has been the "White plume of Navarre."

Yours truly, EDWIN M. STANTON.

Upon the same subject, in continual correspondence,—Schuyler Colfax writes:—

Washington, Feb. 25, 1868.

My dear Young:—Your editorials have rung like a trumpet blast throughout the land. . . . The *Tribune* is magnificent these days, thanks to your prompt and decided action. Its white plume is at the head of the column, just where I am delighted to see it. I have heard scores of eulogies on Monday's grand paper. To-day's too, is superb!

Yours always, Schuyler Colfax.

LETTERS FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The following letters from Wendell Phillips tell their own story, but hardly indicate the extent of intimacy which existed for many years, between the famous Radical and John Russell Young.

Of a magazine article that Mr. Young had prepared showing why Johnson should be impeached, Wendell Phillips wrote:—

Boston, Sunday, Sept., 1867.

Dear Friend:—I have just got home—and have read over your article three times to-day, with the greatest satisfaction. It is just what ought to be said and must be said—of course it is too heavy a gun for the *Atlantic.* But you must not hide it in your desk. Certainly with your wide reach, you can find some channel. No matter what the channel is, if your name can go with it.—H. G. (Greeley) says in the *Independent* far more than he risks in the *Tribune.* Could you bear the *Independent?* Devise some way. Don't bury so strong a statement of your case; and the sooner you sound the warning, the better—of course you know we will be glad to permit it in the *Standard,*—with or without your name—whenever you despair of a better method, and are willing to do us that favor. But, don't fail to let it see the light somehow, and with your name if you can see it to be allowable.

I think it one of your best efforts.

Most faithfully,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, Aug. 24, 1867.

Dear Friend:—Your letter of the 14th, I got on the 21st, my day for descending from these clouds into Boston. Then, too, I got my seven *Tribunes* and fed on your articles. . . .

Events come so thick we have to hold our breath.—But, I think, the sky clears a little—thank you for the first gun—perhaps we may turn the stupidity of this adjournment of Congress, into advantage.

What I fear is that Grant may submit—the instrument of all this mischief—(Andrew Johnson's policy) in silence; and still cowards like Fessenden and Wilson, adhere to him. Fessenden's mouth is stuffed with official fatness, that he can't speak—Wilson expects!

Go ahead—we'll follow your plume—make Grant speak out regarding impeachment, and take sides, or crush him back into his tent to smoke there.

Yours cordially,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Below is the last of the Impeachment editorials:

THE TAINTED VERDICT.

(Ten days after Andrew Johnson's verdict of acquittal had been rendered, and subsequently canvassed, Mr. Young wrote this summary of the trial and the means employed to save Johnson. It was generally sustained by the Republican leaders who had voted against the President.)

"The Court of Impeachment has adjourned without delay. President Johnson stands acquitted of the crimes and misdemeanors for which he was arraigned. The second and third articles were voted upon with the same result as in article eleventh. Messrs. Grimes, Trumbull, Fowler, Ross, Fessenden and Van Winkle, acted with the Democrats, who we need not say voted as steadily partisan as through the whole trial. We presume that if votes had been taken on all the articles, the seven 'Romans' might have endeavored to vote with Republicans on some of the articles. The failure of the second and third, however, defeated the whole proceeding.

"Andrew Johnson is morally condemned by the votes of thirty-five Senators. He is acquitted by a tainted verdict. Now that we come to review Impeachment, we find no reason to change any of our views as to the righteousness of the proceeding or the unrighteousness of the result. The newspapers that claim to believe that the seven Republican Senators who voted against conviction, represent the Roman virtue of the party—that they are the Republican Catos, and that all the rest are partisan and cowardly Senators—will find in the report of General Butler and the evidence of Thurlow Reed, food for reflection.

"We see in that evidence enough to justify the severest criticism and the gravest suspicions. It is not for us to make any exception. We have not the power. By excusing, we would be accusing.

"All we know is that money was used to secure the acquittal of the President. We know that the President was acquitted. The Senators that contributed to that result may take upon themselves the responsibility of showing that none of the money was paid to them. The verdict is tainted, and the men who made it must remove the taint in their own way and time."

Before Grant had expressed himself on Andrew Johnson's refusal to obey the law, the Republican newspapers were clamorous for him to speak. Mr. Young's article on the situation attracted much attention:

BOSTON, 1867.

My dear Friend:—My wife, who in my absence had the papers read to her, had lighted on your article and was in great joy over it. So your note coming to tell its source, was very welcome. 'Tis a most timely analysis, and will do immense good. The "piece" is in your finest style,—admirable! I am aware of that movement on Butler's side, and think it might be managed to secure great strength. . . . Will talk when I see you.

Yours, W. PHILLIPS.

Regarding the editorials by Mr. Young on the Impeachment of President Johnson, Mr. Phillips wrote:—

BOSTON, January, 1868.

My dear Young:—You are leading the public thought and purpose grandly, and have, every morning, our fresh thanks for your fidelity; and fresh joy that your position makes it so effective.

Faithfully, WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Touching Mr. Young's appointment of Geo. W. Smalley, to the position of London Correspondent to the *Tribune,* Mr. Phillips (Smalley's father-in-law), writes:—

BOSTON, August, 1867.

Dear Young:—Your kind note was handed me just as I stepped to the stage. I am just so well (and not an ounce too well), as will enable me to get through my evening's talk,—so I am in no case to see any one. . . . Soon I return to New York, then you'll let me come and hear the inside news.

Smalley is in Paradise, and indebted to you, the Pope, who lifted him out of Purgatory, to that bliss. Good-bye.

Yours cordially,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, Nov. 12, 1868.

My dear Young:—I am indeed rejoiced that you agree with me about Tappan's views—something ought to be done to right the policy on the Indian question.

I'll bear in mind your suggestion and slip into a lecture on it.—Thank you for the hint.

Finance—revenue is indeed a near question—in my opinion the fretters against an untaxed debt, have got hold of a right principle, but apply it dishonorably. Accumulated wealth ought to pay the debt—the masses have paid their share in blood.

What you say of Smalley is very gratifying to me. I think and have some months, that his style had gained very much in vigor, variety, and point. I assure you that from quarters where he personally is no favorite, I hear very earnest praise of his letters. Parties who don't wish to conciliate me, and have scoffed at the *Tribune* in years past,—I hear of their lavish praise of the London Letters, and some of them having resided abroad a dozen years, have the best means to judge, and are abundantly competent.

Dining with Sumner at Motley's the other day, Sumner used almost your own terms in speaking of the (Smalley's) review of Bright. He called it "masterly," "a work, not an article," "one of the finest things in journalism"—in which Motley joined. His Reverdy Johnson lash, they rejoiced in. The *Tribune* was faithfully studied by Motley, who read the Cox article to us with great fun.

Yours faithfully,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, July 17, 1870.

Dear Young:—Thank you for so kindly sharing the "Gossip" with me—of course it made me watch the papers with fresh interest and has another added to the many proofs of real friendship I owe you.

I shall never forget the prompt and magnanimous justice—generosity—with which you lifted us all out of the late perplexity—I know you so well, that it was no surprise: which can't excuse, but may explain, my never thanking you for it.

What is F? (Fish)—enough to compensate for losing M? (Motley).

Some time I'll drop in on you, and you'll tell me why Motley was dropped. At present I'm out in the cold—know only as much as the types of the New York despatches tell me. Cordially,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. Young thus wrote of Wendell Phillips on the occasion of his defense of the Eight-Hour Movement, in 1870:—

"Mr. Phillips has the honor of being one of the most generous men of his day. From the outset of his career, he gave and has kept on giving, till he has grown rich in the very bounty of his mind and magnanimity of his heart. To the despised anti-slavery cause, he gave social standing, brilliant prospects and a priceless courage. To the bondsmen he gave money; to other struggling men, aid and comfort; to his associates, modest aid and great honor. Any man might claim the victory; it was for him to rejoice that the battle had been carried through to success, and that the slave had triumphed over the whip and the whip-master. To Mr. Garrison has Mr. Phillips ascribed with affectionate earnestness, the greatest glory of the Anti-Slavery movement, but we marvel that Mr. Garrison has lacked the eloquence to say, in fitting terms, what that cause owes to the brain, the conscience, the voice of Wendell Phillips.

"This voice was like a sword! It rallied some men, and it slew the hearts of others. The noble aims of youth, the common sense and common honesty of manhood gathered round it and followed it against slavery. Whatever was sincere and high-minded, recognized its own best tone in that thoughtful voice of the great orator. He brought into eloquence something of the atmosphere which Emerson carried into poetry and philosophy. Every man knew him to be the spokesman of what was most generous in New England. He did not talk for snobs, or schoolmen, or dilettantes, but for negroes, and workingmen, and poor girls, and wretched Indians. We dare say any American will now take this ghost's word for at least a thousand ducats. So great is the capacity of intellectual and moral courage for outlasting envy and hate and calumny! Faith and fortitude make their own renown at last, and such men as Phillips are to be congratulated for building 'in pain and fear, not fame, but noble souls.' "

Among a package of "Phillips" letters this one from Charles Sumner appears.

Charles Sumner, who was a neighbor and friend of Wendell Phillips, wrote this against court dress for American Ministers abroad:—

BOSTON, Sept. 24, 1868.

Dear Mr. Young:—Occupied by the pleasant things you said, I forgot two minor points on which I wished to say a word.

(1) Why does G. W. S. Smalley, who is so splendidly true and liberal, advocate court dress for our Ministers? Did he read "Sartor Resartus"? The tailor is not to be disregarded.

Our republic must be emancipated from the Clothes Philosophy of Courts; not of society, but of courts. Until this is done we are but on an equality with other powers. The rule is fixed, that any power may appear before the sovereign in the dress which he would wear before his own sovereign.

Accordingly, in London, a Hungarian wears the double jacket which is his national costume; a Turk wears his fez; and I insist that an American Minister should wear the simple dress of a gentleman in the evening.

This rule of ours is a part of the system by which the Republic will make itself manifest in Europe. It will be followed. Cobden told me that he never had been to court and never would go, on account of the dress required, which he would not wear. He would rejoice in our new rule. I am sure that Bright likes it.

(2) The other point is one, briefly presented in my little speech at the flag raising of Nov. 6. Why not insist upon calling the Democrats "the Rebel Party"?

CHARLES SUMNER.

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

There was no name in those days more familiar to the younger journalists, more frequently mentioned with affection and respect, than "Raymond of the *Times*." I first saw Raymond on the battlefield of Bull Run, in company with Russell, of the London *Times*. I last saw him standing on the steps of his office, in the joy of ripe, triumphant manhood.

That night he was to be found stricken and dead on the threshold of his home; no loss in my day so untimely, nor meaning so much to our profession and the political welfare of the country. Raymond was a young man,—not fifty, as I recall his years,—and Grant was entering upon his Presidency.

Raymond has been "Lieutenant-General in politics" to Lincoln, as Lincoln called him, and he would probably have held the same office to Grant, with what results in the shaping of the Grant administration and the avoidance by the new President of the mistakes incident to a want of political knowledge we can readily conceive. For several years I was on terms of intimacy with Raymond, and as a young journalist in a minor sphere, lived like the rest of us under his fascination. He was the kindliest of men; he had an open ox-like eye, neat, dapper person, which seemed made for an overcoat, a low, placid, decisive voice, argued with you in a Socratic method by asking questions and summing up your answers against you as evidence, that at last, you had found the blessing of conviction. He was never in a hurry, and yet there was no busier person in journalism. Raymond had the Rochefoucauld sense of observation, and in conversation you found yourself in presence of a thinker in a constant state of inquiry and doubt. He was a journalist in everything but his ambitions, and these tended to public life. I once asked him why he took the trouble to go to Congress and endure that atmosphere of idleness and irritation, when he might have his beloved books around him and hear the inspiring clangor of the presses under his feet. "Well," was the answer, "it was a privilege to feel when you answered the call of your name that your voice was a determining factor in the government of the Republic." Raymond's constant attitude of doubt was against his success in legislation.

He was conservative. He could not endure a caucus. There was nothing in this world entirely right or entirely wrong,—no peach that did not have a sunny side. Therefore to an impatient party,—to a party, for instance, mad with an impeachment fever—Raymond was an impossible leader. In France he would have been a Girondist, and, riding in the tumbrils with Vergniaud, would have met his fate with a smile. And yet Raymond had shown in political conventions, in legislation and in the press the utmost intrepidity. He was a brave man and liked the joy of a fight. But when it was over he had no skill in discussing its moral consequences. The fighting quality was in his blood,—in his clean-cut, condensed, incisive face, the clinched lips, the pallor that came with heat in controversy. But, after all, what good? There was always that other side, and in this wearisome world was anything worth an expenditure of temper and time? Yes, there was always the sunny side to the peach, and better spend one's days in looking it out than in brawls. This ever deepening criticism, this spirit of doubt and inquiry, made Raymond challenge the theory that the press was a profession. He had no grand ideas about the Archimedes lever that moved the world. What was the press, the fourth estate,—whatever we called it, without rhetorical frills and fribbles,—but a business, to be so treated, a means of livelihood and thrift and earning money? "There is nothing," he once said to me, "of less consequence to a public man than what they may print about him to-morrow." I have thought that it was this conception of journalism that deprived Raymond of the moral force as a teacher which belonged to such a man as Greeley. If the press had a business aspect to Greeley—and he was not insensible to the duty of earning one's daily bread—it never appeared in his editorial admonitions. Greeley was the advocate,—strident, implacable, vehement in season and out of season, resolved that mankind should not go to perdition,—not if it could be prevented by a generous circulation of the *Tribune*, and especially the weekly and semi-weekly editions, with their admirable treatises on agriculture. Raymond was the quiet, critical, somewhat impassive man of affairs, who looked at the whole panorama like the lounger at the club-window, thinking only of its movement and color. In its entirety, I take it, we have had no more brilliant career than that of Raymond. He was successful as a very young man, and I note no failure but what came from the misconception which threw him for a season into Congress. He had the undivided love of his fellows. From the tone of his conversations after he left Congress, I think he had resolved to return to journalism, never to leave it, but to love it with connubial fidelity. If this had been permitted, his genius would have achieved much, for the period was that of change. He might have anticipated the recent revolutions in the press, to the extent, at least, of foreseeing and grasping those stupendous commercial advantages which are among the trophies of the century. I can well believe that this was in his heart,—the ultimate reach of his ambition. He had named his journal *The*

Times, having its English namesake as his ideal. Improved by many trials, with the wisdom of experience and success, with an intrepid chivalrous sentiment in what he proposed and did, with the universal respect of his generation, with an amazing celerity of action and clearness of judgment, Raymond, in his prime, seemed better fitted than any man I have known to take up the standard and lead the journalism of America to its still unattained destiny. But Raymond, in his prime, was to die,—a generous, noble-minded, aspiring soul, whom those who loved sorely grudged to see lapsing into silence and night.

THE COMMUNE.

Mr. Young resigned from the *Tribune* in 1869, and in 1870 he founded the *Standard,* which ardently supported Grant and his administration, while Gen. Butler was one of the financial backers of the paper.

The following letter is the first of a correspondence, which continued to the end of the great general's life:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Nov. 15, 1870.

Dear Sir:—Though I am a general reader of the *Standard*, as well as of the other leading New York City papers, I have not seen your issue of the 11th of November until to-day. I am much pleased with it. Mr. Greeley is an honest, firm, untiring supporter of the Republican party. He means its welfare at all times. But he is a free thinker; jumps at conclusions; does not get the views of others who are just as sincere as himself, in the interest of the party that saved the country, and now wants to pay its honest debts, protect its industries, and progress to a prosperous future, as well as himself. I have long desired a free, full talk with Mr. Greeley, because I have confidence in his intentions. I have thought at times of inviting him to Washington for that purpose; but I have been afraid that the object might be misinterpreted. If he ever does come to Washington and I can find he is here before the hour of his leaving, I certainly will try to see him.

But the keynote of your article is just right; Fentonism in New York means simply a yielding of the Executive to Mr. Fenton for the punishment of all who do not agree that the Republican party has no higher mission than to place him in control of it. Yours truly,

U. S. Grant.

In February, 1871, Mr. Young visited Europe on a confidential diplomatic mission for the State Department, at the request of Secretary Fish.

It was at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, and he was in Paris during the last days of the "Commune," witnessed the overturning of the Column Vendome, the burning of the Tuilleries and the fall of the Commune.

Mr. Young's description of the closing scenes of the Commune, and its final overthrow by Thier's army, received the highest commendation.

Wendell Phillips, in reviewing those days of terror, wrote:—

"But the ablest, most brilliant and searching of all essays on the Commune is Mr. Young's own letter from Paris. In fairness, breadth, feeling, profound insight and graphic power, it ranks with his two as yet, unequalled reviews of our political history, which gave such splendor to his administration of the *Tribune*. I had not forgotten it.

"But its rare merit lifted it far out of the range of ordinary correspondence. I should as soon have thought of grouping Channing's 'Milton,' or Macaulay's 'Machiavelli' with common journalism."

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG ON THE COMMUNE.

PARIS, May 28th, 1871.

My journey lay in more northern lands, but as I was leaving London a friend proposed that we should visit Paris and see the fall of the Vendome Column and the aspect of the beautiful city in its grief and desolation. So we came!

We had scarcely crossed the Belgian frontier before we saw traces of the great campaigns. Here and there a few houses showed marks of artillery, while black and naked chimneys told of the war and its misery. The country generally was fresh and winning, and the farmers seemed to be busy with the soil. The railway stations were in the hands of the Prussians, who were apparently a decorous, sober class, under high discipline, attentive to their own business, and apparently upon good terms with their French neighbors. We had some talk with the Prussians and found them quite anxious to go home. They had "whipped the French" and wanted to get to work.

One handsome, yellow-haired under-officer—sergeant, I should think—had a brother in the United States, and had notions of joining him. He had fought at Sedan, had one shot in his leg, another in his hip. He was a Saxon, but there were no more Saxons now, no more Prussians—all Germans! As for the Kaiser, he was in his heart, but it was Deutschland after all. He wanted no more war, was assured this would be the end of the war, and was happy to feel so. He kept an apothecary store, and if he were sure of the demand for drugs and chemicals in our

West, he might come. Upon which point, however, there was a certain wife and two children to be considered.

We had some embarrassment in our journeyings. The French were suspicious and critical, and as we neared Paris there was much questioning and examination of passports. M. Thiers had ordered Paris to be sealed up. No one should be admitted without a special warrant. And althought our warrant was special and regular, it was not enough in the eyes of a venerable French magistrate with a tri-color sash about his waist, who kept us for four hours at Pontoise, not exactly under arrest, but as he phrased it, under his "protection." Finally, after entreaty and negotiation, we were permitted to pass, and toward midnight we rolled into Paris.

It was my first view of the great city, and so any impressions I may give you will lack the value they might bear if I could speak of Paris in comparison with its former beauty and splendor. It seemed hushed and dead. There was no traffic at the station. The streets were silent. I strolled with Wilkes the next day into what, in peaceful times, would be the busiest sections; but it was like walking in the city of death. Occasionally a carriage would fly along, but so lively that we stopped and looked after it in wonder. The shops were closed. Here and there a café was open; but few idlers clustered around; and as we walked up the noble boulevards, the only sound of life seemed to be the echoes of our own footsteps.

Rarely a red flag was seen; but many flags of foreign nations, mainly that of the United States; groups of soldiers shuffled along or gathered at corners, or marched in a huddled, careless gait to the tune of the "Marseillaise." At the important street barricades were sentrymen, who permitted all travel and found their military duties to be the discussion of the affairs of France. A little shop-keeper in the Palais Royal, who had occasion to sell me a trinket as a memento for some home people, said it was the only sale she had made in two days. Our consulate was open, and although our legation had an office at Versailles, Mr. Washburne remained in Paris.

Through his kindness I saw Paris thoroughly, going in one direction to-day, in another direction to-morrow. In sections where the poorer class lived, there was the utmost life and activity. The people seemed to be all in the streets. Mountebanks plied their calling; large crowds laughed over the Punch and Judy shows; there were swings and wooden horses for the children; street orators declaiming of the glory of France and selling broadsides; street singers carrolling the "Marseillaise" or tuneful gamins who sang about "Monsieur Bandiquet," and how the Prussians were brutes, and how in time, France would have its own again.

While in the Père la Chaise Cemetery—we could not have been there more than half an hour,—four funerals entered. They were the bodies of soldiers, or officers of the Commune. The hearses had a red flag upon each corner; there were the escort with muffled drums, and a trailing group of mourners. Around many of the tombs were sorrowing groups, who seemed, as the Irish would say, to be crooning over the dead. In the St. Antoine quarter, there was much life and gaiety. The Column of July, built on the site of the Bastile, was decorated with flags and wreaths. The people seemed to caress it with especial fondness, as the Vendome Column had been doomed.

In that beautiful part of Paris, around the Arch of Triumph, and near the Bois de Boulougne, the shells were falling. Most of the inhabitants had gone away. The exodus from Paris had been estimated by some at half;

by others at a million. The Communists held that side of Paris beyond the Arch. The other side was guarded by the Prussians, who were in force; and who, during these military operations, have acted as the allies of M. Thiers. By holding that line firmly and permitting no supplies or reinforcements to enter, they made the task of MacMahon much easier than it might have been.

Without this Prussian assistance, M. Thiers would have been compelled to surround Paris, and to do what the Prussians themselves were many months in doing. I do not think the Prussians had much sentiment, one way or the other, but they wanted their money; and, as Thiers had promised to pay a good sum within thirty days after he occupied Paris, they had a motive for their alliance. I trust, therefore, that when the honors of the Versailles victory are divided, Prince Bismarck will not be forgotten.

The artillery fire between the outposts of the Commune and the Versailles forces was intermittent. We generally had some sharp practice about daybreak. Sometimes in the evening there was heavy firing. Generally, however, it seemed to be intended more as annoyance than a real, steady, honest cannonade, intended to damage an enemy.

I made one visit to the War Office in hopes of seeing Delescluze, to whom I had a letter, which had been given me by one of his American friends when he was a member of the Assembly at Bordeaux. The War Minister was not in his office, but the visit gave me an interesting view of Commune official life. One or two old men in attendance, who had probably kept watch and ward for the best part of their lives, natural-born door-keepers, who meant to remain there, whoever ruled. In the courtyard were groups of soldiers—like soldiers generally

—dozing, smoking, singing, making coffee. There was a general looseness of discipline, which augured badly for success, when the time came for fighting and hard work. Every one was cautious, quiet, pleasant—but every corporal felt he was a citizen as well as the commanding officer, and entitled to as much respect.

A great many messengers passed in and out during my half hour in the ante-room, mainly on the army business. They were principally young men, and I was much impressed with their intelligence and vivacity. They certainly did not represent that débris of human nature which sometimes drifts into the army life, but had something more than the mere animal capacity for rations and marching and gun-service. There was more discussion than labor. The ship seemed to go without a helm.

This, in fact, is what I saw on every side during my observations of the Commune. It was a crew without a captain, manning a ship without a helm. Time meant for honest work, and very precious time, was wasted in conversation. There was no system. Within twenty paces of my hotel, on the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, it was intended to build a barricade. The operation was quite curious, and I watched it closely. First came an officer, followed by two soldiers, who paced across the street once or twice, drew an imaginary line on the sidewalk with his sword, gave some orders and left. Two soldiers sat down on the doorstep to smoke and read *La Para Duchene,* which happened to have an exciting article that morning in favor of banishing the priests and destroying the Tuilleries. Then came a long discussion on the Republic.

By and by, three gamins, bright, peach-cheeked boys from twelve to fifteen, with laughing eyes, badly clad and bareheaded, drifted along. One of the soldiers again drew the imaginary line with a sword, gave the boys pickaxes and spades and went with his companions to the wine shop, while the boys began their work. They set to it with glee, for remember that the joy of the gamin is to build a barricade. He is the stormy petrel of all revolutions.

The street was paved with the heavy, square Belgian blocks, larger than you have on Broadway. A half dozen stones were ripped out and laid across the street on the line of its intersection with the Rue de la Paix. Even a barricade has its laws, and one is that every passer-by shall stop and lift a stone. The request is made in a good-humored, bantering way, and generally complied with. Any exhibition of surliness or temper would be followed by an arrest and an hour or two of steady stone-lifting at the point of the bayonet. After an hour or so of work, the gamins became tired, and strolled off to the wine shops to spend some francs which a stroller had given them to escape the necessity of lifting a stone into its place. For another half hour the barricade was deserted. They all came back, soldiers and boys, and resumed work, accompanied by a woman, who seemed to throw some zeal into the enterprise. It became a very sensible barricade, with loopholes at the top; was well packed with sand, with a place for the knee to rest when shooting. It was night before it was finished. Two or three good soldiers under drill could have built it in two hours.

This spirit of lassitude and uncertainty seemed to prevail through the whole Commune. Distrusts rested upon the councils of the leaders. Every one was suspicious of his neighbor. Some of the best men in France stood aloof. The leading French liberal would have nothing to do with it. Hugo was silent in Brussels—Louis Blanc mourned in Versailles. In their eyes—and in fact it must be written as the calmest and best judgment upon the whole proceeding—the Commune was a scandal. It was either too soon or too late. It should have been in the Bonaparte days, or after Prussia had been satisfied. The Commune took France at a disadvantage. The duty of saving the nation was immediate, and Paris should have waited. M. Thiers was doing as well as he could. He was seeking to end a war which he had opposed—for which he was in no way to blame. A Prussian army had France under its guns, and many of the fairest provinces of France under occupation, and the leaders of the Commune should have postponed everything to the work of rescuing the nation from the German invasion.

Let me say, in whatever I may now write of the occupation of Paris, that I shall confine myself simply to what I saw, or to such facts as come upon the responsibility of some trusty eye-witness. I have heard stories enough about one party and the other to give you a page of horrors. But, on sifting them and hunting each separate canard to its nest, I am apt to find exaggeration or falsehood. The air is electric and feverous, and if the spectator gives way one moment to the impulses around him, he is in a panic and fears that he lives under another Reign of Terror. The newspapers do little more than scream, and you wade through column after column with much of the feeling of stumbling through a morass or a field of briers. There is really no comfort in them, and the work is weary and hopeless.

We had quite given up any hope of seeing M. Thiers occupy Paris, and many of the best friends of Versailles were in despair. M. Thiers would do nothing! He held his army back. He shrank from bloodshed and street warfare. It might be weeks before the business was over, if, in truth, it ever came to an end. So I made up my mind to leave for Germany on Monday morning, and made farewell calls upon one or two excellent friends who had been kind to me during my stay.

On Sunday morning, the 21st of May, I sat up rather late conversing with General J. Meredith Read, our Consul-General. We remarked that there was little firing from the Versailles forts. The night was unusually still. Well, we thought the troops were resting.

In the morning one of the hotel people came hurriedly into my room, with large, eager eyes, and shouted "The Versailles troops are in Paris; the shells are falling everywhere! They are fighting on the Place Concorde!" Sure enough, there was the deep, heavy sound of musketry, with the roaring of cannon, and the strange, tearing sound of the mitrailleuse, resembling the noise made in rending a piece of muslin. I arose, thinking of the Battle of Waterloo, as described in "Vanity Fair"—How Isidor rushed to poor Jos. Sedley with the news that Napoleon had destroyed Wellington, and was about to fall upon Brussels and destroy the foreigners, and amused myself with the fancy.

But the work was being done. France and Paris were grappling. The destroying angel had thrown his wing over the beautiful city at last, and a hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen were busily striving to do murder upon each other.

I went into the street, as far as the barricade which my peach-cheeked gamins had built the day before. It had been strengthened during the night. The Commune troops were in possession to the number of twenty. The officer was courteous enough and well-posted. The barricade was simply intended to prevent a flank attack upon the larger barricades in Place Vendome and at the Opera

House, where the artillery were. The Opera House barricade was made of vehicles, barrels, water-carts, bags of sand, stones from the street and asphaltum, with one cannon mounted. It was from ten to twelve feet high and rudely terraced, and stretched across the wide Boulevard.

The barricades at the Place Vendome were carefully erected field-works, mounting cannon, and showed more care and engineering skill than any I had seen in the city. It was a most important point, strategically—commanding, as it did, the palace, many of the public buildings and the boulevard that led into the heart of old Paris.

Our Commune officer sent a squad along the street with certain instructions to every housekeeper. All blinds must be opened, so no one could shoot through them. Any person appearing at a window would be instantly fired upon. Any one passing up and down the street would also be fired upon, unless known to the officer; and, as the enemy might make a dash at any moment, no one could go into the street without risk. I went as far as the Boulevard des Capucines and looked in all directions. Not a soul was to be seen. Every house was closed. The Opera House barricade, at which I could only venture to peep, was dark, frowning, dead. The heavy roar of musketry was behind us, and in time we came to the opinion that the line of the Versailles advance had reached the beautiful Church of the Madeleine and was engaged with the barricades around it.

After the warning of the Commune officer, we retired to our hotel, which Isidor duly locked, and we found ourselves in a state of siege. We strolled around the courtyard, and tumbled over novels, and listened to the firing, following its course with the ear and marking its steady advance. Now and then some venturesome person would steal to a window, or to the door, and peep and come back in exultation at his temerity and good fortune, and give a report, which was generally that nothing could be seen but little groups of soldiers.

The balls screamed through the air so incessantly that it became quite a chorus, and small fragments of a vagabond shell which had been badly aimed, fell into the yard. Lest you might suppose this to be really a hair-breadth escape, and that my narrative has the romance of danger in it, I will say that it was something larger than a walnut, and was not in the least alarming. I must confess, indeed, that our imprisoned party were annoyed at the utter absence of any opportunity for "a hair-breadth escape." If a shell could have fallen into the court and taken off a leg or an arm from one of the party, it would not have been without comfort, in its way, to the others. But no shell came. We were in the heart of a circle of war, and flame and death, but actually as safe as in Central Park.

The night fell and we worried through as well as we could with talk and gossip. The firing was incessant, but did not advance. The result of the day was that Versailles held about one-third of Paris. It had still to fight its way into the approaches to the Hotel de Ville, Montmartre, the Place de la Bastile, Belleville, and the Père la Chaise. Here the fight was really to be.

For some hours of the night there was comparative quiet. Long before dawn the battle resumed its fury. The firing became heavier and drew nearer and nearer, until it swept beyond us, and we inferred that Madeleine had been taken, and that our barricades at the Opera House and the Vendome Place, which were so near us that we came to invest them with a neighborly feeling, were attacked. It was very important to have the Opera House, an immense pile in its way, and commanding the surrounding avenues.

We could see the Opera House plainly from an upper window, where, under the eaves, some of us finally came to look upon the fight. The afternoon was lengthening; the firing had deepened into a steady, plunging volley, neither advancing nor receding. And we said: "The attack has got into a riot, it does not move, and our little barricades are serving their masters well." The red flag defiantly waved from the top of the Opera House. I remember well when it was raised on Vendome Column day, and in the presence of twenty thousand people. A young marine climbed to the dizzy height and pinned it to the statue, holding a lyre aloft with extended arms. How they cheered the little marine, with his steady head and nimble legs. So it waves, a fit emblem of the sad scenes it looks down upon. While it waves we know the Versailles army stands still.

But, as we are looking, an object appears on the top of the building, and we see shortly a file of soldiers—five or six, perhaps—crouching along the roof down to the balustrade. They take position and begin to fire upon the street. One of them, evidently an officer, for the sword is at his side, creeps toward the farthest statue, climbs up slowly and pins the flag upon it. We see the red, white and blue—the tri-color of France—and know that Versailles has taken our poor barricade, and that at last the attack advances. The red flag still floats from the lyre, where my little marine with the nimble legs tied it so dramatically a few days back—still floats defiance to the tri-color on the other end of the building. The soldiers shoot at it as if to break the staff, but the staff will not break. Evidently to climb up to it is to invite a hundred rifle shots. So they consult, and fire at it from all directions, but with no avail. And in the end, evidently with a Legion of Honor cross or a ribbon of some kind in his eyes, the officer begins to climb. One of our party thought the statue was about thirty feet in height, but I will make no guess except to say that it was many times higher than the officer and a very dizzy business at best, to say nothing of the rifle-shots, which seem to come swiftly, for he climbs slowly, carefully, and keeps, as well as he can, within the folds of the figure. He reaches it at last, snaps the staff, waves it in a defiant way to those below, and rapidly descends. This was my last view of the red flag in Paris. The tri-color waved in unchallenged supremacy, and we breathed free to feel that our siege was at an end. The hour when the red flag descended was twenty minutes past five.

The night came up with pale, lustrous skies, as soft as your New England summer. The sharp, noisy musketry, and the heavy chorus of great guns, had died away into distant, irregular, sobbing sounds. The Commune had fallen back—had certainly surrendered a third of Paris—had been driven into an inner line of defenses behind the palaces. The wing of the destroying angel had swept over our besieged dominion, and we were at peace in the lines of the Versailles army. The Place Vendome was still held by a dozen of Communists as a forlorn hope, and one persistent cannon in the captured barricade on the Place de l'Opera, continued to fire upon them, but in a fitful, feeble way, doing little more than the shattering of the shop windows on the Rue de la Paix.

This forlorn gun, with its lonely continued fire, became a curiosity, and we climbed to the house-top, or quietly stole to the corner to look upon it as an unreasonable, shrewish creature; and we made it a jest, mocked it, and offered wagers as to the angle of its fire, and the destination of each ball as it passed; slower and slower; more and more distant, the general fire became, the echo of each volley coming back with fainter and fainter sound.

The Commune was retreating; and with easy and free speech, and not without comfort we said, one to another, "The end has come, and the morning will bring peace."

Suddenly toward midnight we saw from the top of our hotel, where we sat with the great city at our feet, a cloud of smoke, tinted with flame and leaping sparks. A house, or a beacon perhaps; some poor Parisian's home destroyed by a straggling shell! But the cloud of smoke became a pillar of fire; the skies reddened; the stars grew pale; the young moon died away into a shadow, and through a light which was as ruddy as the blazing noon, the dark rim of the palace was seen, and one who knew Paris said: "It is the Tuilleries!" Surely this could not be? It is only some fancy—a vision—a deception of the shadows!

But there it was—too true for venture or hope—the farther pavilion of the venerable and majestic palace, fringed with fire, the flames enfolding it with caresses and leaping from wall to wall! This palace of Francis I.; of the Fourth Henry; of Louis the Great and of Napoleon; the home of so much pride and majesty and splendor; of the glories of Bourbon and Bonaparte; of the sorrows of Louis the locksmith and his Marie Antoinette; this mighty tablet upon which so much of the history of France had been engraved, had met its fate, and we saw it bend and snap and crackle, and the stately central pavilion under which royalty had its domestic life; where it prayed and dined and sat in majesty—decorations by the cunningest artists—"carpets in three rooms alone worth 2,000,000 francs"—was now only a pyramid of corruscating fire.

Terrible and fascinating was the scene, for it told us what this struggle really meant—this struggle between France the Behemoth, Paris the Leviathan, as Victor

Hugo called them. France might conquer Paris, and shoot the leaders of the Commune as its armies advanced. Paris took the palaces and threw them into the flames. "You mean, that defeat to us means destruction," said the Commune; "very well, destruction be it then, but, if we are to fall, these proud monuments of kings' majesty shall fall with us. You mean war to the end—the end be it!"

For hours we watched the burning until the dawn really came—the flames mastering all. Ruin beyond hope it seemed; the glorious monument of French genius and taste, only burning timbers, ashes and smoke. And we thought of some visions of Dante's hell, as it sank lower and lower, throwing its light over the soft morning sky.

And it seemed as if anger and rashness rose higher in the breasts of these struggling Titans. The fight resumed. The Communists who were in force at the Hotel de Ville fired from their batteries and the fire was returned. The shells moaned through the air—that sad moaning sound, how familiar it has become!—and fell around the Opera House, the Place Concorde, where the Guillotine had stood in Robespierrian days, and probably one of the most beautiful spots of decoration and marble work and bronze and greenery in Europe, over the burning palace and wherever it was thought the Versailles soldiers were encamped. And we recalled what has been told us of the destruction of Rome, the pillage of Jerusalem, the burning of Moscow, and mourned to see in this age of light and reason a sight as fearful as any known in history.

For it truly seemed on that night of magnificent terror, as if Paris itself was about to pass away in flames, and become even as Carthage and Tyre and Babylon, and the desolated cities of the Nile. Other flames leaped up, here and there and beyond, until the whole horizon was a line of terrible splendor. We counted nine distinct buildings in flames, and it seemed as if there would be no end.

The Palais Royal was burning; the palace of the great Richelieu, the Regent Duke of Orleans; of Revolutionary Egalité; of Prince Lucien in Bonaparte days; of Louis Philippe after the Restoration; of Prince Jerome, the brother of the First Emperor; and finally of the Prince Napoleon—a beautiful pile of Ionic and Doric architecture, and in the rear inviting gardens with trees and fountains, and long rows of shops. The nursery maids and idlers of Paris will sadly miss the Palais Royal, as its gardens were among the most attractive resorts of this attractive city. Farther off burned the Pantheon, as the Jacobins called it, now again known as the Church of St. Genevieve, the work of Clovis, at the first said to be the resting place of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of this sad city, who was gathered to her tomb in 512—a striking building with notable Corinthian columns, the tomb of Voltaire and Lannes and Mirabeau and Marat after he had been stabbed by Charlotte Corday, but who, with Mirabeau, was removed when France changed her mind, and sent to sleep in a common sewer.

More sorrow will be felt for the exquisite Sainte Chapelle, whose fairy spire seems to welcome the flames. This building had more meaning and beauty to me than any I had seen in Paris. In the beginning, say about 1245, intended as the shrine of the crown of thorns and the piece of the true cross which holy St. Louis found in Constantinople—a Gothic work, with arches and buttresses, its tall spire deftly worked in quaint tracings and tinted with gold. Here Louis IX. prayed, and its windows preserved the wonderful painted glass of the Middle Ages, an art which had been lost to us in these wiser years. Many will moan at this irreparable loss, and we can only hope that the blaspheming fingers of the flame will spare the beauty which can never be restored.

Nearer to us, so near that the heat and smoke of the flames make breathing an anxiety, we see that the vast Treasury building is burning, with a rapid, eager, consuming flame, throwing into the night all that will ever more be seen of the financial records of France, its ledgers and books of account, and imposing more embarrassment in the future affairs than any other imaginable loss. The ponderous palace in the Quai D'Orsay where the council of State and some financial people did business, a coarse, heavy, meaningless building, simply vast, no more, what the nineteenth century calls art in architecture, is in flames. Something that Napoleon began and Louis Philippe completed, worth about 11,000,000 francs, we are told, and with some paintings of modern people, mainly warriors, to be regretted, but not with the tender regret that goes out to the little Sainte Chappelle and the Tuileries. With something of the same feeling we see that the Palace of the Legion of Honor has been doomed. Memorable in one way, that it had been put up at a lottery by the Robespierre people, and won by a hair dresser, an eighteenth century work, with one of the many arches of triumph which surmounts Paris, a cozy little garden, a couple of colossal eagles and a little grouping of Ionic columns; simply an ornament, and the home of a sinecure person, who was Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor; money gone, and one ornament less for the beautiful city, but without old associations or value in art.

But the flames continue and we cannot see what is burning and what is not. The telegraph has told you. The Palace of Justice and the Hotel de Ville are losses in their way apart from their value in money. The Palace of Justice was the oldest building in France—a public place before the invasion of the Franks—going to the time of the fourth century, according to the traditions. Here lived the first race of French Kings. Some of the work was the design of the original Capet. It has been built, and rebuilt, and strengthened until it came to what it was when the destroying train was laid. Memorable also in a bloody way from the neighboring Conciergie, as under its gates—the very gates that crackle and smoulder—the tumbril carried to the guillotine, Marie Antoinette and the Girondins, the sprightly Camille, and the audacious Danton. The prison stands, although the flames lapped and scorched it.

The Hotel de Ville was the headquarters of the Commune, where they did the most of their fighting, and the surrender of which was the surrender of the stronghold of their cause. It was the City Hall of Paris, a vast and noble pile with mural statues, and courts and façades and pavilions—rooms capable of entertaining as many as seven thousand guests at one ball—quite bewildering in its vastness and the beauty of its decorations, and representing much French history. Here the poor, well-meaning, foolish Louis harangued the Robespierrians with a red liberty cap on his head. Here Robespierre himself made his last historical grasp at power, and shot himself and lay in agony until the hour for the guillotine. Here Lafayette having found his model king in Louis Philippe, presented him to the people from a balcony. Here Lamartine defied a mob in 1848—by the famous declaration that his government would not accept the red flag for the new Republic—for while the red flag had been simply trailed in blood around the Champs de Mars, the tri-color had been carried in glory around the world. A great loss in every way, and more keenly felt by the people than any building but the Tuilleries.

We ventured out of our prison when the sun had fully risen. The morning was clear and bright, and groups of terror-stricken spectators were clustering on the boulevards. Behind the barricades dead men were lying. The shell and shot had torn houses, trees, lamp-posts, ploughing up the asphaltum pavement and covering the house fronts with holes. There was little damage to houses that could not be repaired, however, as most of the firing in the street was from musketry. Some houses had their fronts blown away; and one, especially, on the boulevard had the wall cut out and the chamber furniture appeared to view, like a great doll's house. The air was heavy with the smoke and heat of the burning buildings. We pressed to the Place Concorde, which we could merely look at from the Communist batteries at Hotel de Ville.

The fountain was injured, but the obelisk of Sesostris, which had stood in the great Temple of Thebes fifteen hundred years before Christ, and had been brought here by Louis Philippe, was unharmed. The statues of the French cities were more or less injured, poor Lille having her head broken off. Beyond, the black, smouldering Tuilleries still burned, although the fire had done its work. The soldiery had passed on in their murderous business, and the people were eagerly rushing to put out the flames. Every one was compelled to work at the pumps; and, as there were perhaps twenty fires burning—for, during the fight, the shells and the flames from the public buildings had spread—there was work for nearly every one to do. And citizen and alien did it cheerfully.

It is impossible to give you a description in detail of the scenes of the morning, as I should weary you with the monotony of saying over and over again what I saw around my own quarter. What Paris had known in these two days was a closely contested, bravely fought battle in the streets. The valor shown by both sides was splendid. Women fought in the barricades and young boys with fair, golden hair and cheeks of down. In this shop-keeping section of Paris, the Communists had few friends. So, this morning, there seemed to be a blossoming of tri-color flags, which would have given a picturesque view to the streets but for the sad irony which looked out from the ruin and death around.

We worked our way along the Champs Elysees toward the Arch of Triumph, now released from its two months' shelling, and out over the magnificent Avenue of the Grand Army. This was the exposed quarter during the assault of the Versailles batteries. The Arch had been slightly battered with shells, but generally speaking it was unharmed. Nearly every house in the vicinity had been entered or struck by shells. The house of our Minister, Mr. Washburne, was entered twice. When I say that this is the most elaborate and splendid part of Paris; where the wealth and aristocracy of the city had clustered, and that the mass of architectural beauty and finish, surpasses that of any city in the world, you can imagine the ruin that has been done.

This, however, was the work of the Versailles guns, and it is another odd phase of the irony of these extraordinary events that the Versailles Government was compelled to destroy the homes of its own friends, in order to repress the Commune. The Commune-quarter, the Faubourgs which generated this revolt, were on the other side of Paris.

We visited Maillot, on the outskirts where Dombrowski, the Commune General, had had his headquarters. This was the keystone of the revolt, where the Commune had held Versailles at bay for the past two months. The works were in good condition but the ruin was complete. It seemed as if a storm of shell and shot had fallen from heaven. Houses thrown down in chaos, walls rent, broken, tumbling. In one house-front I counted over thirty different holes made by shells. We could not go to Versailles, as all exit from Paris is forbidden, so we continued our journey along the outskirts, taking the Boulevard Lannes, and as it were, circling around a fourth of the city. We saw Mount Valerien, and Vanves and Issy; the heights occupied by the German batteries, and the havoc their guns had made on the exposed quarter. The Prussian guns were of greater caliber than those of Versailles, and their shots, so far as we could observe the effect, were more destructive that those which had fallen at Neuilly. We saw enough of it. I rode for two hours through a series of ruins that I never hope to see again. Of course Paris will recover from this.

A few days more and these crumbling walls will be taken down, the rents repaired, homes rebuilt, and the black stains of war erased. The Paris which suffered in a property sense, was that part of Paris which could afford the loss. A few more weeks and these streets, so deserted, so gloomy, so shattered, so very awful in their solitude and desolation, these wide sweeping avenues and beautiful outlined boulevards will have forgotten the rude outrages of Prussian and French guns, and be as bright as ever, with the brightness of foliage and decoration, and the beauty of womankind and fashion.

And now I come to write what I have been shrinking from writing, the attitude of Paris in victory. I have often thought of a nation as one man in its passions, joys and emotions, that the great Demos has really the conditions of our poor human nature. I have seen popular phenomena in our own country, which were almost tragedies in their way, with eloquent and deep sublimity. America, when Sumter fell, when Bull Run was lost, when Richmond was taken, when Lincoln was slain, was so moved that it can never be forgotten by those who saw the great Republic in anger, in despair, in ecstacy, in bitter sorrow. But this city of victory is swept with emotions so wild that I cannot express them. I can now understand what was meant by the Reign of Terror.

I am trying to write calmly, and yet it is very hard. Here is an army pressing over Paris. When a barricade is taken every prisoner is shot. Any man with arms in his hand is executed. When a Communist is found he is simply identified, placed against a wall and killed. Life and death are in the hands of sous-lieutenants. In one street a house was entered. There were twelve officers and soldiers of the Commune. They were in hiding. They had no arms. But there was the official stamp of the Commune. They were evidently, as the officer reasoned, "giving orders." They were taken into the nearest Place and put to death. An officer of the line, hungry and weary with the fight, went into a restaurant and took a dish of soup. He was taken sick. Violent pains came upon him. They might have been the pains of some summer distemper, for they passed off in twelve hours, but, no—"He had been poisoned;" and the restaurant people were taken out and shot. The army seems to lap blood—to dabble in it.

I saw a fair young woman walking between two soldiers, and followed by a large crowd, crying, "Shoot her! shoot her!" She was comely, sedate, her pale lips tightly set, with no color in her cheeks, but firm, calm and scornful. She had gone up to an officer and fired at him. Yet there was no murder in her face—only the fanaticism and passion that seem to have swept over this strange, fascinating people—perhaps revenge for some dead lover. Well, those pale lips will never again be kissed in love and tenderness, for as I left her she was marched into the Place and shot.

I saw another group who were surrounding a woman. She was about fifty, very large and stout, and waddled as she walked. Over her red cheeks poured bitter drops of terror and apprehension. Her eyes staring wildly around, looking for some sympathizing or rescuing face—the uttermost expression of agony and despair. Well, she had "poisoned somebody with soup also," it was said, and the cry was "Shoot her!" I hope she was saved; for this "poison" cry is very madness, and none but a Frenchman would listen to it for a moment. And events like these I might write in columns.

Some minutes ago, before I began this page, I was strolling with Mr. Huntington along the Boulevard des Italiens for an after-dinner walk. At one of the two cafés which were open, we sat down to a cup of coffee. At an adjoining table an elderly person, with gray Vandyke beard, was calmly discussing the events of the day. He was a "man of order" most certainly reactionnaire, anything in fact but a believer in the Commune. "I tell you," he said, "we must so thoroughly punish this revolt that there shall not be any more revolutions." At this instant another elderly person, carrying an umbrella and not unlike a banker, paused, and advancing toward him, cried out: "What do you mean, sir, by saying there will be more revolutions?" Vandyke turned and said, with emphasis, "I was not saying there would be more revolutions. I was——" "Not saying, sir!" shrieked the banker: "did I not hear you speak of more revolutions?" and so on, with a volley of the most offensive phrases known to the French tongue. In vain Vandyke sought to explain.

The stream of invective from the enraged banker rose higher and higher, until he talked in a scream, and a crowd certainly of a hundred gathered around. Vandyke, who was very cool, tried to explain—to appeal to those around him—to rehearse his argument. The running shriek kept on, pauseless, intense, summing up phrase after phrase of condemnation and wrath. Then came the café-keeper, a fat, kindly person, with an olive face, double chin, and a little black-clipped moustache turned up at the end. "Sir," he said to Vandyke, "you had better go away. You will be arrested. You are making a riot." "I am not making trouble," was the response, "I am not going away. I have lived around the corner fifteen years. I have said nothing, done nothing." "Arrested!" shrieked Vandyke, "to be sure! You are right!"

"He shall be arrested!" said the Banker. "Where are the soldiers?" and off he tripped into the darkness. The crowd remained, Vandyke sipped his coffee. There was a confused whirr and chirp, and in a minute or two we heard the tramp of armed men. There came six soldiers, with an officer at their head, and the banker at his side. The banker pointed savagely at Vandyke. The officer, removing his hat, said with courtesy: "Well, Monsieur, do me the honor to accompany me?"

"With pleasure," said Vandyke, raising his hat, and falling into line. So the squad marched down the boulevard, followed by the crowd. I have no doubt he met some temperate officer, explained himself, and was released.

The cry of "Poison" soon gave way to the more terrible than all—"Petroleum!" Petroleum had been used to set fire to the palace, and instantly there was a panic.

"Paris will be destroyed with petroleum! Let every man look to his home! Keep guard over it day and night! Close up every crevice or aperture, cellar gratings, keyholes, letter boxes, every crack of fissure through which one drop of the oil can be poured."

Some wild donkey of a magistrate wrote a proclamation to this effect and put it on the walls. In an hour every housekeeper was having his house tinkered and plastered, and "protected" with sand bags and masonry. At night you were ordered to walk in the middle of the street, away from the houses, lest it might be that you were an incendiary of the Commune. I see by the journals that many have been shot for being found with petroleum in their keeping. The houses are searched for it and for arms. My room was visited by a very courteous officer, anxious about my business and my possessions. I simply showed him my passport, and he at once went his way.

While Versailles is so thoroughly stamping out this Commune—shooting the leaders, disarming the people, and making a terrible example of the insurrection—even more dreadful scenes take place within the lines of the desperate cause. In the prison of Mazas, the model prison of Paris, a number of clergymen, army officers, and suspected citizens, were confined by the Commune. Among them was Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris—a prelate universally beloved for his eloquence and piety. M. Gustave Chaudy, the editor of the *Siecle,* the curate of the Madeleine, and several Catholic clergymen of eminence—especially of the Jesuit order. Much interest was felt for the Archbishop, and every effort was made to release him.

Our Minister, Mr. Washburne, who remained in Paris during the days of terror, and whose courage, energy and ability entitled him to the highest thanks from his countrymen, insisted upon seeing him—a request which General Cluseret, of the Commune, finally granted. The venerable prelate was in poor health, and by the persistent resolution of our Minister, he was placed in a more comfortable cell, and supplied by the Minister with some necessities. An effort was made to exchange him for Blanqui, a Commune leader, who was in prison at Versailles. The Commune offered to release the Archbishop and four other of the clergy for Blanqui, but M. Thiers declined, and he was left to his fate.

When the Commune fell back the Archbishop, with thirty-five other prisoners, was taken from Mazas to La Roquette, the prison of the condemned, near the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, and in front of which prisoners met the doom of the guillotine.

On Wednesday morning the Commune had been driven to its last lines. Versailles had executed all of the leaders who had fallen into their hands, and it was plainly known that no quarter would be allowed.

At seven o'clock in the morning the Archbishop was summoned from his cell, and, with five or six of the leading clergy, was led to the yard, when a platoon of soldiers of the Commune was drawn up, and told that he must die. The prelate advanced a pace or two, said a few words to his murderers, forgiving them for his blood, and praying that they might have that forgiveness which would come from the mercies and intercession of Jesus Christ. Two of the soldiers fell on their knees and asked the old man's blessing. The other soldiers seized the two penitents and dragged them away, the officer saying with oaths that they were brought there not to pray, but to shoot. The six clergymen were then shot, one by one, dying with calmness and religious dignity and courage.

Their bodies were placed in a wagon and thrown into a ditch in Père la Chaise, where they were afterwards found.

After this formal execution the greater portion of the remaining hostages were massacred. A few managed to escape, but the most part were slain. M. Thiers might have saved the Archbishop, but he really thought there would be no strife in Paris; that the city would surrender without a blow, and that the imprisonment of the clergymen was a menace. Many of the best friends of his government are bitter in their denunciation of his failure to release Monseigneur Darboy. No event has made such a deep and painful impression, an impression only deepened by the remembrance that the work of shooting prisoners and unarmed men in cold blood was begun by the Versailles army. On Monday they began to shoot the prisoners of the Commune. The Communists began their dreadful retaliation on Wednesday morning. It was really war without mercy on the part of both combatants; on one side the Prussians and the Versailles army, on the other side the desperate Commune.

I have referred to Mr. Washburne and General Read. Let me break my narrative to say a word that is due to our representatives as a matter of simple justice. The world knows what Mr. Washburne did during the siege; how in company with General Read he remained at his post, when other diplomats fled, and suffered the privations of the siege to protect his countrymen and the Germans who had been committed to his care. His condemnation of the insurrection was unmeasured, but he remained here, and compelled the Commune to respect his authority, and the integrity of his flag. No one ever sought him in vain. By day and night he labored to protect his fellow citizens in their rights and property, as well as the rights and property of other nations.

Instead of dancing diplomatic attendance to M. Thiers in the palaces of Versailles, he spent most of his time in Paris, where his duty called him. If his advice had been taken the Archbishop would have been saved, and the result of his labors was that in the days of terror, his flag was treated with courtesy by every party in Paris. There was no passport as sure as that which covered the American citizen. Mr. Washburne gained great honor for what he did during the siege, an honor publicly echoed in the House of Commons. He deserves greater honor still for what he did during the domination of the Commune. And what I said of our Minister should also be said of General Read, the Consul-General, who remained with him at his post, and who well represents his government.

I have spoken of the scandal of this Commune revolt, of the great wrong of taking France at an advantage. But I beg you will not consider me as writing in the wild shriek of denunciation which seems to sweep over Europe. There is a cause for all this, a cause somewhere, and it cannot be reached by grape-shot. "You will understand it better," said a grave and wise friend who knows Paris, "when you remember that there are one hundred thousand people here whose wages for eight months in the year average a franc and a half a day. For the other four months—nothing." When Vesuvius burns expect the lava. I have no doubt that there were many conservative Pompeiian philosophers who sealed their windows and hid the mountain from sight. But it burned, and one day the lava came. The Commune is suppressed; but if the rulers of France will only calmly and patiently seek out the cause of these revolutions, and find a remedy, there will be a blessing to France and to Europe in the end.

With the Commune it was desperation. No word of conciliation had come from Versailles. Good men, moderate Republicans, delegates from Free Mason Lodges, Republicans of 1848, had gone thither in hopes to find some middle ground of conciliation or surrender. M. Thiers had only the lives of his suppliants to offer—punishment for the leaders—with the added intimation that for a week after the occupation no questions would be asked. In other words, the leaders might run away to Belgium, to Holland, to England—anywhere; but in France they could not remain. Versailles seemed in a frenzy of horror and wrath. Here was an assembly chosen by a country which had been under the Bonaparte palsy for twenty years—by that France which had been left by corrupt leaders unarmed, unequipped, undisciplined, to the mercy of the most powerful army in Europe—by France in misery, dejection and despair.

This Assembly was the cowardice and bigotry of France taking refuge in submission. Here were the deputies who had been buried for a quarter of a century, waiting for an angel of God to come upon the waters with some Henry the Fifth or Count of Paris under his wings, and bring healing and peace—old men, "five dukes in a row," said the writers—men of the time of Louis XIV., mourning old institutions and the good days of legitimacy and the Bastile, and who seemed to say, like Lear, as they crept into the presence of France, "You do me wrong to take me out of the grave."

Here was Paris, which for four months had saved the honor of France, while army after army had been swept into prison; which had known starvation and bombardment and the unspeakable privations of the siege; which had struck the only manly blow for France, and simply demanded municipal freedom—surely Paris had earned the right to receive courtesy from France.

"You have given us kings; you have elected emperors;

you have covered us with what you call glory; you have slain our sons, burdened us with debt, destroyed all honest, true thoughts; you have made Paris the home of luxury and sensuousness—a city for the latter Cæsars; you would bring us more kings, with your five dukes all in a row," but we do not want them. We want freedom. You say we are not legitimate, not constitutional—that we do not speak for France. Well, granted; and what are you? Was Bonapartism legitimate? Remember the Eighteenth of Brumaire and the Second of December. Was Orleanism legitimate? Remember that Louis Philippe himself had no right to the throne—that he was the king of the barricades. Why, even your most legitimate Christian successor of Saint Louis was brought back to us by the allied armies of Europe, after we had whipped them again and again for twenty years.

What right had you to proclaim the prerogative of this Third Napoleon—your Jules Faure and Picard; your oaths of allegiance to him and his dynasty, but recently sworn in the Legislative Assembly. And now, elected under the term of a Prussian occupation, simply to make the best terms of surrender, you forget that your work is done, and continue to legislate for France. We demand the Republic! We demand the independence of Paris in her own domestic affairs; that independence which England gives to London and America to New York. We demand that Paris shall be something more than a royal park or an imperial household—a preserve for the creatures of the throne, and governed by order of Emperor or King. To France we give what is due; for ourselves we reserve what is our own, and mean to govern Paris ourselves.

This was the logic of the movement which found expression in the Commune, and when it is remembered that every usurpation had been made successful by the sudden grasping of the power of France, which centralized in Paris; that this whole municipal system was simply an engine to be seized by the successful adventurer and thrown against France, the world may see that there was some reason in the appeal. You will remember that it was the possession of Paris which enabled De Morny, upon the day of the coup d'état, to enter the Home Office and telegraph to France that Paris had welcomed the usurper with raptures, and to counsel obedience from every local officer in the republic. The rulers of France feel the necessity of Paris as a weapon of centralization and strength. Even the Jacobins were not free from the ambition of ruling France by the power of Paris. If I mistake not, Robespierre was as much an advocate of centralization and opposed to the theory of the Commune as M. Thiers. Modern Republicans have reached better thoughts, and whatever may be said of the Commune and the crimes and follies of its leaders, there was a logic under it all which should be heard.

Of course this revolution, like any movement of the human mind which means an innovation upon its established customs, had its follies and crimes. Some of its leaders were enthusiasts. Others were adventurers. Some were young men, fresh from the school or the workshop, who had read Hugo and Compte, and were bent upon an immediate reformation of society, and who gave the revolution impulse and life and headiness. Some were old men, like Delescluze, who had lived lives of sorrow and expectation, who had known exile and imprisonment, Cayenne and the galleys, for daring to question the divinity of the emperor; who went into the Commune with a sombre fanaticism which our good old conservatives saw in John Brown—suspicious, distrusting, hoping against hope, afraid of betrayal, their minds worn and subdued by years of disappointment and sorrow.

What the Commune wanted was a head. What it could not possibly have was a head. Napoleon could have made it a success. It was the terror of Napoleonism which percipitated its failure. When a man like Russell or even Cluseret, showed capacity and decision and a tendency to military ways, he was thrown under a cloud, arrested, removed or sent into banishment. Delescluze's last order was almost mournful in its confession of this—its hopeless groping for something which would answer the place of discipline, order, the spirit of command, the whole comity of war. "There had been enough of militaryism," he cried; "enough of strategy and tactics—of the nonsense of planning. The time had come for every good citizen to take his gun in his hand and go out and fight the traitors of Versailles."

The stern old man had done his best to create victory, and finally he threw up his hands in despair, saying if Paris would be free the people must do it in their own way. Here, also, is the last order of the Commune, which I copied from a broadside the morning of the assault. It has a sadness and quaint simplicity and pathos about it:

COMMUNE OF PARIS.

Liberté—Egalité—Fraternité!

Federation of the National Guard, General Committee.
Soldiers of the Army of Versailles:

We are fathers of families!

We are fighting to prevent our children from being one day like you—the slaves of a military despotism!

You will some day be also fathers of families! If you fire upon the people to-day your sons will curse you, as we curse the soldiers who tore out the hearts of the people in June, 1848, and in December, 1857!

Two months ago, on the 18th of March, your brothers of the army of Paris, their hearts incensed at the cowards who had sold France, fraternized with the people. Imitate them!

Soldiers—our children and our brothers—hearken to this appeal! Let your conscience decide!

When you are ordered to do deeds of infamy—disobedience is a duty! THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

5 Prairial, An. 79.

This order was a confession of defeat. The men who wrote it had no alternative but death, and it only remained for them to die with arms in their hands. I happen to know this was the feeling of the leaders themselves.

On the morning of the assault one of the military Communists, who held a high command, visited the house of a friend who had taken no part in the movement, but with whom he had had friendly relations in America. It was early, before the attack had developed. "Is there anybody here?" he said anxiously. "No," was the reply. He sat down and rested his face in his hand. There was no hope, he said. The forces could not defeat the army coming against them. Nor would the leaders surrender, and if they did there still would be no surrender. The men would not obey them. The cause was in the hands of the followers. If he could escape he would. He was asked if there was any way of avoiding bloodshed. "Only one hope," he replied; "if M. Thiers will proclaim pardon to all who surrender, there may be a surrender; if not, the day will see bloodier scenes than were ever known in

Paris." He departed and was killed in command of his barricade.

During the Commune occupation there were nightly clubs where political questions were discussed. They were generally held in the churches. I visited one in session in an old Gothic church, which had known the same gathering in the time of the Jacobins. As we entered an attendant held a box in his hand, and asked for a small contribution for the wounded. The church was really a noble edifice, one of the most perfect types of Renaissance, going back to the middle of the sixteenth century. It was nearly filled with men and women—the women predominating. Near the altar were the officers—a President, who seemed to have no trouble in keeping order, and a number of women, some of whom were knitting, recalling the Tricoteurs who were wont in the other days to sit all day near the guillotine.

In the pulpit, a workingman was talking in a rambling way, but with that grace which seems to be natural to Frenchmen of Liberty and Equality, and more especially of the courage of the regiment to which he belonged. It was evidently a stupid, purposeless speech, but the audience were quite docile and polite, and chatted away about every topic, and wandered in and out, and looked at the pictures and monuments. Probably if I had remained long enough, I might have heard an address or two upon the division of property and the duty of general pillage. But I heard nothing of the kind, nor indeed have I heard anything of the kind since I came to Paris.

And here I should publish certain testimony which is due to the leaders of this dead cause. I was freely admitted into Paris. I visited every part of it. I strolled in and around barricades, attended the clubs, walked in the faubourgs of St. Antoine and Belleville, mingled with the soldiery, went into the camps of the Tuilleries, and was always received with attention and courtesy. I never saw a more orderly city. In Montmartre, for instance, there were no police. Montmartre is what might be called "the worst part" of the capital. I walked over it, looked at the works, and no one troubled me. I was not even questioned. I saw no drunkenness, no ruffianism, no pillage. I saw one crowd at least of thirty thousand men and women, and it was orderly and good-humored as though it were a gathering at a New York county fair.

I remember standing for four hours on the balcony of a hotel on the Rue de la Paix on the day when the Vendome Column fell. The streets were filled with people, and I studied the crowd critically and commented upon it, with an American friend more accustomed to such sights, especially in England. "Why," he said, "if that were an American crowd it would be shouting and hustling, and there would probably be a fight or two and squad after squad of police. If it were English there would be rude, savage jokes, men bonneting each other, bantering the women, or jeering some one who had a strange hat or a peculiar costume, crowding, fighting, shouting, with a company of Life Guard to keep order."

What we saw was a talking, cheery crowd—men in blouses, gamins, women, with nursing children; quiet old pensioners, who talked politics to a group of a dozen or so. If anything, it lacked the buoyancy and movement of a real crowd, and was subdued and saddened. But the ruffianism I read of in almost every English journal never came to my eye.

I know it is proper to believe that these men are scoundrels, infidels, the scum of the earth, with hideous notions about property, meaning the overthrow of all law and general pillage. I have sought in every way for information since I came here, but I have heard but of few instances of pillage. A few churches were robbed, I was told. Well, I went into the beautiful Church of the Madeleine, expecting to see it a stable or a wine cellar. I found an officer of the Commune quietly pacing up and down. A few stragglers were at prayers. Soon a hooded Sister of Charity came in, followed by a line of children, who filed into the pews and began their devotions, and left undisturbed.

The Madeleine received more harm from the shots of the Versailles soldiers in combat than from the Commune during the siege. The demolition of the house of M. Thiers was childlike and petulant. But it was an evidence of what I have said these Commuists always showed —the absence of any political sense. M. Thiers, they said, had been shelling Paris for a month, and was destroying the houses of the people; let him know what it is to have his own torn down. So, also, with the proposed demolition of the Chapel of Expiation. This striking chapel was built by Louis XVIII., over the ground containing the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette and the Swiss Guards who were massacred at the Tuilleries. The Communists regarded it as an insult to the Revolution, and declared its destruction. The work was not accomplished; and although the proposal was certainly absurd, it was meant to defend a principle, and was not simply vandalism.

So with the falling of the column in the Place Vendome. I saw this column fall and I confess it was with a sensation of sorrow that I looked upon it for hours and hours, as it was girded with ropes and machinery and chipped at its base. Nor could I fail to remember all the glories of France and the great Emperor as I saw the soldiery climb to the top and tie a tri-color flag to the

Imperial feet that it might fall with him into the same degradation; for there is much to love in that beautiful tri-color, and it deserves all the honor it has received from art and poetry. "Surely," I said, "France has nothing more precious than this." And when the ropes snapped and twirled around the heads of the workmen and the column still stood and seemed to defy the energies of the soldiery, there was a sense of comfort. But it came. As it trembled a moment, with a shudder, and leaped into the air and fragments of stone and bronze rose in a cloud of smoke, and the dull, heavy thud told it had fallen, and the crowd marched forward and mounted officers pranced around, shouting "Vive la Commune!" and the cluster of red flags blossomed out on the stump with soldiers dancing a carmagnole around them, and an orator declaimed upon the horrors of war, and the crimes of the great warrior whose Cæsar-image lay rent and shattered, I could not but appreciate the emotions of another American who stood near me on the balcony, when he said with choking voice, "I am trembling with rage! The scoundrels! I could kill every one of them!"

I say I could not but appreciate the emotions which found this strong expression, although beyond and above all came this thought: is there really nothing better for a nation as great as France than to send her sons out to murder and devastation, and when the work is over to build a monument to assassination and misery and woe? For what is it, after all—these Vendome Columns and this aurora of Napoleonism, that has covered France with a lurid splendor for seventy years—but the apotheosis of murder and woe? This was a noble Column. The men who made it were cunning in their work. As it loomed up in clear and sharply cut symmetrical lines, with Cæsar at the top, it was in itself a victory of taste and industry.

And although no human being has ever read the legends which encircled it in animated bronze, we knew that they told of great wars, and that this was the bronze of twelve hundred cannon taken in the German countries, and that it meant the unspeakable glory of the great Emperor.

And I said, great is Napoleon and beautiful is the column, and this bronze tracery has a deep meaning to those who read history. But the thought that to-day a people have been brave enough to root out a monument to murder; to say that there is a higher mission for nations of valiant people than Republicanism; that the time has come for people to do what statescraft has failed to do as yet, namely, to make peace and courtesy and living in the world which God sent them to occupy, without, of necessity, cutting their neighbor's throat; the thought that this poor Commune, with all its recorded knaveries has been wise enough to see this, and brave enough to bear witness to it, will live for ages as its best contribution to humanity and brotherhood. The falling of this column will be heard throughout the world.

But yesterday, and France was maddened and panting for a new war with Germany. Frenchmen were called upon to take their children to the altar and make them swear the oath of Hannibal. To-day Frenchmen wrench from its base the great monument of French triumph over Germany, and say, "So far as we are concerned, there shall be no more war. We mean peace, nationality, the brotherhood of nations, the rights of labor against aristocracy, of the people against the kings!" It may be a dream, but oh! friends, is it not something to really dream these things; to strive to do them; to signify to the world that we mean what we say?

I am far from defending this dead Commune. I am merely giving you some thoughts and observations that come to me as a spectator. I know the Commune committed great crimes. For instance, they deprived the American of his Paris. To plain folks at home, who do not know how necessary his Paris is to the true European American, it will be difficult to comprehend the extent of this enormity. Your American here is a type in himself. He is patriotic. His strongest political conviction is that we should whip England. I don't know why, but I suspect it is on account of the ale or fogs in London. He accepts the axiom, which, I believe, nobody will deny, that America is the only country in the world really fit for a Republic.

You may point him to Switzerland; but that is not an exception, for, you must remember, there are mountains in Switzerland, and somehow or other the mountains account for the difference. Probably the country most unfit for a Republic is France. See what France has done —the guillotine, riots, massacres, robbing churches—no end of crimes! I suggested to an esteemed friend the other day, as he was making the true old American speech, with a fine Bonaparte ring through it, that really France was so desperate a scandal that it should be abolished; and there might be some human system of annual decimation, poisoning the children, and so in ten years have no more France. But I found that, scandalous as the French were, they were really necessary to the American in his Paris.

They had taste, they knew vintages and silks, could make coffee and salads and toothsome dishes. They were skilled in boots and apparel. They were a bright, cordial people, and they had created such a Paris for the American, such a noble, inviting, splendid city, that they could not be spared. Instead of decimating, therefore, the one solution was Bonaparte. He knew the people, their ways and whims; when to give them music, when to give them grape shot.

Mr. Fetridge, the able author of the Harper's Handbook, a volume that should be in every family, and a good authority on the subject, says: "Agitators, repealers and socialists were paralyzed by one bold stroke such as Cromwell and Cæsar had struck before him"—meaning the coup d'état. "Napoleon having restored order and security to France, came to the wise determination, that, for the good of his country, his actions must be free and without hindrance." I use the italics in order to give the fullest emphasis to Mr. Fetridge's meaning, for I should despair of stating the case with so much clearness and force. The crime of Paris, therefore, in overruling the "wise determination" of this Heaven-appointed Bonaparte, the crime of this Commune in presuming to ask for Paris the municipal freedom of London and New York, the added infamy of so disturbing and unsettling his Paris, that the American was driven to the gloom of London or the hotels of Brussels, cannot too strongly merit the execrations of mankind.

Then again, there was the question of respectability of what Carlyle had called somewhere "Gig-manity." Not one man of these Commune people kept a gig. Nobody knew who they were. They had no time. They had never been heard of. They were apes, like the ape of Erasmus, who, having seen his master shave, took the razor himself one day and made a sorry sight. Who were Delescluze and Courbet and Milliere and Pascal-Grousset that they should dare to sit in the seat of rulers by the grace of God, of men who had the gift of government?

No wonder that any Frenchman who owned a gig turned away in shame from the spectacle, remembering, as he must have remembered, that the seats thus profaned by these canaille had been filled by Louis Napoleon and his fascinating brother, DeMorny, and his cousin-in-law, Prince Napoleon and Walewski, by Marshal St. Arnaud and Gen. Fleury, by Persigny and Fiabault and the Duc De Grammont. These great and wise men came into France poor, and they left it, rich—not only rich in their right, but in the right of their bastards and mistresses. This showed what it was to rule by God's grace; that they knew what power was and how to wield it. This base canaille held Paris in their hands and left it poor with their bodies in the streets. If they had been traitors, they might have secured ten millions from Thiers; and, if corrupt they might have taken twenty out of the storehouses and escaped to England or America.

My friends, let us be just, and see what is really true and false in these tragic scenes. This Commune is dead. I write these lines on a beautiful Sunday morning, while over the Christian world, in Europe and in dear America, men and women are kneeling to the God of mercy and peace, seeking the intercession of One who taught us charity and forgiveness and good will; that there was salvation for the beggar; for the woman who had fallen; for the thieves on the cross. Here in Paris the heavy cannon of Montmartre echoes again its ceaseless, heavy, life-destroying sound.

Two miles off, in the venerable and beautiful cemetery of Père la Chaise, among the tombs of Beranger and Molière and Leplace, of Abelard and Helois, over the dust of the noblest and bravest and best Frenchmen of the last generation, this Commune army made its last stand. For six days it has been driven back, back, until it can retreat no further. Its one leader Delescluze, lies dead in a ditch—dying with a musket in his hand.

Behind its lines is the Prussian army of occupation, and a line of Prussian sentinels, whose orders are to permit no one to escape; they have shot some for attempting to escape, for, remember, that Bismarck wants his money, and that in the holy work of punishing these ruffians, Bismarck and Thiers are in an active military alliance. In front of them is an army of over a hundred thousand men —an army released from Germany, commanded by a great captain, even MacMahon, the trusted lieutenant of the Heaven-appointed Bonaparte.

The fight goes on. It may end to-day or to-morrow. Let us pray for the end! M. Thiers is master of Paris. He is a humane man, and would close the business with the loss of as few lives as possible. But these men will sell their lives dearly. Die they must, for France is mad; and they might as well meet their doom with arms in their hands over the graves of their brothers and ancestors, as in some barrack-yard at the hands of a shooting party of Zouaves.

So I close my story of this week of civil war and desolation, and trust that it may be the end of the saddest and awfullest year that France has known in her marvelous history. A country overrun by a foreign foe, its industry destroyed, its armies captured, its territory rent asunder, its people burdened with an appalling debt, its palaces in ashes, its capital torn by civil war, men and women shot down in strife, venerable priests massacred in prison, massacred in cold blood by Frenchmen! Oh, it is pitiful, pitiful beyond all conception—as sad a sight as was ever seen upon this woeful earth!

Out of it all I believe France will rise again, strengthened, purified, chastened—to be in the future what she has been for so many years, the champion of liberty and humanity and progress. And whatever the passionate impulse of the hour may be—we may mourn the crimes and follies of the day—I am confident the time will come when Frenchmen will look back with pride and emotion at the men of Paris who fought Prussia for four months after Prussia had left France at its feet, and who for two months longer held at bay the combined armies of Bonapartism, legitimacy and reaction—dreaming a dream of liberty, equality and fraternity and giving their lives in a desperate endeavor to make it true.

Mr. Young's experiment with the *Standard* was not a success, and his connection with the New York *Herald* began shortly after his retirement from the *Tribune.* In a "journalistic series" of articles which appeared in *Lippincott's* a few years since, Mr. Young thus sketched the elder Bennett:—

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

I have been requested to contribute something to these noteworthy papers on journalism. Of personal experiences, I recall little that would be useful, remembering what has been written by the gifted gentlemen who have prepared this series. My own career in the press has been that of a humdrum laborer in a calling full of trial, opportunity, and fascination. I fell into it in early boyhood, and kept with it many years, following various roads in its service, at home and in lands beyond the sea. In later days circumstances have made me a truant in my devotions to the press; but I have no feeling toward it other than gratitude and pride, as a noble calling with every incentive toward charity, patriotism, and achievement. And as I look back I see, as it were, a long procession of journalists I have known; so many of them no longer with time, but in step with the music of eternity.

Some of those who were memorable to their fellows, and still with us in spirit and tradition, I knew in their day and when they reigned. When the war came, journalism in the East was governed by Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, and Henry J. Raymond. I knew Greeley and Raymond upon terms of intimacy. I saw a great deal of the elder Bennett in his old age, when no longer in the stress of the battle he could look on with a philosophy beautiful to the young men who were permitted within his circle. James Gordon Bennett is a name which for sixty years, has had a dynastic place in the kingdom of journalism. The founder of the Bennett dynasty lived for the latter part of a generation in the United States, suitor to varying fortunes, until he saw that there was more inherent value in a penny than in a sixpence, and founded the *Herald*. My earliest impression of Bennett was that of a vast, sinister shape which had come out of the infinite, like some genii of the Arabian Nights, to overspread and darken the heavens. There was an aspect of terror in what young eyes saw of this, a lawless, eccentric influence sweeping a wayward orbit, and above human conditions and limitations, breathing wrath upon those who would not bow down and worship. I first saw the elder Bennett one bleak snowy night toward the close of Lincoln's presidency. A guest with my ever hospitable and gentle friend, Mr. Haskin, at his Fordham residence, nothing remained after dinner but that we should speed over the snow with tingling sleigh-bells to the Bennett home on the Hudson. If my imagination had gone into darkened fancies over the ideal Bennett, the man as I saw him drove them away. Hair white and clustering, a smooth face soon to have the comfort of a beard, prominent aquiline nose, a long, narrow head with abundant development in perceptive faculties, a keen boring eye which threw arrowy glances; bantering rather than hearty laughter, a firm masterful jaw, talk in a broad Scottish accent, which he seemed to nurse with a relish. His speech had the piquant, saucy colloquialisms which stamped his individuality on the *Herald*. His manner stately, courteous, that of a strenuous gentleman of unique intelligence giving opinions as though they were aphorisms, like one accustomed to his own way. Whatever he may have seemed in the columns of his journal, the man as he welcomed us was wreathed in courtesy and good will.

I was to see Bennett on many occasions between this winter's night encounter, in 1864, until our last meeting in May, 1872, one month before he died. You felt in his company, the impression of a man of genius; humor, apt to run into mockery,—until it seemed almost, as if it were the spirit of Voltaire breathing through him.

His mind teemed with ideas, which streamed into his talk—saucy phrases, invectives, nick-names, keen bits of narrative surcharged with cynical pessimism, which remained, one might fancy, as a legacy of early days of disappointment and trial. For this man had fought the world—had fought it down! The world would not come to his need, and now he reigned apart, looking down upon it with scorn.

Bennett admired Andrew Jackson, and next to Jackson his admiration was Grant. He was the first of the great editors to recognize Grant. There was the affinity of the Scottish blood, and the attraction of Grant's Scottish tenacity of character.

The editor had an eye for results, and the campaigns of Grant were ripe in results. Bennett did not have a cheerful view of war; he could see no outlook but irretrievable bankruptcy, against which, as he said with a smile, he had provided by keeping a special deposit of gold in the

Chemical Bank. When the bottom fell out he would have swimming-gear of his own, and substance likewise, and not go down in a sea of paper currency and inflation.

There were no reasons in those days why even a more cheerful man than Bennett should be deep in gloom. The concern of Lincoln was lest the Union would be destroyed in a self-imposed bankruptcy before the army overcame secession. The military problem was solved, when I saw Bennett in later days, and no one could have a more cheerful view of the national future. I remember some *Herald* articles published in the weeks succeeding the surrender of Lee, which I used to dig out of the files and read for the splendor and breadth of their foresight. And, in many conversations in his closing years, I recall the enthusiasm with which the venerable man would dwell upon the assured glory of the Republic. This was shown especially on one of my last visits. He had surrendered to his son the practical control of the *Herald,* and received his friends in a small richly-garnished corner-room of his New York house, in the second story, looking out upon Thirty-eighth street and Fifth avenue. He was very old and feeble,—old in everything but genius. The face was scantily bearded, and, as he sat folded in the ample chair, with quilted gown, his head bent with years, his keen eyes gleaming through heavily rimmed spectacles, and heaped about him a pile of newspapers, there was a sense of majesty, even as that of the king on his throne. On this occasion I found him reading a report, several columns long, from a military officer, detailing a reconnaissance in the Yellowstone Park. And had I read it? I presume not. Some immediate story of the foolish fleeting hour had intervened, and military reports were not exhilarating. But I must read it! What a marvel that Yellowstone, and what a land, and what a country, with those awakening wonders day by day!—geysers spouting at times, and ceasing to spout, radiant clays with their pinks and blues, their crimson and saffron and pearl, and the rainbow phenomena; the hot steaming springs with healing in their waters. Such fertility, such beauty! and not the half was known. What this wise man saw in the officer's story was an object lesson. Living in his serene atmosphere of hope and contemplation, there was no romance like a fact. The things we called men, and the grasshopper brawls we called events, how small and mean to one who revelled in this revelation of Nature in sumptuous, gaudy mood! Bennett, as I used to read him, was the intellectual child of Walpole and Cobbett. He was an accomplished man. Although, for the first generation of its existence he made the New York *Herald* a journal which the humblest could comprehend,—although he understood the value of the journalistic axiom never to shoot above the heads of the people,—I question if any of his peers were better educated. He had lectured on political economy, had taught the language and the higher mathematics, had written Byronian verses, and stories of the Maria Edgeworth school. He had studied the world from the moors of Scotland, the wharves of Boston, the academies of Charleston, the composing rooms of Philadelphia, the lecturer's pulpit in New York, and the Congress galleries of Washington. The lesson he had learned,—the stern lesson, that the world was a masked battery which must be carried at the point of the bayonet,—the fierce lesson that his one appointed duty in this existence was in the fortunes of James Gordon Bennett,—this he preached in the *Herald*. He preached amid derision and contempt, amid misrepresentation and personal violence; he preached and won.

The world knelt to his sceptre, and when I saw him he reigned as no man has reigned since, or, to my fancy, ever will, in the kingdom of journalism. A pupil of Walpole and Cobbett in literature, the political ideas of Bennett were influenced by the tremendous upheaval of Napoleonism. He was a contemporary of Napoleon, and his plastic mind had taken from, and hardened under, the bewildering influence of the French Emperor. Napoleon,—what he did or would be apt to do—was among Bennett's familiar forms of illustration. He told me that one of the first articles he had ever written was an editorial upon the battle of Waterloo and the fall of Bonaparte, for a newspaper in Aberdeen.

After Napoleon, Bennett, like most students who had studied under the super-classical traditions of the earlier century, was immersed in Roman history. His parallels and illustrations, his moral and historical reflections were apt to come from Plutarch and the classic fathers. He would cite them in defence of a paradox, for his genius was quite capable of believing one thing in June and the contrary in July. "I print my paper every day," he was wont to say, when charged with inconsistency. And when some strange unexpected sensation in the *Herald* would burst upon the town to its wonderment, Bennett would tell the story of the dog of Alcibiades whose tail was docked to the end, that Athens might talk about its master.

Almost immediately upon his connection with the *Herald,* Mr. Young was sent abroad as special correspondent, with editorial power seldom granted to such a position. He began a series of interviews with such men as Thiers, Gambetta, Castelar, and Napoleon; with pen pictures of scenes and conversations which were the sensation in the journalism of the day. Sumner and Motley said of them, —"they were not only news, but literature"—as fascinating as romance. In a letter to a member of his family at this time Mr. Young writes,—"I came over to do Napoleon. I have just written 77 pages,—the editorial is mine also. My new arrangement with Mr. Bennett leaves me nothing to desire in journalism. I am astonished at his appreciation and his princely way of exceeding my own expectations."—We dined together one evening in Paris; —Stanley and others were present.—Edmund Yates repeated many compliments to me afterwards. I mention this to you only, because I know it will please you."—Of the younger Bennett, Mr. Young wrote at this time,—"Mr. Bennett is a man of strong character. He has courage, clearness, a quick mind, a thorough knowledge of his profession, generous and resolute qualities, and great independence." In 1873, the famous Grant Articles on "Cæsarism" in the *Herald,* created a sensation in political circles. Mr. Young gives Mr. Bennett full credit for their inception:

In Washington the administration organ, *The Republican,* explained how the articles on "Cæsarism" came to be written; saying that Mr. Bennett had had a conference in Paris with representative Americans. The policy of limiting the office of President to a single term was discussed, in view of the possibility of a third term. It was then agreed that the *Herald* should print a series of leading editorials, warning the country of the danger of "Cæsarism," and Mr. Bennett instructed Mr. Young to write these articles. Mr. Young consented, but confining them to an argument for a constitutional limitation of the Presidential succession, as was contended by Jefferson in his letter to Washington. In reply to certain complaints from eminent political sources, Mr. Young sent this answer to be conveyed to Cameron and Conkling:—

"I wrote in the Washington *Chronicle,* at the beginning of the Western campaigns, the first article that ever gave

Grant his recognition. I made Greeley support him for the Presidency. I have written in England the best defence of his course, and I have never asked him for a favor, and have never secured one. I have supported Grant because I believed in him."

Of the stirring events at that time Mr. Young gives a vivid pen picture, in an article upon Roscoe Conkling, from which portions are here quoted:—

ROSCOE CONKLING.

A gifted friend, not long since, suggested that I should write something of Roscoe Conkling. I knew him well, and for many years. I recall a friendship, picturesque and instructive. I recall a statesman of eminent, original, intrepid genius, whose place in our political system was akin to one of those tremendous phenomena we read of in the tropics, or when nature is in volcanic lands. I recall a career, one of the most notable, as it was among the most stormy in our political history; a friend whom I ever honored and admired, even when I could not fail to wonder, the contrasts of whose character were Shakespearian, as the cast of his genius was Miltonic; with an eloquence such as no man in my observance surpassed, even when trending to grandiloquence; narrowed in his usefulness at times, from the limitations of his appointed sphere of action; who passed away too late for his peace of mind, too soon for the recognition of his enviable fame. And yet I am coy to write about Roscoe Conkling. His influence yet remains, and his influence is a burning theme. In no such spirit, however, I will give some vague impressions and remembrances of the man as I knew him.

I began to know Conkling well during the first administration of Grant. I had known him before, in a far-off, civil fashion, but never to become in any special manner his friend, until through the good offices of Mr. Arthur, the ex-President, we came to know one another and to have many political purposes in common. The close relations between Grant and Conkling arose somewhat late in the first term of the Grant administration. When Grant attained power in 1869, Mr. Fenton was the political ruler of the State of New York. I have always thought that it was the Fenton domination, and the active support given to it by Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune,* that led Conkling and his friends to contribute as they did to the enterprise of Mr. Dana in the founding of the *Sun.* In skill, patience, tact, a recognition of the limitations of human nature, with a firm, unyielding will, and a technical education in the business aspects of politics, Mr. Fenton never had a superior. A contrast to Conkling in every attribute, their antipathy became irreconcilable, or rather I should say that of Mr. Conkling, as Mr. Fenton was without antipathies. He was a practical man, with an eye to material results. He wanted the crops to grow, the sun and rain in their seasons, and had about as much sentiment over political relations as a farmer over his barnyard. The rivalry ran high. Fenton was the point of many a sharp, brilliant phrase. "Can go around in his stockings during a heavy shower and dodge among the drops without wetting his feet," as I heard Conkling on one occasion epitomize a Fenton campaign.

So when Grant became President, the political fact, so far as New York was concerned, was that Fenton was master of the State. Conkling was Senator. As he was not prone to push himself or to wait in the ante-chambers, he was soon lost in the crowd that swarmed around the new Cæsar. Fenton had no false pride as to securing "needful recognition," and would have waited on the doorsteps all night in a rainstorm, and in the most amiable mood, if he could have helped a friend into a post-office. There was the nomination of A. T. Stewart to be Secretary of the Treasury—the new President's first attempt at an ideal administration—"no beer on the premises; no politicians need apply." The obstacle to Mr. Stewart's confirmation was an antique statute, going back to the Alexander Hamilton days, forbidding the Treasury to a citizen in trade. Grant, keen for Stewart and for such an administration of the finances as could only come from the presence in his Cabinet of the most successful merchant of the age, wanted the law repealed. I do not remember that Fenton had opinions on the subject, would probably have voted for anything that would please the new administration. Senator Conkling was a lawyer, and among his not very many objects of reverence were old statutes. Time and experience gave dignity to the law, gave it authority, and should this be rudely put aside by the uncouth hands of the untrained soldier? This is what Conkling could not endure, and he made an earnest appeal to Grant for the withdrawal of Stewart's name. "This gentleman in the Treasury, Mr. President," as he said in his stateliest manner! "He may go out of the business; he may transfer his almost royal dominions, his commercial empire to the regency of Judge Hilton and Mr. Astor; he may abandon the semblance, not the reality of his power. And that power! Do you comprehend it? It is as if you put his hand on the thermometer of the nation's property, which would rise and fall with the temperament of the unconscious blood which coursed through his veins." This and other arguments in the proud Conkling way, and Grant receded. Stewart's name was withdrawn.

While Stewart's name was withdrawn, the circumstances leading to it were not of the character to commend those who governed his action to Grant. It was in Grant's nature to turn out of his path if compelled, but not to go about and walk arm in arm with the one who had checked him. So in the earlier Grant days, the relations of the President toward the Senator were those of mild, distant esteem, and as Conkling's velvet-footed colleague was taking in slice after slice of the Executive patronage, the Senator was not in the best of moods. One heard mutterings, criticisms, phrases with a double meaning, phrases which would have been as clear as the stream and as resonant as the waterfall, but that Conkling had a vast admiration for Grant, and could not escape from it. Still admiration is one thing and human nature very much another to a public man compelled to endure the sight of a blithe and gracious colleague loading his vans with Executive bounty and his own followers in hopeless hunger. The feeling ran into the State of New York. Republicans growled here and there. Fenton was "Spotted Tail," and Conkling "Red Cloud," and while Red Cloud was sulking in his tent, Spotted Tail was decorating himself with scalps.

I have often thought that if Horace Greeley could have met the advances of Grant, which were marked and distinctive, Grant having the old Henry Clay Whig blood in his veins, and more of a Greeley man than the great editor ever dreamed, political events would have taken another turn in New York and Conkling would have drifted off in the secession which carried away Sumner and Schurz. But Grant was one of Greeley's aversions, was "a soldier," and the man of peace never loved the man of war. I brought Greeley and Grant together at breakfast one morning—a party of four at Delmonico's—and the talk ran into farming. Greeley, I presume, took up farming because he would avoid immediate trenchant themes. Grant was satisfied, because farming was one of the subjects he knew all about, and upon which he could give even Greeley information. Nothing came from the breakfast, nothing tangible, even so far as a complete understanding between the two gentlemen. So matters did not go on well. Fenton was taking everything and giving nothing. What could he give—with Greeley in his mood, unchanged and unchangeable? And as for Conkling? Well, even the most indifferent observer could not fail to hear as he passed the mighty Red Cloud's tent a sharpening of the war knives and a crooning of the war song, which boded no good to the Administration.

Matters were in this unwholesome state, the keen eyes of the silent watching President observant, when it occurred to a modest Republican gentleman, a kind of worshipper of Conkling, and at the same time in familiar relations with Grant, to see what could be done. "I am sure," said this friend to me, "that if Conkling and Grant ever knew one another there can only be one result. But were there ever two men so hard to be made acquainted?" Difficult indeed, for Roscoe toward Grant was in one of his Conkling moods. The idea of his dawdling about the White House, while his colleague was sitting on the garden porch perhaps, pouring out tea for the family. No, never, for above all things he was the Senator from New York, and would never forget it, and even as with the President a Senator had some rights. But patience has its rewards if we are honest. My modest, kindly friend had his way. The meeting was arranged. Conkling and Grant were brought to a knowledge of one another, into touch. Out of that came a memorable political friendship, none closer since that of Washington and Hamilton, or of Jackson and Benton. On the side of Grant it was a sense of the splendor of the Senator's endowments, a recognition of his courage, chivalry, varied brilliant gifts. At the same time, a consciousness of his limitations, that anger was not always wisdom, and that there were wiser counsels, such, for instance, as those of Hamilton Fish and Senator Edmunds, when graver matters were on hand. On the part of Conkling toward Grant it was a feeling of absolute confidence and affection; admiration to the point of renunciation, and surrender; a perfect belief in his friend, such as it was not in Conkling's nature to give, and which he gave alone to Grant. Now that time and change and death drape it all as if in a mist, and it can be seen no longer in the glare of party flame, this friendship remains as a beautiful revelation of what man may be to man—none more beautiful in my remembrance.

At the close of the Grant administration I was deeply interested in the nomination of Conkling as his successor; was in the confidence of Conkling's friends in that regard, and recall now many incidents of that novel campaign which might belong to the comedy of political history—comedy in its time, but to flourish into the deepest tragedy, the effects of which linger with us to the present hour.

Above all things in that eccentric canvass was the now historical quarrel with Blaine. And if Conkling was to be an available candidate for the Presidency, it was important that there should be a reconciliation with Blaine. Among the legends of those days was their animosity. The active forces of Republicanism were under the banner of one or the other. The Morton movement was handicapped by the attitude of Morton on the currency. The Bristow movement was never other than a sentiment, politics in lavender or camphor, not in active use. President Grant took no part, hoped for the nomination of Hamilton Fish, had written a letter in favor of Mr. Fish, to be used when the political strength of the active combatants was exhausted and dark horses were in order. The letter was never read and the dark horse was named Hayes.

As I was saying, however, it was essential that there should be harmony between Blaine and Conkling. They had been in a row since their early days in the House. I have a dim, rough remembrance of the outbreak, as I was in and around the gallery of Congress at the time. Conkling and Blaine were young members, not especially noticeable, and had their fame to make. The cynics in the press gallery, ever merciless in their judgments, looked upon Conkling as rather an amusing personage than otherwise, from his dramatic ways, and his hardly suppressed consciousness that the gods had endowed him with a beauty and a presence which might have excited the envy of a Lacedemonian in the days when men children were born. "That New York member of yours walks down the aisles as if he were not sure that he had made God Almighty, or that God Almighty had made him," as a free-spoken Ohio correspondent said one morning as Roscoe moved majestically toward prayers, looking as though he felt the world had been created and it pleased him. The speech of Blaine I hold in remembrance as rather brisk than otherwise, with an allusion to Conkling as claiming the mantle of Winter Davis, and being somewhat of a turkey gobbler or a peacock. It did not commend itself to the cynical judgment of the boys in the press gallery, rather disposed to take sides with Conkling, whom they knew and who, at least, amused them, and not with his keen antagonist, a clever Yankee from Maine, with bewildering eyes, but whose force was an unknown quantity.

I have not read that debate since I heard it—never got over the then formed impression that it was a trivial, colorless affair—a hasty scrapping match—like two naval cadets fighting in the sick bay of the school ship, to be the best friends forevermore, as soon as their eyes were patched. This, I think, was the feeling of the House, and undoubtedly of Blaine. It came also at a time when Conkling had a controversy with Elihu B. Washburne, then a member from Illinois, a controversy which never entered the official reports, although it came near finding work for the sergeant-at-arms; Washburne bursting all bounds under the deliberate opposition and maddening sarcasms of Conkling, rushing upon him with fury, the air resonant with denunciations, terminating by Washburne yielding to gentler persuasions, and delivering the peroration of his wrath to friendly ears in the cloak room, Conkling sitting at his seat pretending to read a letter, as if unconscious of the impending rage. I remember it all as in a dream, a foolish, wild dream.

These incidents, so colorless at the time that I question if they had even a gossiping record in the press despatches, made a deep impression upon political events. The quarrel of Conkling and Blaine cost them both the nomination for the Presidency. They, with Washburne, cost the latter in the long run the friendship with Grant, and whatever he might have craved as a career in the Republican party. It was Grant's partiality for Conkling, as shown during his second term, which planted in the breast of Washburne the seeds of the distrust and suspicion, which, to the grief of all who, like the writer of these lines, knew and loved the men, was to end in bitterness and pain an enviable and beautiful friendship. This, on Washburne's part, I saw in Paris, coming long before it came—saw and mourned.

But so it is, and by such imperceptible currents do the gods sway the fates of even those who should be the rulers of men. However, a President had to be nominated to succeed Grant, and, as I was saying, the path was close to Conkling and Blaine, unless the memories of the youthful scrapping match on the floor of the House could be calmed down. There was no trouble about Blaine. That brilliant, magnanimous soul, to whom a row over politics was of about as much consequence as the results of a chess game, who always seemed in politics what Morphy was in chess, was ready to take the hand of Conkling in friendship, to contest his nomination for the Presidency, and if beaten support the Conkling canvass and administration with heartiness and good will.

Yes, Blaine was amenable, but how about Conkling? There was a problem. To approach the rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger, would have been a morning stroll among the daisies compared with it. The late William Orton, one of the kindest, most judicious, as he was the gentlest of men, near to Conkling, had grave conversations with me about it. Efforts had been made in a coy, shrinking, almost zoölogical way, to approach Conkling with this message of peace with Blaine, thus far with disheartening results, and the canvass in other respects blooming into imperial fruitage. And as one after another had made the desperate experiment and fallen, it was appointed that I should tread the ominous path with such fortune as would fall.

I do not remember that I had any enthusiasm over the task, although I saw its importance. But then I had no special fear. Holding, as I did, terms of intimacy with Mr. Conkling, holding him in supreme regard, and with the most loyal appreciation of so much of his character and so many of his gifts, I never could bring myself into special awe. His mannerisms, his sudden petulancies; his outbursts at impatient or impertinent politicians; his disposition to pin you against a wall and throw knives all about your person, like an Arabian juggler; his positive convictions upon trivial subjects, which few painstaking people would trouble to think about; his hourly discoveries of plots and conspiracies; his spontaneous likes and dislikes, which made him at times oppressive as a companion or a counsellor, were never more than the outer leaves which held the kernel within. In any mere controversy between Blaine and Conkling I should have taken no part. But here were high issues, and as the work had to be done, I told Mr. Orton that I saw no reason why I should not try like the rest.

"No friend has ventured," he said in that stately, measured way, "has, I might say, presumed——" This said in the grand, dramatic manner, and in elaborate, copious way, with a sense of wonder, perhaps injury, to which I was not responsive. The matter concerned him more than any one else, and it was a cold, political fact, in no sense an emotion. The grand, hurt manner, soon lapsed into that of a serious, shrewd statesman, dealing with empire. He had no antipathy toward Blaine that was not based upon the consciousness of his self-respect. While, therefore, the attitude of Blaine and the persistent malignity of Blaine's friends, who would never have so acted except under due inspiration, had made personal relations impossible, he knew the position of Blaine in the party, the rights of leadership that had been accorded to the Maine statesman, and should the Presidency devolve on him, neither Mr. Blaine nor his friends would ever have reason to complain of ample recognition.

I said that this was an assurance that his political friends had taken for granted. They knew that the chivalry of his nature would make him give the most cordial support to whatever candidate was his successful rival in the convention. At the same time it was felt that if there was

was any possible way for explanations that would lead to an understanding, it would be a relief to many of his friends and an immense gain to his nomination for the Presidency. That, after all, it was only a cold allowance to the Blaine people that they should have simply a tolerated position under the Conkling administration; that Blaine himself could be at best only a sublime ticket-of-leave man, and that his prestige as a leader would be impaired. That the troops in a battle were more comfortable when they saw their Generals shake hands, and that there could be no assurance of that support from the Blaine people without which a campaign was impossible.

Conkling was inflexible in his purpose. The first step toward a reconciliation with Blaine would be taken when Blaine arose in public and declared that he had wilfully told what was untrue in his famous turkey gobbler speech; that it was not the raillery or the personal invective that stood in the way, but the imputation upon his honor, an imputation that could only be removed when Mr. Blaine made a public contrition. The idea of poor Blaine going up into the scaffold like the sinning clergyman in "The Scarlet Letter," to make confession, not to his paramour and the resentful, angry clouds, but in broad daylight to the townsmen, was of course not to be considered. I saw that the theme had no further vitality, and we drifted into more limpid currents. When I saw Mr. Orton I told him that I knew of no enemy, assuredly no friend of Mr. Blaine, who would approach him with the Conkling ultimatum. It was a bitter disappointment to Mr. Orton, but the imperious pride of the resolute Senator was not swayed by the hopes or emotions of friends.. So ended, as far as history or remembrance serves me, the last effort to make peace between Conkling and Blaine.

I was absent from the United States during the Tilden-

Hayes campaign, and saw it only in the press. When Conkling came to London in 1877, a few weeks after Grant's memorable arrival, he sent me a message, and I found him at Long's Hotel, on Bond street, the famous Long's, not in its now renovated condition, but as it must have been when Walter Scott and Byron had their breakfast of reconciliation, after the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Conkling was fresh from the Hayes-Tilden Electoral Commission business, and full of the English reception of Grant, at that time a sort of nation's guest. He was ill; "malaria," he said, had been compelled to write a speech lying face on the floor, the books around him; sitting at a desk was impossible. His mood toward Hayes was angry. There were so many causes of complaint, but in the main the Hayes letter of acceptance, when nominated for the Presidency. Hayes had said something about a re-election, which Conkling translated into a reflection upon General Grant, about whose candidature for a third term a great deal had been said. The letter of acceptance was bad enough in Conkling's eyes, but Hayes had at the same time written a private letter to General Grant deprecating any translation of the public document that could be construed into a reflection upon the General, or the efforts of the General's friends toward a third term. At a later period Grant told me that Hayes had written such a letter as Conkling had described. The impression it made upon him, however, was what Hayes had intended, containing, as Grant read it, to intimate duplicity or insincerity.

Conkling, however, was in a fine, picturesque, magnificent rage, the malaria doing its part toward the development of his emotions. Evarts in the Hayes Cabinet was bad enough, but Schurz was unendurable. How could any friend of the party, how could any loyal Republican, enter a White House and run the risk of rubbing against these traitors of 1872? As for the Electoral Commission, its verdict was not that of the people. He commended the patience and submission of the Democracy, and especially of Mr. Tilden, in accepting it peacefully, and said with feeling that the Republicans would never have endured what had been imposed by them upon the Democrats.

I saw a good deal of Conkling on this visit, was rather his guide in a small way to the famous and curious places of London town, which I knew somewhat in detail. The impression his conversation made upon me, so far as his future political action was concerned, was that his career as a Republican leader was ended; that he had drifted as violently from his old associations as Burke when he tore himself from Fox and Sheridan, or Gladstone, when he left the Carlton Club, rather than incur a second time the danger of being thrown out of a window by the angry young Tories, talking of his political treason over their wine. I remember conveying this impression to Tilden one evening at the Reform Club, where I saw him a good deal, and his recurring to it one afternoon as we were strolling in St. James' Park. "You Democrats," I said to Tilden, "may as well arrange to welcome Conkling as your new leader. Where else can he go? He is out of relations with the Republican authority, will have no terms with Blaine, and scarcely conceals his belief that Mr. Hayes is not the lawful President. Where else can he go—and who is to challenge his leadership? Mr. Seymour has withdrawn. You decline all advances toward remaining in public affairs, and Mr. Conkling would bring you youth, eloquence, the splendor of parliamentary success, a proud, stainless name. Moreover, there is that in the Democratic party—the docility and discipline—which would take kindly to his imperious nature. The Democrats are a party—the Republicans a debating society."

What I said to Mr. Tilden was rather in the way of banter, humoring a paradox, as it were. There was much that was speculative in the mind of this eminent leader—one of the most extraordinary men it has ever been my privilege to know, and about whom I am at times impatient that nothing serious has been written by Mr. Marble, or Mr. Watterson, or some of the brilliant men who had his confidence and could understand him. For while I had the honor of knowing Mr. Tilden well, and while I held in admiration his subtle and original character, his clear, analytical mind, his political foresight and courage, yet I was never in sympathy with him nor his political views, and can only speak of him rather as a spectator than a friend. As I tossed about the paradox of Conkling as the coming leader of the Democracy, Mr. Tilden suddenly stopped, and with that impressive, low, almost inspiring voice asked: "Have you any personal reasons for this anticipation?" It then flashed upon me that Mr. Tilden looked upon me as a kind of volunteer ambassador; that Mr. Conkling had in a moment of weakness perhaps charged me with the selling of his soul to the political devil, and that I was in a fiduciary capacity, seeking to know what Mephistopheles held to be the ruling rate for souls. I recall the flash as it came, and the grotesque fun of the situation, the Democratic Mephistopheles keen for another Republican soul, even the soul of Roscoe Conkling. "None in the world," I said; "I was considering Conkling as a factor of a problem in the higher mathematics of politics. He lives in the strata where it is possible for men to change their political relations and remain statesmen, while others in a lower sphere would be renegades. As the political cant now runs, to leave the Republican party of New York is to enter good society, to have treble rounds of dinners on Fifth avenue, horses and yachts named after you, perhaps a commendatory leader in the *Evening Post.* Where can Conkling go? He will have none of Hayes. There is no party large enough for Blaine and himself. Grant is a folded banner. He may follow Grant into exile or become a Democratic leader. What remains?"

I remember the impression this conversation made upon me, and Tilden's going over it with his singular intuitions in politics. Tilden admired Conkling, was under the influence of his intellect enough to appreciate, not to fear it. "Well," he said, "if Conkling follows Seymour, it will be in the family," with much that was instructive, and Mr. Tilden never spoke but with wisdom and authority, upon family influences in public affairs. Finally he said: "If Conkling comes, we shall be glad to have him. He will never come without Grant, and that is another affair." That was quite another affair. I have often wondered what the position of Mr. Conkling would have been had he not realized and welcomed the imposing personality of Grant, as it came from the journey around the world, and planned the third term.

I had pleasant hours in London with Conkling. His illness made him critical and at times hard to please, and there was much to jar him. Among other thing that the Londoners did not speak English. He liked to wander about, and as walking was rather inhibited because of his convalescence, he saw London from a cab, but generally the top of an omnibus. The Temple interested him, and as he walked under the time-stained walls, he repeated the passage from Shakespeare: "I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet." "I pluck this red rose with young Somerset," dwelling upon the venerable associations of the spot, declaiming in his wondrous tones:

"And here I prophesy this brawl to-day
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send, beneath the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

As Conkling was declaiming these lines we came to a grave, a lonely little mound with a modest stone, rather out of the way, as I recall it, over near the wall. "This is a memorable man." Conkling paused and read the name of Oliver Goldsmith. "Oliver Goldsmith!" he said, with impressive solemnity, and, taking off his hat, continued: "I cannot stand by this time-honored grave without a feeling of worship." And thus he stood for some moments, and walked in silence away.

Of the marvelous memory of Conkling something has been written, but as an extraordinary intellectual development, I recall no parallel. I have never known but two men who had his extraordinary gift—the late Bayard Taylor, and my long-valued friend, T. C. Evans, now in happy withdrawal from the fume and flurry of journalism, but in the Marble days a shining figure on the *World*. Taylor, when I had the fortune to have him in the mood, never quoted anything that was not classical, or at least with special merit, German rather than English, if permissible. The treasures of Mr. Evan were what he found in Emerson, Coleridge and the later writers. The memory of Conkling, like that of Macaulay, as I see it described in the books, was like a lumber room, or some garret in an ancient castle. You never knew what was coming—a bit of rubbish or a gem. He would quote pages of Headley, descriptions of the French Marshals, Napoleon before the battle of Waterloo, or things about the burial of Moses, "Oh, had he not high honor!" until the marvel came, how could the ordinary human mind with limitations endure it, and was there not some process by which it could be swept out or cleared, or even burned out, if nothing better served? There would be a splendid declamation of the noblest lines in Byron and Shakespeare—rubbish and gems heaped in confused tumbling chaos. I used sometimes to criticise the lumber feature of Conkling's mental apportionings, and wonder why he bothered with such rubbish when the world had so much more worthy of preservation. But Conkling had a wayward pride in his odd mental belongings.

Upon one occasion, having heard him at length, and in metre about the burial of Moses, and "Had he not high honor!" declaimed with such majesty, and in prose, about Bonaparte's Waterloo emotions, likewise declaimed, I ventured a word about Whitman. There was "The Burial Hymn of Lincoln," "Captain, Oh, My Captain," so praised by Swinburne. "Whitman! I cannot comprehend him. He makes my head ache." "But even the Captain." "I have never read it." Never read it, I thought, and ceased to interrupt the theme, allowing it to revert to Moses and Napoleon. I resolved that when we met again, Conkling should have no excuse for not knowing and appreciating that exquisite tribute to Lincoln—one of the few things done in these later days to give American literature a claim to immortality. Seeking out Whitman's books, I copied "Captain, Oh, My Captain," with the pious purpose of reclaiming Conkling from the Moses rubbish. When we met, as fell at an early dinner, I recalled our Whitman talk and handed him the poem. He read it twice over, gravely folded the paper, and returning it, said: "I cannot understand it. It has no meaning to me. That nor anything the author has written."

There was a feat of memory I may recall before I pass from this theme as illustrative of Conkling's ready genius. We had been down in the city, Eastcheap, and the

Tower, and in Southwark, after one of Chaucer's Inns. As we were crossing London Bridge, Conkling, the fervor of the scene upon him, and a profound admirer of Macaulay, was quoting the famous New Zealander's passage, when some traveler from New Zealand would take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. "Here is the bridge," I said, looking out of the hansom, "but where is St. Paul's?" True enough the church could not be seen. "But it must be," said Conkling. "No such artist as Macaulay would have made the mistake of putting his New Zealander on an arch from which the cathedral could not be seen." So cabby was stopped, compelled to turn about and drive again to the Southwark side. There suddenly loomed up St. Paul's in its mediæval grandeur. It had been hidden by some barbaric railway station. "There," said Conkling in triumph, "I knew my man! I knew Macaulay. I knew he would not have put that New Zealander out of range of his subject." And he quoted page after page of Macaulay on our way home. He was on fire with his theme, and with Conkling in that mood the flames must have their way.

What I may call the "Garfield Episode," upon which so much of Conkling's career, and I might add, so much of his fame will depend, is not ripe for history. "How can I," as he said to me with anguish, "how can I speak into a grave? How can I battle with a shroud? Silence is a duty and a doom." After the catastrophe, Conkling rarely spoke about it, or if he did, with an expression of pain. It was not anger alone. No —not anger alone! For that emotion was no stranger to this memorable man. I might write of him as it was written of the prophet:—"Doest thou well to be angry?" said the Lord. And the prophet answered, "I do well to be angry, even unto death."

It was not anger, but the sense of irretrievable injustice from which Conkling suffered. I have often thought recalling my observations at the time, and the effect of the catastrophe upon Conkling that the Garfield episode led to that state of mental excitement, or exaltation, so noticeable in later years, and which predisposed his constitution to the fatal effect of disease when it smote him. I was a good deal in the confidence of Conkling at the time. He had my sympathy in the cause of his alienation from the Garfield administration, however much I may have differed from the manner in which he expressed it. Historical justice, however, compels the observation that Conkling had little claim upon the courtesy of Garfield. He rarely took the trouble to repress his aversion to the new President. In the atmosphere of tale-bearing and misrepresentation which enfolds the politician's life I can well believe that many a distorted rumor was borne to Garfield's ear, that many an idle sarcasm from one whose gifts in the way of sarcasm were exhaustless and who was prone to their use —was given wing. It was an evidence of the extreme amiability of Garfield, a virtue which with him was apt to be a weakness, that he kept his patience with the scornful Senator. But the two men were so far apart. The laughing, rollicking, sensitive, joyous Garfield, complaisant, self-indulgent, anxious to see every one about him so happy, to whom politics was, after all, such a game; flexible, impressible, dramatic, willing to make any sacrifice for peace; and, on the other hand, the stern, imperious, dominant Senator, to whom the slightest political incident had the gravity of the Magna Charta; austere, reserved, an anchorite, never unconscious of his own personality, nor timid in asserting it; of the world, but above it; exacting, almost burdensome, in friendship, implacable in enmity. No two men could have been less in unison, nor can I conceive the possibility of a universe large enough to have permitted their existence together in a state of harmony or recognition.

When the Garfield Cabinet came, it vexed the Senator. And among other acts of unspeakable folly, of giving way to crude, interested advice; of once more surrendering his own judgment, which was never wrong, to the importunities of those who were never right—how could he in a moment of unspeakable weakness have done such a thing as to go to Mentor? It was so sorely against his will, for had the people not observed that Blaine did not go? Think of that! How he raved over it. Blaine not going to Mentor! Was there not enough in that to exasperate even the most patient of men, let alone this suspicious, irritated statesman? And such a cabinet! "A statesman—yes, heavily plated, to look like silver! A politician, but shirking his opinions when they were worth anything! A name! A brother-in-law! Some clerks! Why did not the Executive, after he had agreed with himself that he must endure his Secretary of State, that he must even carry on his back this old man of the sea, send for the Treasury Appointment Clerk, and ask him to detail some clerks from the upper divisions of the Treasury to complete the Cabinet? It would have been as useful and representative." I remember this as a condensed summary of Conkling's commentaries upon the Garfield cabinet, intermingled with running descriptive phrases, intensely amusing, but not to be printed now. The incident shows that when the New York nominations were made, Mr. Conkling was in a state of unrest toward the Administration, which might flash into any form of commotion.

When the New York nominations came, it was the general desire, even among those who had the fortunes of Mr. Conkling much at heart, to regard them with indifference.

My remembrance is that Grant was not of this mind. At least I inferred as much from a letter that Grant wrote to me from Galveston on his way to Mexico, alluding to the nomination of Robertson to be Collector of the Port, which showed that it was not a killing matter, and expressing the hope that Garfield would soon be out of his patronage troubles and sailing over smooth seas to a successful administration. Grant did not return from Mexico until the battle was on, and then the instinct of battle asserting itself, his heart was in the fight as he found it raging. But Conkling must have immediate war—had no patience with any policy of silence and indifference. "You can never," as I ventured to say to Conkling, "you can never successfully quarrel with an administration in its honeymoon. The people will shrink. They are out of an election fight, why plunge them into a patronage strife? Give them time to breathe. In a few months the appointments will be over and the outs in a mood for criticism and controversy. You can dig up or improvise some twopence-halfpenny question which patriotism will no longer endure. You will then fight with the hope of a responsive public sentiment. Now it is patriotism wanting office,—then it will be patriotism disappointed in office. Patriotism is now against you. Remember Douglas' war on Buchanan in his anti-Lecompton controversy. Douglas had a grievance and in that found his pretext. Remember how Sumner and Schurz opened up on the French Arms sale against Grant. It was their pretext. I believe in righteous indignation, but there is a time for it to speak and a time for silence. The time for silence is in the honeymoon of a new administration."

I was furthermore strengthened in this opinion from the story told General Grant and myself, by the late Mr. Chaffee, of Colorado, that Mr. Robertson had gone to the convention which nominated Mr. Garfield as an original Garfield man, and that Blaine was a nominal, not a real choice. It was the belief of Chaffee, and I know that he conveyed it to Grant as a fact within his own knowledge, that Robertson, having despaired of driving the Blaine chariot over the fiery furnace of the Grant flames, had evolved Garfield as a possibility, had approached Chaffee with a request for aid. Chaffee, however, was a Blaine enthusiast, and had no second choice. After Blaine, any one would do, and he was without animosities toward either Conkling or Grant. With Robertson, however, Conkling had risen to the dignity of a fanaticism. Robertson opposed Grant, not because he disliked the General, or had the slightest doubt of his patriotism, but because Grant's re-election meant his own political destruction in New York, and with him that of Husted, Depew, Roberts, Evarts, Bliss, Choate—whoever ventured to breathe without looking with the Islam eyes of prayer and adoration toward the Prophet of Utica.

But Robertson meant Blaine to the angry eyes of Conkling. Never receptive in the matter of advice, he didn't take mine, thus cynically given, in good part. For, said the prophet, "I do well to be angry even unto death." This was his mood. His temper in those day was so volcanic that I studied my peace of mind and preserved my admiration for Conkling, by keeping away. I had no heart in his councils, not much belief in the policy they inspired. His resignation from the Senate was a surprise. I knew of it first in the public journals. It was splendid and conclusive. You must admire the scornful renunciation. Here was a man who could afford to do right, no matter the sacrifice. A sentiment of grumbling approval when we heard he had resigned. Here, again, was Coriolanus, the old Roman, once more, like an eagle in a dove-cote fluttering the Volsces in Corioli. But when the news came that after the drama of the renunciation, there was to be the melodrama of the re-election,—it chilled! Coriolanus had become Buffalo Bill, and the finest political incident in the drama of American politics was to descend into a bar-room brawl, and the pitiful wranglings of a legislative caucus at Albany.

And the friendships, the fair and noble friendships, which in their fruitage and their bloom had meant so much in the early Conkling days, when this comely young statesman, this superb, brilliant, chivalrous giant, came from proud, trusting Utica to lead the party in the spirit of the elder days! No such avatar in New York political affairs since Hamilton vanished in a pistol flash, and Seward had sunk into the Johnson maelstrom of self-abnegation and ruin. Now at last, a man! And how they came around Conkling, attracted by the rays of his genius, and happy to rejoice in the splendor of his fame. Platt, from the inner counties, with his wise, grave, intrepid character; a master of the comities, courtesies, minute details of the body politic; who knew that there was no nerve so minute that it might not throb with the jar of exquisite pain; a man who forgot nothing and who was resolute in the integrity of every political obligation; Andrew D. White, the president of Cornell, who held in the politics of New York a position like that of Sumner in Massachussets—scholar, philanthropist, student, diplomatist and statesman; honored by Grant, who had him in reserve as Premier in his Cabinet should Governor Fish, as he at times feared, follow the bent of his craving for private life; Griswold, of Troy, famous in early war days, who came with his Democracy to the Union cause and laid his fortunes on its altar. Alonzo Cornell, the heir to a great name, near to Conkling, whom he followed with a fidelity that should have outridden the storm of any political misunderstanding; Woodford, from Kings, soldier and orator, with the finish of Chesterfield united to a kind and winning nature. These and other names come to me as I write, and even as I might write for many a column. They gathered about Conkling. They made him Senator, leader. They would have made him President of the United States. Yet the storm was to come in its fury, to rend them all, and to rend none that meant so much as the ties which bound the fortunes of Conkling and Arthur.

The alienation from Arthur was an especial grief to those who knew the men. I was happily absent from the United States at the time, and never heard of it except as rumor. Of Arthur I may not write at this time, although I should ever welcome the opportunity of bearing my poor tribute to his name. We shall know him some day as he was, the first gentleman of his time. We shall know that blending of chivalry, humanity, knowledge and courage, which never came into your life without increasing admiration for his character. We shall know that fine courtesy which never waited when it could anticipate; ever gentle to women, to children, to the humblest supplication. We shall know that devoted heart, its love for those to whom his love was a heritage and a benediction, and how the sorrow that fell as a thunderbolt from an all too radiant summer sky upon the gentlest and most gracious of homes, brought a grief that never found consolation. We shall know that when the bullet of the assassin crashed into the joyous life of an eager, bounding, unsuspecting President, on the holiday wing to fields and streams, it carried agony unspeakable to the lofty spirited gentleman who would gladly have given his own life to have warded the impious doom. We shall know his steady devotion to duty; how he arose to every requirement of the Presidency; how the courage of the political leader guarded and governed the conscience of the Chief Magistrate; how he was every hour, every moment the President. We shall know that under him the civil service found its truest exemplification, and that no tempting of political ambition could answer even with a finger touch the resentment of officials who, like Collector Robertson, used their patronage to his political overthrow. We shall know the conservative patience with which he met the pathetic problems imposed by the nation's grief over his predecessor's fate. We shall know with what a self-denial of personal ambition, political resentment or revenge, he overcame the distrust of the country, eliminated the apprehensions of those even of his own party who saw in his advent so many misfortunes—how he inspired the confidence which averted a disastrous business panic. We shall know the wide and intelligent scholarship, the knowledge of books as well as of men, which made him the most valuable as he was the most agreeable of companions. We shall know the genius, the tact, the superb, patriotic common sense which made his term of office the most tranquil of administrations. We shall know the many disappointments which came with the refusal by his party of the renomination which he had won by his magnanimity and justice; how it sunk into his heart, and as those nearest to him have told me prematurely bore him into the grave. We shall know, when time and history and the just judgment of his fellow-citizens have spoken, that here was a man who deserved well of his country and mankind, and that Chester A. Arthur should have grateful remembrance among the worthiest of our Presidents, even as the successor of Garfield, Jefferson and Adams.

I left the United States for China in the early months of 1882, and years were to pass before I was to see Conkling. I left him in the unhappy tumult of the Garfield war, the strong man raging from one side to the other in the arena, breathing defiance, anger, death. When I returned his manner had changed. Time was telling on him. He had plunged into severe intellectual labor, and for the first time in his life was earning a large income. And money meant such an atmosphere of independence to this proud, strenuous man. Party feeling was turning toward him. His countrymen seemed to be growing fond of him. His vanities, his faults, his whims and mannerisms, were after all—were they not—expressions of virtues not too often seen in American public life; the faults of a superb, high principled, rarely gifted leader? There were Republicans who recalled the early days of their ascendancy, and who had grown weary of government by mobs of drunken adventurers; weary of the buying and selling of nominations, and who turned toward the man who was ever too stately to bend to an ignoble expedient. Time served to bring recognition, and in a measure vindication, and he had only, so his friends believed, to wait until his party returned to him—returned bringing honors which he had won by his genius and lost by his integrity.

I fancy Conkling was coming into sympathy with the mood about him—that he felt it; that he once more could throw open the morning window and feel that there might be airs from heaven and not inevitably blasts from hell. "What, paint my picture!" as he said to Carpenter, the artist, on one of those sad, Garfield days. "What—paint my picture? Who can conceive of such a thing? I would that every vestige of me were banished from the earth—that my very name might pass from men." The tempest-tossed, tumultuous soul! When I returned, this mood, which I had so often seen, had passed away. There were sunny days; no allusions to the angry past; a deep interest in politics, in the detail of events, the movement and drift of political action. The war horse seemed to hear the noise of the battle and the fighting, even as in the old days. He was opposed to the candidature of Colonel Grant, now our Minister to Austria, for Secretary of State, on the ground that he would not receive loyal support from the antagonists of General Grant. The canvass, however, although unfavorable to the Colonel, showed that the Republican vote had been given with heartiness and sincerity. He was impatient with Cleveland, for some cause that I do not recall; hoped he would be known as "the Centennial President," if for no other reason than that Cleveland was as much as the country could stand in a hundred years. At the same time he retained his membership of the Manhattan Club.

I found him deeply interested in the succession to Cleveland. He accepted Mr. Blaine's Florence letter in the spirit in which it was written; regarded Blaine as a spectator rather than a participant in public affairs. When questioned as to his preferences for the Presidency he named three candidates, Sheridan, Judge Gresham and Judge Miller of the Supreme Court. Sheridan was his first choice. Sheridan meant the glory of the war; meant all that was noble in the Grant traditions, with his own brilliant character added. To the objection that the religion of Sheridan would injure him among the Protestant sections of the Middle and Western States, especially the resolute Scotch-Irish people, Republicans, living in daily terror of the Papacy, Conkling made a forcible reply, contending that for every vote Sheridan might lose through the lingering remnant of a questionable religious sentiment, he would gain a dozen from those who admired his character and genius, and who would be fascinated with the splendor of a mighty name.

Alas, the unpausing hand of fate! How soon death was likewise to rend that fairest of friendships; that of the illustrious young captain with the statesman who never looked upon him but with fond, approving eyes. In a few months—that is to say, in April, 1888—before even the convention had met, the statesman was to die. And before the trees in their springtime bloom could know the then summer's ripening touch the earth was to take into its clear, sorrowful embrace the glorious ashes of Sheridan.

As I was saying, I found Conkling once more concerned in politics. And if this religious opposition would not down in the case of Sheridan then in Gresham he saw an intrepid Republican. I inferred that Conkling had been drawn to Gresham by the high appreciation in which Grant had held the judge when Gresham served in the Western armies. Gresham was one of Grant's enthusiasms. He had been placed suddenly in a position of trial and temptation during the war, and there was that in the behavior of the man—some unique and shining quality in the way of honesty—that won Grant's heart. Conkling dwelt upon this. It was enough for him that Gresham had been under the Grant benediction. That to him was perpetual acceptance and absolution. If not Gresham, then Justice Miller, then of the Supreme Court, now unhappily before another tribunal; and Miller was sketched in the grand Conkling way. Whatever was sacred in the genius of the law was epitomized in Miller. We should take him while we could, as we would take Marshall or Jay, should the reluctant gods give them back to our keeping.

There were outbursts of enthusiasm on gentler themes, and I recall some evenings when Conkling was never more radiant, more brilliant. The last time I dined with him, as I read before me noted in a diary, was at a dinner given by John W. Mackay, among the guests Robert Ingersoll, Charles Crocker, of California, railroad magnate; Ochiltree, of Texas; Senator Jones, of Nevada; poor dear, ever to be remembered Lawrence Jerome—a dinner that can only bring sad memories, thinking of those present and since gone, Conkling so inexhaustible in his banter with Mackay for having provided such wonderful vintages for "temperance cranks" like himself and most of the guests present, and so on. These and other themes. The talk serious to the end—serious and memorable; the themes historical—no time or space to recall them now.

As a general thing Conkling in those days was in a reminiscent vein. I recall evenings at his rooms when I would listen by the hour to a stream of extraordinary talk. One especially, from eight until one in the morning, a monologue,—the human mind in wonder at the torrent,—and such talk! One of his themes was poverty—which he dreaded. Would sweep with abruptness upon the theme of the misery of poverty in public life, and as the bane of public men. While he was in this vein one evening I recalled an incident from Greville, if I remember, about Lord John Russell having to write magazine articles for income, at a time when his brother was one of the richest peers in England, and he himself had high place in politics. This I must send him, the whole story. Poverty! What he might not have done but for that, when he was in power. This dreadful poverty. Friends who heard these conversations marvelled, and I recall apprehensions from some who knew and loved him, that overwork—legal cares—something was preying upon his most sovereign reason, and that there were in these odd phenomena what boded no good to the welfare of his body or mind.

There were friends around him in whose companionship he rejoiced. John W. Mackay was close to him, and I have a letter from Conkling—nothing I ever read of his writings so eloquent—expressive of his disappointment at Mackay's refusal to be a candidate from Nevada, for the United States Senate. It was a political purpose near to his heart, and he inveighed against the obstinacy which, as Mackay said to the Senator, "would insist upon being at home in a silver mine rather than out of place in the Senate." Senator Jones, of Nevada, who had more influence with him than any of his associates, was much with him. He had also found Mr. Pulitzer, of the *World,* and one evening he declaimed over this discovery. And although I had known Mr. Pulitzer for years, and had realized what was possible to the ravenous and abounding energy of that distinguished politician and journalist, I must have the biography all over—the wonderful story of what was possible to ambition in the United States. I could add other names, many of them, were it proper. But it would be unjust to close the list without writing that of the one friend dearer than others, the Jonathan to his David, the gifted, high-spirited, masterful, friendly George C. Gorham, of California.

Much might be written of his trenchant, witty, flashing speeches. I presume every one of his friends has a special private vocabulary. But the point of Conkling's wit was in the manner. "So and So, yes," as he once said to me; "the words So and So and perfidy are synonymous terms." How I recall so many of these barbed winging phrases—that so far as this writer is concerned must forever remain as shafts shot into the silence. He was prone to banter; not always considerate if fun were in the vocative, and even in amiable moods uncertain, not easy to get on with. "Put Roscoe in a room with a half dozen friends, resolved to bewitch them all. He will quarrel with one or two before the evening is over." This was said by one of his earliest friends. He was impatient of contradiction, could be resonant over small annoyances; lie awake over the idle newspaper adjective of some tipsy political writer. His life had developed under narrowed conditions, his horizon never expanded, and his judgment and opinions wanted in perspective. "This," said the Irish car-driver to Thackeray, "is the hill of Howth, the highest hill in all Ireland." It was the only hill the poor boy had ever seen, remarked Thackeray, and was therefore to him the highest in all Ireland. The Mohawk Valley was Conkling's hill of Howth. From there somehow had come the statesmen, the leaders, who had goverrned the nation, and there only the supreme test of human greatness. I have sat with him in London, men of world-wide fame about him, and marveled at the sweep and finish of his eloquence; illustration after illustration coming with due felicity from that wondrous Mohawk Valley; some allusion to Wellington recalling some Oneida corner grocery warrior, whose career must needs be told; some story about Peel or Beaconsfield reminding him of the eloquent Somebody called Smith, or the astonishing Nobody called Jones, whose eloquence had won even the admiration of such a man as Thurlow Weed, or had received the commendations even of such a critic as George W. Demers, whose writings in an Albany journal were familiar to Cabinets and Parliaments.

I have speculated at the effect of this narrowed and narrowing horizon on Conkling. For here surely was a man broad and large enough to have filled at least the canvass of a Metternich or a Gortschakoff. In intellectual power, in ambition, in marked and singular gifts, Conkling in some respects exceeded any man I have ever known. His limitations seemed to chafe him, and may have explained, perhaps, something of the strange irritability so trying to his friends. You felt sometimes as you saw him at Syracuse conventions; towering in the Fifth Avenue Hotel lobbies; in "conference" with inspectors of customs, police captains and gaugers; sniffling, impatient, censorious; the sympathy you give to some royal brute of a Bengal tiger, as he claws the iron bars. Surely this noble creature should have his roamings in the jungle and plains. I have sometimes thought that his inner aspirations were for the State Department; that in our foreign relations would be room for his genius, his audacity, and his imagination. He came into public life at the wrong conjunction of the stars—the Congress before the war—and before he could make known his eloquence and power the war fell and the statesman was overwhelmed by the soldier, his genius drowned out of recognition as surely as that of Canning by Wellington, or Chateaubriand by Napoleon. He must have felt the obscuration. He was not meant for periods of reconstruction or civil strife; to bind up the wounds of a nation, or sow once more the wasted, harried fields. He should have lived in the Webster days, or stood with Sumner and Seward when reason and eloquence were fighting the battle of freedom, before reason and eloquence were lost in the fury and havoc of rapine.

If we could only have had the opportunity our foreign relations would have given! I fancy it is a mere impression, with no tangible reason for so believing, but I have thought the disappointment of Conkling at not being the Secretary of State under President Arthur was the cause of their separation. Unhappily, and under the sad surroundings, although Conkling was the one man who could never see it, this was the one appointment Arthur could not make. If it had been his time I feel sure that in the department he would have won as noble a fame as that won by Marcy and Fish.

There is the weird Scottish word "fey"—taken from the Highland lore—that when one does something out of the range of his thoughts and habits, he is "fey," marked for death, is under the spell of his predestination, the thought of Lochiel in Campbell's verses, that coming events cast their shadows before. A weird, pregnant word, often in my fancy. "The last time I saw my father," wrote Carlyle, "was about the first of August. He was very kind, seemed prouder of me than ever. His eyes were sparkling mildly, with a kind of deliberate joy. Strangely, too, he offered me, on one of these mornings, knowing that I was poor, two sovereigns, seemed really anxious and desirous that I should take them, should take his little hoard—his all that he had to give. I said jokingly afterwards, that surely he was *fey*. So it has proved." The last time I saw Conkling, as I find on referring to a poor memorandum of a diary that I pretend to keep, was on the morning of Friday, March 16, 1888, the fourth day after that historical blizzard, in which he had so wild an experience. He was in a radiant, gentle humor, described to three or four friends, his blizzard journey up Broadway, stood some quaint rallying on the whiteness of his hair from an out-of-town friend with unaccustomed patience—not apt to be in repose under banter of any kind, especially as to his personal appearance. I remember the conversation with sad distinctness, and his reproaches addressed to myself personally for not having signed an article I had written in the current *North American Review.* And although my excuse for not having signed it was that the leading thought had been given me by General Sherman, and I hesitated to assume as my own what really belonged to that illustrious man, Mr. Conkling, among whose aversions was anonynimity in journalism, was explicit in his censures. No message was worth reading without a name given to it—a man behind it—and that there was no abomination so unendurable as the editorial "We," with such absurd variations on "We" as a theme—editors, tape worms, emperors blended in irresistible mockery. The out-of-town friend who had been commenting on the whitened hair, changed the theme to a reception that had been given to Henry Irving the day before, and a speech to Irving by George William Curtis, with certain criticisms and disparagements of Curtis.

These came, as I fancied at the time, as a bid for graciousness from Conkling, the speaker knowing that for years Curtis had been a picador bull-fighting theme in the Senator's eyes. "Well, let us say this about Curtis, let us be entirely just to Curtis, let us admit," and so on in words of eulogy, which I will not, because I cannot, repeat, but content myself with the impression. The genius and character of Curtis never received more eloquent, more gentle recognition. It was a pleasure to me, with my own estimate of that eminent man, which differences and disappointments in politics had never dismissed, and which I had maintained at times in the way of deprecation of the invectives of Conkling in the days when the battle was on and the skies bent under the storm. As I heard Conkling's estimate of Curtis, the weird Highland fancy came into my mind, and I recalled the Carlyle story.

"Surely," I thought, "Conkling is fey." And so it proved. This talk, as here written in my diary, was March 16, 1888. I turn the pages, and there likewise, under the date of April 18, 1888, is the sad, irreparable line: "ROSCOE CONKLING DEAD."

Roscoe Conkling dead, and with him so much out of the daring forces of American statesmanship. There is much more to write of him, but that duty belongs to the historian, who will narrate with cooler judgment the men and events of his tremendous time. What I said of Conkling, when he was lying cold and dead, his biographer has accepted and I may repeat now: "Conkling was to die, if true leaders of opinions ever die. The palpable man whom we saw but yesterday, with commanding mien, stern, deep set eyes, the brows Olympian, the over-whitened hair, the ruddy face eternal in youth and expression, vigor, genius, grace, personal beauty typified; the orator, scholar, the implacable opponent and tumultuous man of affairs, has gone, but the impalpable spirit remains. We have lost the most aggressive leader in American politics since Clay and Webster, thirty-six years ago. But he is not dead. His life remains an incentive, an example, let us say an admonition. For it may be well to remember as an admonition that in any public career, pride, intolerance and the Swift-like gift of withering invective may retard or prevent opportunities of lustrous service to the Commonwealth. But even so, generations will come and go before the example of this extraordinary man, his eloquence and learning, his undaunted devotion to truth, his purity and courage, his uncompromising patriotism, his scorn of cant and deception will be forgotten. A masterful, imperial soul has passed away, leaving a name which Americans will not soon let die!"

ENGLISH FRIENDS.

In the autumn of 1876, Mr. Young again went to Europe, for the *Herald*. He took up his residence in London, at the West End, where he remained until he joined General Grant, as his guest, in the trip around the world.

While in London, Mr. Young was made honorary member of the Reform Club, and renewed and extended his acquaintance with many notable men, among whom, were, Huxley, Tyndall, Lockyer, Millais, Browning, Black, Yates and others. At the time of Prof. Tyndall's death Mr. Young wrote:

"The death of Professor Tyndall is another sad incident in this sad century. There was no reason for his death. No longer a young man, there were many reasons for his living. An unfortunate ministration from the dearest of hands, those of his wife, and he fell a victim to one of those dreadful drugs by which science takes life in the effort to deaden pain. Tyndall dies from chloral administered by accident. Rossetti died from chloral, taken as a habit; Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, Burns, Byron, Kean, George Frederick Cooke, and Baudelaire, and now Tyndall! What a dreary list; the tribute of genius to weakness, appetite, and despair.

The death of Tyndall recalls many of my own London experiences when I had an entrance to a circle of which he was a shining member. I may have some readers who will recall that bright, modest cottage out on the Marlborough road, in Saint John's Wood's quarters where Huxley reigned. No lovelier home in England, and those famous evening parties—"tall teas" as they were called. If you were bidden, what happened was this:—

You went to your tea, and were sure of your tryst if you were there at half-past six. You might meet five or forty people around a hearty, simple table. Huxley with his grand, wise, and yet agnostic as he was, archbishop's face as your host. A noble face—seriousness in it and inquiry; supreme courtesy, the art of listening and finding out; never obtruding an opinion, nor argument except by the asking of an idle question, that went through you like an arrow, and you felt your marrow tingle. Huxley reigned in talk like Doctor Johnson in his Mitre Tavern or Bolt Court, and well will it be for literature if some Boswell were of the company to petrify into undying life the wit and wisdom that flashed into being.

If you were present at the "tall tea," there came later the gathering. I wonder if there could be a statelier company than that which formed the Huxley entourage. Tea over before eight, at nine you were sure to be in a room filled with persons whose names were world-renowned. That fair maiden with the masses of blonde, fluffy hair, has a familiar face. Well, that is Dorothy Tennant, from whom Millais painted his famous "Yes" or "No," and in time to become the wife of "Stanley Africanus"—our own Henry M. Stanley. When I last heard of her she was endeavoring to persuade a Lambeth constituency to elect Henry to Parliament—persuasion with tears—but without avail.

That well-knit, deep-set, swarthy, heavy-haired, compact, smiling person, who looks at you through spectacles with an artillery focus, is William Black, the novelist. He smiles and exchanges courtesies in his Scotch vernacular way. You will test him only to ascertain a capacity for silence. That sad-eyed, Hamlet-faced, preoccupied, oracular, hollow-voiced personage, who shakes hands with every one as if he were taking an eternal farewell (you hope it is not consumption, but have your fears), is Norman Lockyer, the astronomer. No one has done better work in regard to the stars. This I have always deemed a good billet, because when you talk about the stars there is no one to contradict you, and evidence rebuttal or sur-rebuttal is a matter of a thousand years. That earnest, observant face, with the keen blue eyes, and the voice likewise Scottish in a vernacular burr and twang, is Lauder Brunton, of whom the world of science is talking since his discoveries in regard to digitalis, nitrate of amyll, and angina pectoris gave him his place among the fellows of the Royal Society. Near him is Sir Andrew Clark, the physician of Gladstone, who shares with Brunton the honor and care of the largest practice in London, and about whose untimely death, from the suicide of overwork, we were to read the other day. With a face as open and fresh and free as one of the Scottish moors he had won so much fame in painting, John E. Millais enters and is soon the heart of an eager, admiring company. That bumptious young gentleman who seems as if he must contradict you or die, is Lyulph Stanley of the Stanley of Alderley family, who was to do such good work in the matter of public education. There comes a snug, comfortable looking person, who glides, rather than walks, and whose face you must have seen in Dickens, who in my days was said to be one of the few persons in England "who could write," but who is now known in politics as a Right Honorable and an Irish Secretary, John Morley, whom Gladstone was to discover and take him to his heart as his political Jonathan. A sweet, fascinating way has Morley, and when you meet him there comes over you such a feeling as though you were the one person he had been going up and down the earth to discover all those years—at last, to be found! Henry Irving comes in a quiet, undramatic way, and is soon in a corner, with his world drifting toward him. And this meek, apparently much coddled person, with the dome-like brow and an air of slow, tedious convalescence, who listens with hand to ear as one of the ladies trolls out the chorus of a German ballad, is Herbert Spencer. And as all turn and a sturdy, heavy-jointed, large, gaunt, frosty, brown, iron-gray being moves toward you and you feel like saying, with Horatio in the play to the wonder-stricken Hamlet: "Look, my lord, he comes!" you see, because all men know it, the mighty figure of Tennyson! There genius has written stature, majesty, power. But even more notable than that of Tennyson is the noble person of Darwin, in some respects the most striking of the sons of men. It is not often that he can be persuaded from his Kentish home, but he is dear to Huxley; finds under this roof another home and stands smiling, observant, rather in a corner by himself—the wisdom of ages concentrated in that imperial brain, and an all-loving kindness in his intense eyes. You may see Russell Lowell bustling in with the New England touch of acuteness and avidity in his frowsy, furrowed face. Carlyle, perhaps, if you were fortunate in your evening, and the season embraced the welcoming days of spring. Carlyle, however, was a tradition, as I never saw him in Abbey Road.

In these Huxley gatherings the never absent figure was Tyndall. Between Huxley and Tyndall were relations of affectionate intimacy. I remember Tyndall as one of the most interesting of men, apt to awaken humor or comment, sure of a quizzing-bout with Huxley, lucid in conversation, apt to dogmatize and assert himself. I remember him one evening upon Alpine climbing, which I had always deemed an idle waste of time, until his elucidations and explanations made me retract my opinions with a kind of shame. However, this is always well to do when in the presence of superior authority. I remember that he had the faculty of interesting you, and that, whether you wished to talk or not, you soon found yourself listening with a thrifty, miserly sentiment that there was nothing to lose, and that there was gold in the sands of this running stream of conversation if you would only watch for it.

Tyndall was in the ripeness of his fame when I knew him; had married a lady of the noble house of Hamilton, kinswoman of the Duke of Abercorn, and was therefore in the swim of the highest society, and much stared at by other scientific people on that account, as an illustration of how the humblest man might get on even in fenced and hedged England, were his genius well mounted and keen for the hunt. He did more than any man of our time to make popular that which we call Darwinism, and the conservatism of his genius was seen in the success with which he strove to reconcile science and religion. Now that he has gone we shall know him better than when he lived. He was under the obscuration of the dazzling genius of Huxley and Darwin. He had a faculty of his own, however, in the way of presenting things which had a vast influence upon his time. He was one of the few men loved by Carlyle, and beautiful was his filial devotion to the crabbed, lonely old philosopher of Chelsea. His work was done and well done, and although death came like the ravening bolt out of the night, it found him at his post, ready for any summons."

Among the best beloved, of Mr. Young's English friends was William Black, the novelist, whose death, occurring only a few months before Mr. Young's last illness, was an unspeakable sorrow. Many letters and messages, extending over the remaining years, indicate the affectionate intimacy between the two men. Many demands of this order frequently appear:—

PASTON HOUSE, PASTON PLACE, BRIGHTON, Wednesday night.

My dear Young:—Can you come down next Saturday to Monday? There is a good train from Victoria at 9:50 A.M., and another at 4:30. Pettie is coming; and Leslie Stephens is here. Don't bring evening dress.

Yours always, WILLIAM BLACK.

In reply to some criticism upon Black, Mr. Young wrote:—

"A New York paper has an article upon William Black, the novelist, containing, as such articles generally do, a good deal of sense and nonsense. Black is described as a sensitive person, easily wounded by criticism. I never knew a man less susceptible. Black is a very earnest, strong-willed man, who takes up a bit of work honestly and thinks it out. He said to me on one occasion that he never wrote a chapter until he had composed it in his mind, sentence for sentence. Composition was, therefore, so far as writing is concerned, almost a mechanical business. As his work was really done while he was walking about over the Brighton downs or through the Surrey lanes, he spent little time at his desk.

The New York paper says that when "MacLeod of Dare" came out, Mr. Black was overwhelmed with remonstrances against the catastrophe. They had evidently been written in the most earnest spirit. The correspondents appeared to take the book as a cruel and gratuitous addition to their burden of woes. "Is there not sorrow enough in the world?" they asked. Shortly after the news of the shooting of President Garfield reached England, Andrew Carnegie happened to be calling on Black. Among other things, he said: "Just before I left home I saw President Garfield. Informing him that I was coming to England he said: 'You will see Black; tell him he ought to have made "MacLeod of Dare" end tragically—life itself is full of tragedy.'" I remember hearing Black tell a story of the same nature in regard to "Madcap Violet." He had been asked to vary that story, and end it more agreeably. "But how can I alter my story?" said Black. "A plot is a plot. One incident follows another like the incidents in a Greek tragedy. How can a character in fiction escape its destiny more than man? Given certain conditions in life—education, character, circumstance—and they go toward a result, an achievement; perhaps a catastrophe. We cannot change fate, nor change a story. A story makes itself." Mr. Black told me that he never read criticisms upon his work; not that he was sensitive as to what people said of him, but he did not care to have his train of mind disturbed. This might look like vanity on the part of Black, but I know him to be one of the most refined and gentle of men."

The following letter refers to the historical novel of Judith Shakespeare:—

PASTON HOUSE, PASTON PLACE, May 30th, 1882.

My dear Young:—I forgive you; you don't know what you are about. Why, if you had the faintest suspicion that I am just beginning a novel, the scene of which is laid in the early years of the seventeenth century with Shakespeare as one of the characters, and that I am a thousand fathoms below a sea of archæological research, with a prospect of seeing daylight not for many and many months, surely you wouldn't tempt me with an enchanting offer of China and Japan. No, sir; it won't do; though I should like it well enough; indeed I have already been tempted Japanwards by Rennie, who is now Sir John, of that ilk, and Chief Justice somewhere. I must stick to my treadmill; I wait to see you when you come along here in 1885. You must bring as many of those bronzes and things as you can carry, and I hope to retain enough intellect to regard them with a mild curiosity, although at the present moment, I am so muddled up with the year 1610 that I don't know whether I ought, or ought not, to sign myself,

Yours very faithfully and with all kind remembrances and regards,

WILLIAM BLACKSPEARE.

With Justin McCarthy, also, a friendship began, which endured to the end. I find many such kindly letters as this, among the correspondence:—

LONDON, 15 Chury Street, S. W., Aug. 15th, 1883.

My dear Russell Young:—I was delighted to get your letter and to know that you were well and like your work in China. It was very kind of you to take so much interest in my young friend, ——. He is a good and clever youth, and I hope he will do well. His father wrote to me a few days ago telling me how kind you had been to the young man. How I wish I could go to Peking! I have for years and years, been longing to see China,—or at least some spot of it,—and I can only hope that a kindly fate may some time,—and while you are in Peking,—allow me to make my dreams a reality. Pope Hennessy, who thinks with you on Chinese subjects, was here for some time lately, and I saw a great deal of him. He has been transferred from Hong Kong to Mauritius. We are fighting our battle still in Parliament, undismayed. Ireland is more and more with us every day, and the public opinion of England must come round sooner or later and do us justice.

Dilke, O'Kelly, T. P. O'Connor, Powers and Puleston, charge me with kindly messages of regard and friendship to you. My son and daughter desire their affectionate remembrances to go out to you. Don't fail to let us hear from you soon again, and believe me, my dear Russell Young, ever your warm friend,

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

At this time also, a strong friendship was formed with the then Duke of Marlborough. Cordial invitations to "Blenheim," friendly letters upon American affairs (in which Marlborough was always interested), all these occur frequently in the correspondence. These few paragraphs were written by Mr. Young, at the time of Marlborough's death, Nov., 1892:—

The end came to the Duke of Malborough in the silence of night in the halls of his ancestral home. It was a sad end—even to one who had invoked the social censures which had fallen upon this nobleman and prince. He was a young man, heir to one of the proudest of English titles as the descendant of one of the most eminent English generals and statesmen. There are few of us who try to read who do not now see that the first Marlborough was the greatest Englishman since the Conqueror—worthy to be named with Cromwell, Wellington and Chatham—in some respects their superior. Duke of Marlborough, Marquis of Blandford, Earl of Sunderland, were a few of his English titles. To these were added Prince of Mindelheim, a German creation, and Prince of the Holy Empire, linking one, as it were, back with the Cæsars.

I am not strong in heraldic lore, but I know of no Englishman whose titles—as such things go—were greater than those of Marlborough. The Duke of Norfolk has Plantagenet quarterings. He is Premier Duke, and his ancestor was a soldier with Richard III. The Duke of Hamilton has three Dukedoms—Brandon in England, Hamilton in Scotland, and Chatelherault in France. Then he descends from The Douglas. The Duke of Argyle goes back to the Middle Ages to find a Highland source, while the Dukes of Grafton and St. Albans inherit their strawberry leaves from the dishonor of Charles II.

If the Duke of Marlborough, now lying dead at Blenheim, had realized his obligations to public opinion, he would have had a leading place among English statesmen. He was of the highest rank. His father was a Viceroy, and near to Beaconsfield. His brother, Lord Randolph Churchill, was a leader in politics, the most brilliant young Tory since Pitt. The Duke was allied in marriage to the great house of Abercorn, and by blood to the most powerful families in the peerage. He was a gifted man. With a frail form, and a worn countenance, he had what Carlyle calls the eye of genius, a striking, brilliant eye, which Lord Randolph Churchill likewise possesses in a marked degree.

The Duke of Marlborough was a cyclopedia of information. He studied abstruse themes; would take up geology or conchology or arboriculture if you happened to be walking with him. He was fond of the sciences—and especially of electricity. He wrote well and spoke with freedom and precision. His manners were simple, unpretending, persuasive.

My first acquaintance with Marlborough was in Dublin, when his father was Viceroy. This he renewed in New York and I saw a good deal of him. He was interested in the theories of Henry George, and seemed more anxious to meet Mr. George than any other American. I was the cause of his spending an evening with General Sherman, —the outcome a brilliant conversation, on California, Asia, farming, everything but war. Sherman cared nothing about war as a theme of talk, and Marlborough had no interest in the military achievements of his ancestor. He was essentially a man of science, a literary man, and as I have said and believe, if his foibles had not handicapped him, would have been an eminent man of affairs.

I note the will of the Duke of Marlborough, and some writings in the newspapers as to its strangeness. The Duke in the first place left a legacy of recognition to his son. Under the laws of primogeniture the son would inherit most of what was valuable of ancestral properties. Then one hundred thousand dollars to Lady Colin Campbell, and the remainder to his American wife, who brought him her estates to redeem the fortunes of Blenheim.

The legacy of Lady Colin Campbell recalled the proceedings brought against that lady by her husband, a younger son of the Duke of Argyle. The Duke of Marlborough was among those who was said by the husband to have made divorce necessary. Lady Colin Campbell won her suit and the jury declined the divorce. The evidence which led to the verdict was that of the Duke of Marlborough.

Cynical London said of Marlborough at the time, as of the Prince of Wales under similar circumstances, that he had "lied like a gentleman." I have no opinion as to that. The testimony of the Duke of Marlborough involved the severest censure of himself. He could have left London and avoided a subpœna, and made no such humiliating confessions. But he wanted to save a woman. He accepted the obloquy and she was saved.

Lady Colin Campbell came out of the business ruined socially, and so very poor that she was compelled to write articles in the society papers for a livelihood. The Marlborough legacy keeps the wolf from her door. He may have felt that he had in some way compromised her. At least his name—not then nor after of good omen—had been linked with hers to drag her down. So far as in him lay, she would swim and not sink.

There was a chivalry in this, questionable perhaps, but chivalry nevertheless, which adds to the many kind thoughts I have of the Duke of Marlborough. I knew how the world's hand rested upon him, and that in so many things he had merited it. But I remember so much that was considerate and friendly; so many gentle, polite and charmingly courteous doings to myself and others. I remember furthermore an intelligence more brilliant and a knowledge more ample than that of most men of my time, and I am glad when there comes a new reason to think well of his memory. I am persuaded that in the settlement of the Great Account much will be forgiven to the spirit which has driven the wolf from the door of the poor gentlewoman with her sad experiences and wretched broken life.

In recent years, so far at least as I know him, the Duke of Marlborough's life was that of an earnest, studious scholar. He was a young man, and in a country like England, where so much is pardoned to a Duke, he might have so far outlived his youth as to win a useful place. Those who knew him best believed that this was his purpose. Those who felt that so much rank, so much genius, and so many opportunities should not be lost, hoped for the best in this regard. But the night falls, and a broken life drifts into silence. Farewell to him; faerwell with hope for the best—hope and mercy, hope and hearty good-will. I recall nothing of the Duke of Marlborough but courtesy and kindness, and many winning, pleasant deeds. And shall ever think of him with gratitude and sorrow.

LOUIS J. JENNINGS.

(Feb. 10th, 1893.)

The morning news chronicles among other things the death of L. J. Jennings, formerly the editor of the New York *Times,* and at the time of his death member of Parliament from Stockport. I knew him well, and not a long time since spent a memorable evening at his house in London, now doubly memorable because it was the last time I was to see the illustrious Browning.

Jennings is worthy of remembrance in America, although we rarely hear his name. He came at the close of the war as correspondent of the London *Times,* which he had served in India. He fell into acquaintance with Henry J. Raymond—was an intimate familiar friend. When Raymond died he went on the staff of the *Times,* and became its editor. It was his purpose to accept American citizenship, and to that end took to wife Madeline Henriques, then a star on the Wallack stage. After editing the New York *Times* for some years, there arose a contest as to ownership. This ended in his retirement. He returned to England, joined the political fortunes of Lord Randolph Churchill and died a member of Parliament.

The one great service done by Jennings to the American people was his war on Tweed. He began it in the *Times,* fought it with unsparing courage, and won. It was the best bit of newspaper warfare in our history. And although Jennings had behind him the resolute support of George Jones and other owners, he was the head and front of the fight.

I have never, as an American, ceased to be grateful to Mr. Jennings for that high service. It was a wonderful clearing of the atmosphere now again murky with clouds as black and dangerous as those which then came from Tammany Hall.

Mr. Jennings wrote many useful books of a political and historical character. His life of Croker was his best, throwing as it did new light upon England during the regency and reign of George the Fourth. He was a sure, earnest, cogent writer, spoke with sincerity and a kind of pathos in his voice; was an earnest, straightforward, and if so minded could be an irascible man, with a vein of the gentlest banter and wit, and a tender charm of manner to those for whom he cared. He was proud of his American career, liked to dwell upon it, and was never more pleased than when Americans called upon him in London. The last time I was in the House of Commons, with Consul-General New, he sat with us, quizzically sketching in phrase-pictures the notable figures of the famous assembly. Gladstone, with the lion glare; Randolph Churchill, twirling his moustache; Balfour, his legs tied in a knot and his head on the back of the bench; Parnell, sombre and frowning; Labouchere, cynical and alert, as if he never saw so much fun and life was such a game; Chamberlain, with the ominous one eyeglass, which Jennings himself invariably wore; Morley, with his face of a Spanish Inquisitor, and Lord Hartington sound asleep.

I never was to see him again, for this visit to the House was on the eve of leaving London. He walked with us to the door of Westminster Hall, and showed us, among other things, the spot which tradition assigned to Charles I. when he sat on trial for his life, and Warren Hastings when impeached for India. His last words were messages to friends in New York, and as I read his name in the immutable roll this morning these words came back to me. He was a brave, honest man—a gentleman, scholar, friend. I had hoped that for the sake of England much still remained for him to do. But it was otherwise appointed, and now, likewise as with so many in these later weeks, Louis Jennings rests with God.

EDMUND YATES.

Another of the many friends whom Mr. Young loved, and whose death was a sincere grief, was Edmund Yates. Writing of his loss, he says:—

For two or three years I was an intimate friend of Edmund Yates. And although in recent times I have not seen him, a scattering message now and then coming as if blown with the winds from over the sea, showed that the friendship remained. His death brings sincere sorrow, although recent news from those who knew Yates gave cause for anxiety. He had long been ill and his death was not a surprise.

Yates was a distinguished man, with varied and graceful talents, and deserves a higher place in our annals than will be accorded him. The son of an actor, and descendant of a generation of actors, he had remarkable histrionic gifts, rare powers of mimicry, and could draw portrait after portrait of all kinds of folks, telling a story with grace and humor. Educated at the German university of Bonn, he was a good French and German scholar, and eloquent as a speaker. His literary work is known to us all.

As a writer, Yates had acquired the enervating habit of dictating, among the evils of this typewriting, stenographic, phonographic age. His novels were conversations, or improvisations, stories told and forgotten. Dickens and Thackeray wrote. Yates talked. But when he took pains, or wrote under a stress of feeling, he could do notable work. His attack upon Robert Buchanan for intimating that "Yates only went into society on horseback," was as terrible as Swift.

Yates, the kindest of men, never sought controversy. He would go all over London to serve you. There was no better counsellor, none so hearty, sound and wise. People liked to tell him secrets and impart their troubles. They were drawn toward him with a kind of interest, and friendliness breathed from those laughing eyes.

For many years Yates had had a hard tug with fortune, and was a good deal down at the heel. Dickens was his first and ever his firm friend. Dickens had known his parents, and saw not alone those exquisite qualities of wit and humor which made Yates the most winning of companions, but the serious manhood underneath. Yates was the trusty disciple of Dickens. When the news of the master's death came as a hurried morning newsboy cry, Yates standing at his dressing table, fell into a faint and for a time was ill. He never spoke of Dickens but as "The Master," and always with affection and reverence.

Yates used to tell me that Forster, who wrote the life of Dickens, "never knew him;" that Forster would bully Dickens until he was happy to escape toward the "Bull and the Bush" or some Hampstead tavern and have a night with the boys, like Sala, Mark Lemon, Wilkie Collins and himself.

The greatest of us are not above worship, and Dickens sat in a state of worship before this band of young men. He was their companion, mentor, business adviser, banker, bottle-holder, elderly uncle and parish beadle. So when Yates fell into quarrel with Thackeray, and solely, as he often said, because of his own boyish effrontery, Dickens went into the ring as bottle-holder. Thackeray was so vast, so dominant, so high and looming, that the young scapegrace of a Yates could not resist the shying of a stone. But for the giant to have shied back! Who would have conceived it? The blow would have been fatal to "Young Grubstreet," as Thackeray called Yates, if Dickens had not intervened his buckler and assumed the quarrel.

Yates told me that Thackeray was not aiming at him, but at Dickens. That Thackeray looked upon Yates as among the free lance crowd in service under Dickens, given to waylay whoever might come in "The Master's" road. Having seized one of the freebooters in the very act of sin, Thackeray meant to punish the master through the man. Thackeray stooped to conquer—and failed.

Yates discovered his luck at a time when fortune seemed irrevocably against him. He essayed his chance and founded the *World*. The money, five hundred pounds, was loaned by James McHenry. The idea came from Grenville Murray, and among the earliest writers were H. W. Lucy and Labouchere.

Grenville Murray, or as he loved to call himself Edward Chandos Plantagenet Grenville Murray, was a noted character. He took the family names of the Duke of Buckingham and displayed the Buckingham coat-of-arms in revenge for the Duke's inability to concede him paternal recognition. Murray was dumped into the diplomatic service, and became a member of the legation of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Stratford Canning of modern diplomacy. Murray wrote a sketch of Canning as "Sir Hector Stubble." Dickens innocently printed it. The sketch was so vivid that Canning received a mail bag full of marked copies from friends who recognized the portrait. You can read it now in a book called "The Roving Englishman."

Murray was the partner of Yates in the *World*, but it soon became evident that the author of Sir Hector Stubble was not the man for a partner. So Murray, who was an outlaw, in this, that he had fled from his recognizances, and could not come to London, was compelled to sell out.

The *World* was a paying interest from the outset, and Yates passed at a bound from the position of a man anxious over his household accounts to that of one with an income he could not spend. Prosperity did not spoil him except to make him cant about the Church, the roast beef of old England, the Queen and the whole royal family.

Edmund Yates created a new field of journalism. He told me that he found the idea in the United States.

In sorrow and with grateful memories I take leave of my friend. One face has vanished from dear England—a smile and a welcome that brought many happy hours. It has been my fate recently to say in these columns farewell to many who were dear to me, and the vanishing of whose light was as the falling of a star from my small firmament. I honored none more than I did Edmund Yates, and his going is a deep bereavement.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH GRANT.

Of Mr. Young's journey around the world with Grant, the public is familiar, chiefly, through his letters to the *Herald,* afterwards published in book form,—two volumes. It was a memorable trip and has become a part of history. During that voyage of two years, Mr. Young had rare opportunities for an intimate acquaintance with the General, and for a study of his character and intellectual qualities.

The result was a truer admiration and deeper appreciation of Grant in every way.

The following letters from the General relate to the intended trip. The title of "Commodore" was given to Mr. Young by Grant, and occurs throughout his correspondence.

ISCHL, AUSTRIA, Sept. 3rd, 1878.

Dear Commodore:—Your letter of the 29th of August only came to hand last evening. If I should go home by the east, I should be delighted to have you with me. Will always be glad to have you along, when it is convenient to you, in my travels. We will be in Paris, on our way to Spain, about the 25th of this month.

Our kindest regards to all.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

PAU, FRANCE, Dec. 8th, 1878.

My dear Commodore:—I am just in receipt of your note of 6th, from Madrid. On Wednesday, the 11th, we start for Paris and will be there the next day, either at

5 A.M., or about the same hour the next day, depending on whether we break the trip by stopping over at Bordeaux for the night or not.

On my arrival here, I found a tremendous mail and have spent two days, day before yesterday and to-day, in writing up, and have three or four more to write yet. After our arrival at Paris, we determined to make the trip eastward through India, China and Japan. As, in my letter to the Secretary of the Navy, while deciding not to go home that way, I reserved, in my letter of thanks for his kind offer of a passage in the "Richmond," the privilege of changing my intention, and to notify him if I did so, before the departure of the "Richmond" from America. She was to sail on the 10th of December. I telegraphed him on the 6th, from here, that I accepted his offer. Unless, thereafter, there is some slip we will go that way. I give you the earliest notice possible so that you may prepare to go. I shall be delighted to have you go, as Mrs. Grant is also.

Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

Dec. 23rd, '78.

My dear Commodore:—Mr. Borie sails on Thursday to accompany us to San Francisco. We can have "Boston." Bring the material from London with you. He will no doubt be provided.

Yours truly, U. S. G.

PARIS, France, Dec. 29th, '78.

My dear Commodore:—I have your letter enclosing one from old Gen. Patterson. You say Sec. Thompson's letter to you leaves the whole matter of your accompanying us to me. Of course, I not only want you to go, but shall be very much disappointed if you do not go.

Fred sailed yesterday on the "Britannic," to join our party. Mr. Borie did not get off on Thursday, but is to sail this week.

Governor Noyes and I leave here Thursday morning for Dublin direct. We will not be in London any longer than to pass from one station to the other. We take with us neither servant nor trunk; simply valises. Meet us at the station of the "Wild Irishman" at 8 o'clock Thursday evening, or at Charing Cross station a little after six.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

March 4th, '79.

Dear Commodore:—Just in from a ride through the city with Mrs. Grant and found your note. Met many merchants who accosted us on the street, and more beggars. Purchased from the former—at their own prices—and contributed to the latter. Will not be able to purchase your watches even at rate which pawn brokers would take them in our own country, but we will try to get through to Calcutta, even if we have to leave a hostage. I should fear to leave Mr. Borie, because he would contract such obligations that we could never redeem them. I suggest we should sacrifice Dr. Keating. By providing for four meals a day for him—with a lunch between each meal—he would be content. At Calcutta we can make all arrangements for the immediate future.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

BISMARCK—A PEN PORTRAIT OF THE IRON CHANCELLOR.

Writing in later years of incidents connected with the trip, Mr. Young in one instance thus describes Bismarck:

"So much is written in the newspapers, at home and abroad, about Prince Bismarck, his dismissal from the German Government, and his attitude toward the Empire, that certain glimpses of the man, as I saw him in Germany, with certain notes of his character and career, may be timely. I associate Bismarck with an event not without interest to American journalists, the advent of George W. Smalley, the famous London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. I can hardly call it an advent, because Smalley had done good work, and a great deal of it, as far back as Antietam days. A notable article which he wrote in 1866, called, if I remember, an "Afternoon with Count Bismarck," was the virtual introduction of the Prince to the American world. It was a masterful, prophetic article, and led the *Tribune* management to confide to Mr. Smalley the trust in which he has won so enviable a fame. The estimate then formed of Bismarck has since been justified by his transcendent career. Even now in retirement, and under the clouds of imperial disfavor, there is no history which may be studied with more advantage than that of the Great Chancellor.

One of Bismarck's warmest friends once described him to me as the most successful journalist of the century. The Prince, I was told, had mastered the science which may be rudely described as that of "working the public." This science, which has its own audacious piratical laws, as those of us who have been in the rougher departments of journalism have realized, Bismarck had applied to statesmanship. How to be talked about and how to have people say, whether good or evil, just what one wished said—Bismarck assuredly had this power. It was the observation of London journalists that when the Chancellor wanted one species of news in circulation, he would tap the *Times;*

when he desired another, it would be the *Telegraph* or the *Pall Mall Gazette.* It was easier, cheaper, more humane to supply the English journals with news than to fight England—a lesson which if Napoleon earlier in the century had learned there would have been no rupture of the treaty of Amiens. But in Napoleon's day journalism was a struggling influence, and not that mighty power which now claims to be an estate of the realm.

Recognizing this mastery of the science of working the public as attained by Bismarck, I never read stories about him without the impression, What has the Prince to gain by having this said? To the mind accustomed to this process of inquiry, the Bismarck stories become a literature of their own. With an antagonist like the sensitive, gifted, impressionable French, diplomacy by paragraphs has its advantages. If a debate ran beyond bounds in the Corps Legislatif, or the policy of revenge became truculent, a quiet allusion in the *Times* to certain conversations in official circles in Rome looking toward the restoration of Savoy to Italy, or the amount of indemnity France, with her increased wealth, could bear, or the importance of the Pyrenees to Spain and the peace of Europe, would have an instant effect. This diplomacy by paragraphs, when applied to French public opinion, was salutary. When applied to the internal affairs of Germany, it was an irritant. The exasperation in German official circles toward Bismarck, unintelligible to those who see him as a retired country nobleman, managing his forests and his brewery, is the outcome of the stream of paragraphs which came as surely from the Chancellor's mind, as if himself were the editor on duty. A Bismarck paragraph is as much a work of art as an engraving of Albert Durer, or a creation of Benvenuto Cellini. The student will readily see it. There is the master's hand. The innuendo, the humor, the daring periphrasis, the homely, fierce application, one could no more mistake it than he would a Lincoln story. Of the art of putting things to suit one's purposes the century has seen two masters, the President who carried Emancipation by his famous illustration of the Pope's bull against the comet;—and the Chancellor who destroyed the effect of the eloquence of Jules Favre's pleas for France, by the intimation that the French envoy had been whitening his face as actors do when they would depict grief.

When I saw Bismarck and had the privilege of sharing in some, to me, ever memorable conversations, this editorial faculty, the way of putting things, the terse, vivid sentence, the wayward humor, gave a power and charm to what he said. It was like taking up Swift or Voltaire after a course of summer reading of domestic fiction. How he sent some tremendous minor potentate of the governing class, quarterings going back to Charlemagne, whirling into space with the remark: "You see, he was not a Republican like you and I, but some mere ordinary, incurable fool of a Prince." I never open the "Almanac de Gotha," without looking out this transfixed and transfigured potentate, and seeing him pierced and wriggling under the Bismarck shaft. Truly a fearful power, and must have made this Chancellor a terrible comrade in imperial councils. His answer to the Emperor's patent elevating him to the Dukedom of Lauenberg was a masterpiece of contempt. "It will be useful," he said, "when I travel incognito in Italy." The superb insolence and humor of the response—a great Emperor fancying he was conferring a splendid fief, a dignity of mediæval splendor, and to have it tossed aside as if the Prince were giving a cast-off garment to his courier. I can understand the chagrin of the

Emperor. A less patient sovereign would have resented an arrogance worthy of Becket.

While in Berlin the conference was in session, and "so no one would have time to bother him." This was General Grant's cherished thought. So when the morning came, and breakfast was out of the way, it occurred to the General to look at Berlin. The courtesies would come in time —come soon enough to a traveler sated with ceremony. So we saw the town from the top of street cars, went one way and another, then viewed the outside of the Hohenzollern palaces, strolled about suburbs and into beer gardens, where revelers were dancing, and altogether absorbed our Berlin in off-hand, comprehensive, Bohemian fashion; no town more thoroughly seen and at more reasonable rates; fares on Berlin street cars reasonable and beer garden tariffs not very high. We returned to the hotel, and as the General was expressing his satisfaction at having had so useful a morning, quite ready to continue his journey, having seen everything, he looked at the table strewn with cards. "Fürst Von Bismarck, Reichkanzler," three cards! Cards from Beaconsfield, Salisbury, Gortchakoff, Waddington, Andrassy, Corti—cards even from a Major of the Guards below "in attendance," who had been sent by the Crown Prince to "wait on the General,"—all the town, in fact, had left cards! Grant stood in wonder. How did any one know he was in town? "Bismarck, Reichkanzler," three cards. "Yes, but Bismarck is a busy man," he said, "and why should I have him call upon me, when it is my duty to wait upon him?" Sure enough, but he had not thought of that in the morning, with the town to see, and pleasant summer weather and such comfortable street cars—and everything so cheap.

It had never occurred to Grant that all Berlin was waiting for him, and illustrious as were so many of the guests within the city gates that none was more illustrious than himself. But as he might have lived a thousand years without having such a thought, there was nothing but to accept facts as they were, and in some way undo the consequences of the oversight. And at once I must wait upon Prince Bismarck and convey his regrets, and ask what time the Prince would receive him. So with this errand I found myself on the way to the Bismarck palace. Entrance to a German palace under any circumstances was not easy in those days of Kaiser-shooting. It took time. Explanations to officers of various grades, cross-examinations, steady scrutiny, minute elucidations had to be undergone before I reached Count Herbert Bismarck. The Count, handsome and ruddy, explained that his father was presiding over the Berlin Conference, but that he would convey the message of General Grant. So the message was conveyed and audience appointed for the next day at four.

I saw Prince Bismarck at this time, was privileged to see him again, on three or four occasions, to gain a definite knowledge of his personality, to have later messages of remembrance that were grateful. He was then in his sixty-second year. I recall his sad, amusing moan over Grant's youthfulness as compared with his own worn lines, and how much better he deemed life in the field to life in the Cabinet. Bismarck was an imposing personality, a martial air, sitting tipped on the edge of his chair, spreading himself over the floor, caressing the large hound that crouched between his legs and looked suspiciously out upon Grant, who, resting in an easy-chair, talked in that quiet, calm, unchanging tone of voice. Such a contrast in the temperaments of the two men! Niagara seething over the granite rock, as it were; one all fire, energy, massive, restless strength, penetration in those shaggy brows, inspiration in that sovereign dome-like head, eyes swift, gleaming; the other, well, we all know Grant. As it was in the beginning so it shall be unto the end—that calm, sure, set face; the earnest eye, quick all the same to see and answer every flash of the Chancellor's turbulent Vesuvian soul.

There comes the fancy, in the presence of a noted figure, to seek for a standard of comparison among noted figures at home. Studying Bismarck from this point of view, he looked like a cross between General B. F. Butler and General Sickles. His profile recalled Butler, and the physical methods and economies of the man reminded you of the famous commander of New Orleans. His manner of talk, his expressions, his half hesitancy, the affectation of halting over a phrase to pick out just the word he wanted, the slight smack of the lips when the word came, with its just a little suspicion of pedantry, was so much like Sickles as to pass for an imitation. It might have been Sickles trying to talk English with a German accent. The hesitancy of the Prince, however, was manifestly that of a man thinking in one language and translating into another. He spoke English with a good and, at times, idiomatic vocabulary, now and then pausing over some word with many meanings to have the exact translation. His use of the word "human," for instance, and then in a second reaching out and catching on to the word "humane," which was the word he desired—this comes back to me as showing his sure grip on the niceties of our incongruous tongue.

Bismarck seemed ever a vast and wayward personality. To master, colleague or servant, unless you went with him, he must have been ill to get on with. In talking with him you felt the natural man. Nothing histrionic; all free, spontaneous, sincere. His greeting of Grant, his tall figure towering over that of the President and holding the one hand in both of his own; the swift, cordial inquiries about Sheridan; the affection with which he spoke of the old Emperor, then an invalid because of the recent attempt to kill his majesty; the vehemence of his denunciation of socialism, his avowal of himself as a typical Democrat, the Emperor and himself being he said "the two most prominent democrats in Germany;" his impatience over the free and easy government of Alsace and Lorraine; his acceptance of war as a necessary condition of modern civilization; his maxim that the most powerful nation in Europe was the one with the heaviest artillery; his appreciation of Gambetta, whom he regretted he did not know; his almost maternal respect for Thiers; his scorn for the gentlemen of the pavement in Paris; his repeated expression of his conviction during the civil war that the South never could succeed; his outlook upon the American Fatherland—America in time, as he laughingly said, to be the first of German, as she was the first of English, and would be the first of Scandinavian nations; his interest in our negro problem, and whether we would ever solve it; his proud remembrance of the fact that German friendship for the United States came to the royal house as a legacy from Frederick the Great; his shadowing the theory that America had her grave problems still to solve, and that the suppression of the rebellion was useful as showing the reserved strength to deal with what in time might try government and society even more than rebellion—from point to point the conversation of the Chancellor went flowing on and on like some Amazonian river broadening into the sea. Imagination and the consciousness of stupendous glory may have prepared me for the impression formed of Bismarck. I do not think so. Much journalism had made this writer at least cynical about greatness in men. Here, plainly, however, as apparent as the glaciers of the Alps, was a gigantic original intellectual force.

Rather more in the American, Lincoln spirit, was his story of how he kept peace at the Berlin Conference. "Oh, yes," he said, "we have differences and delicate questions. What else could be expected with such minds and such interests. The Frenchman sits near me, and we are good friends, and I do what I can to amuse him. Then there are Gortchakoff and Beaconsfield, and there is the duel—Gortchakoff all spirit. Beaconsfield all self-possession. The talk will sometimes run high and sharp words are spoken. As the room is large, the members rarely talk loud enough to be heard with comfort. So it is so easy when a delegate makes an angry speech, to ask him to raise his voice and make it once more, so that we may have the privilege of hearing it. That is an immense gain toward peaceful deliberation, so much fire goes out of a speech when you have to say it all over again. There are few of us who speak in temper without subsequent vexation. So to repeat a speech gives the speaker time to be sorry. Sometimes, however, that will not do. The speaker; and generally the Englishman or the Russian, is so angry that the more he thinks of his wrongs the angrier he grows, and the second speech is worse than the first, and everything will be on the blaze. Then I have my last resource. Like the great general I bring up my reserves. In an adjoining room I have a splendid set-out, especially in the way of drink—no buffet at the Prussian railway stations half so well appointed—everything, selected to meet the tastes of my noble and princely friends. Well, when the talk verges on the blaze, and Beaconsfield's face grows dark and set and poor Gortschakoff hobbles and scrambles to his feet in passion, which it was hard to do with his infirmities, I say, 'Gentlemen, I am tired and thirsty, and I think I would like to take a drink. And why not let us all have a drink?' That means a question of an hour at my famous buffet, and we resume our seats in better humor."

There was something so American in this description—such humor, good sense, perception of human nature—that I never recall it except as an illustration of the simplicity of Bismarck's genius, the simplicity inseparable, perhaps, from true genius; the going at a thing in a plain, direct way. Bismarck knew that men were men, and that there comes a time in men's lives when the buffet has undissuadable power. It is by this simplicity that causes are gained and battles are won.

Even as statesmen go in a nation where an emperor lived and ruled and a field marshal held his baton when they were over ninety, Bismarck is no longer a young man. As to his career—well, the career of such a man is not confined to his lifetime. No royal mandate can make or unmake the statesman, because even the decrees of a Hohenzollern do not run into history. Events made Bismarck, and he directed them to the glory of his country and his king. I can well believe the repeated asseverations of his faith in Providence, that he trusted in God as much as Cromwell and Washington—profoundly believed in God as the One who doeth all things well. It was only due respect to the Supreme Being to see that the guns did not moulder in the battlements. There was practical Christianity in that proud, sad, worn face—humility, devotion, but discipline and drill. Generations must come and go before we see the measure of his greatness, the compass and volume of his work. The crown that spurns him was his gift to the Hohenzollerns; the nation which is called upon to disown him owes its unity to his genius. There is justice and generosity in time. Who is the sovereign whom Richelieu served? Who was the master of Mazarin? What Emperor discovered Metternich, and who remembers whether the dukedom of Wellington came from George the Third or George the Fourth? Surely there is justice and generosity in time. Bismarck is one of the names of the century, a name to live with Lincoln and Napoleon. No royal command can eliminate it. Even now history, which is so often pitiless, sees in Bismarck the central sun of German unity, and the Emperors whom he served as so many happy, obedient stars who shine in his splendor with a contented glory."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

It was my privilege to know Mr. Lowell, and at one time to see much of him under circumstances that gave me an insight into a high and original character. And now as the shadows have fallen let me gather together some memories of the man as I saw him.

I had hardly more than an acquaintanceship with Lowell until we met in Spain. He was Minister to that country when General Grant visited Madrid. There was nothing of the anxiety which Bayard Taylor had shown when Grant was coming to Berlin, as Lowell had no *Tribune* responsibilities to explain. At the same time his interest in Mr. Sumner, the resentment he showed at the removal of Mr. Sumner from the Foreign Relations Committee, had far removed him from political sympathy with the General. I have an impression that Grant divined the feeling, because when he received in Bordeaux a most cordial letter from Mr. Lowell to be his personal guest at Madrid, it embarrassed him. "I feel," he said, with a smile, "as if I were rather afraid of Lowell." He sent a note of regret, giving as a reason that his party was larger than he could expect to take to a private house, and he would remain at the hotel, glad of some reason that would deprive his refusal of a semblance of discourtesy. When we arrived at Madrid in the early morning, Mr. Lowell was at the depot to receive the General. Nothing could have surpassed his attentions and courtesies during the stay. I know that General Grant formed a high opinion of Lowell, as under circumstances somewhat similar he had formed for Bayard Taylor. These were of the type of men, however, who had only to know one another to be friends.

When I met Lowell he was coming upon his sixtieth year—in the ripeness of his time and fame. He had an easy, nimble, New England way with him, rather slouchy than otherwise, with a singularly fine face, eyes that seemed to have their moods—gray, blended with blue; a countenance that in youth might have been extremely beautiful. "Might have been a model for the accepted portraits of Christ when the hair was chestnut and long." This was the criticism of a gifted woman who knew and admired Lowell. With the Bohemian touch in him, the slight ignoring of the extreme conventionalities, which only the most conventional of men, dukes, admirals and opera singers, can afford, and generally in a cloud of tobacco! It was impossible to be long in his society without receiving the impression that he was a man of genius, with the waywardness, the caprice of genius, disposed to dogmatize, to criticise at times; his mind ever reflecting and refining; apparently in a state of evolution, until you felt about it as when the dove had flown from Ararat,—would that it had some place where it could rest its feet. Out of a mood of caprice Lowell would suddenly blaze into radiant humors, become as attractive as the sunshine on a waterfall, the wittiest, the most serene, the most genial of men. I have seen him when he surpassed any one I have ever known in exquisite courtesy and appreciation. I have seen him when the clouds of indifference and contradiction rolled him into night. I saw him beaming with joy and honor, and likewise when sorrow came heavily upon him. Out of this contrast came the regard I attained for Lowell, and much of the tender reverence in which I shall ever hold his name.

A much traveled friend of mine once said that he had never seen so representative a gentleman as the gentleman from America. If I might write England and China in the sentence it would be nearer my own experience. But I have never seen a higher type of an aristocrat than the American—Wendell Phillips, Emerson, Sumner, others who still live, and whom I may not name. The American aristocrat is a type. He has the refined sentiment of aristocracy, without its burdens. He has to sustain no dignity of the peerage, simply his own. Lowell was an American aristocrat, with the bearing, the consciousness of the superior man. He was alive to the amenities and ceremonies of the Madrid circle in which he moved, the most aristocratic in the world. The science of etiquette he had mastered like a votary. He knew the right thing always to do, not what he should do himself, but what people expected of him. Once he was troubled about riding in the carriage with Grant. "I cannot," he said, "give the General the right hand corner, because that belongs to me as Minister, and I could never explain to the people here why I surrendered it even to an ex-President." I relieved him, so far as Grant was concerned, by the remark that the General would not notice what seat was assigned him, and if he did would be instant to recognize that a Minister, even in so small a matter, should not forget what was due to his place.

This is a trifle, a flicker as it were, but it threw so much light upon what to me at least were the picturesque qualities of Lowell. As my own sentiments upon the business of aristocracy have long been reduced to the formula, that I am rejoiced over the blessed heritage that has fallen to me as a Republican, and at the same time rather sorry that I was not born a duke, the aristocratic touch in Lowell was a charm. Moreover, it was with his blood. That insensible something which belongs to blood and race, which we repudiate and at the same time believe, which has no more express popular acceptance than the fact that out of the nineteen gentlemen who have been elected from the many millions to the Presidency, four have come from two families Lowell embodied. He belonged to the Puritan days. His ancestors had taken part in the foundation of the Government. Three of his nearest kinsmen gave their lives to save it.

I write of one,
While with dim eyes I think of thee.
Who weeps not? Who's fair and brave as he?

The "one" was Robert G. Shaw, the friend with "the firm set mouth and look made up for Duty's utmost debt," who was to fall leading his negroes at Fort Wagner. "The three" were his nephews, General Charles Russell Lowell, who was to go down to his death in the flush of Sheridan's marvelous victory in the valley; James Jackson, brother of Charles, mortally wounded in Virginia, and young Putnam, also his nephew.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin'
Three likely lads as well could be
Hahnsome an' brave, an' not too knowin'.
My eyes close up for rain; my mouth
Will take to tremblin' 'roun' the corners,—

and still on in more serious lines, throbbing with sorrow which I will not quote. There was something in the aristocracy that could trace such a line and feel that the blood which had made a country came from the loins from which he sprung.

During our visit to Spain Canovas was in power, at the head of a conservative ministry. Spanish Republicanism had gone down before the bayonets of General Pavia, and was no longer a vital, hardly even a respectable quantity. The radical leaders were in exile, Zorilla sullenly brooding in France over new possibilities for the Republic. General Grant had taken a special interest in the Republican movement in Spain, with a high admiration for Castelar. The brilliant Spaniard had been for a time president of the young Republic, had shown a warm interest in the United States, and notably in one or two speeches an extraordinary knowledge of the country. The hope of meeting Castelar had largely drawn Grant to Spain. They met at Hendaye, the frontier town between France and Spain, and journeyed on the same train as far as Vittoria, where the General remained as the guest of the king to witness some manœuvres, while Castelar went on to the capital. When General Grant reached Madrid, one of his first visits was to Castelar, then living, as I remember, in a modest apartment near the Bull Ring. The visit was an object of some comment in Madrid. In the first place an ex-President, having in the social courtesies to which his former place entitled him received semi-royal attentions, made first calls on no one but ambassadors and princes of the blood. There were many of the highest grandees of civilization in Madrid, and it was with something of a flutter that people learned that the ex-President had passed them by—ignoring them altogether I fear—visiting a private gentleman not much esteemed by them, a mere member of the Republican opposition, and who but for the easy good nature of King Alfonso would have been an exile.

However, General Grant had his own way of doing things, and had paid Castelar such honor as was in his power, unconscious of the impression he was making upon the hidalgoes and others of immense rank. Mr. Lowell had not been taken into his confidence, perhaps hardly knew of the call, which was informal and personal; but among other things, the General thought it would have a good effect, and show Mr. Castelar the esteem in which he was held, not alone by an ex-President but by the people of the United States, if he would give him a dinner. It would not be much of a dinner, not more than twenty guests, and he would select the guests most agreeable to the host and the Minister. When Mr. Lowell learned of the purpose he was in sore trouble. The General had simply expressed his intention of paying a personal compliment to the ex-President of Spain. As the tides were running in Spain that was enough. Mr. Lowell came to me in a state of consternation. He was shy of speaking to the General, or even of appearing to cross him; but there were consequences involved. As Minister he not only could not personally take part in the arrangement, but if it were given he might as well take his legation from Spain. Mr. Castelar was simply a tolerated person in Madrid, and any such honor as General Grant proposed would be an affront to the ruling classes.

I presumed, as I said to Mr. Lowell, that this mere statement of the case would be enough for General Grant, and would save the Minister, who was shy of what might seem to be a want of acquiescence in Grant's wishes, the trouble of speaking to the General. It was one of the peculiarities of Grant that, having made up his mind to do a thing, he was impatient of the processes of reasoning which made it necessary for him to change his mind. He could not see why, as a private gentleman, he could not select his guests at dinner. He could not see why, as an ex-President of one republic, he might not entertain the ex-President of another republic, especially when he wished to mark his sense of the friendly relations between them when they were rulers of nations. And, moreover, if the truth were known, he did not respect governments which came from military revolutions, nor thrones which rested upon bayonets, and especially detested whatever savored of Napoleonism. Alfonso had seized the throne in Bonaparte fashion, Bourbon as he was. Grant had half-hoped among other things that he would not meet Serrano because of the part that nobleman had taken in the coup d'état. To have his private actions governed by the susceptibilities of people whom he deemed as usurpers, who were in power from having thrown over a Republic by a successful revolution—this was not to be endured. It was with the utmost reluctance, and only, I am afraid, because the contingency was pressed upon him, that Mr. Lowell's mission would be at an end should he persist in his purpose, that I was requested to say that the dinner would be abandoned. General Grant, however, greatly esteemed Mr. Lowell, and that sentiment governed him in his reluctant and by no means gracious abandonment of the proposed dinner to Castelar.

This trouble, however, of which Mr. Lowell knew nothing, as I did not think it necessary to dwell upon the General's scruples, and which could only have been an embarrassment to his sensitive nature, was not so great as another, which assumed an amusing aspect. Mr. Lowell came into my rooms one morning in a somewhat perplexed mood, and asked me for the names of General Grant's "secretaries." I told him that for the time I was the only one holding the office and that my rank was only a brevet. Well, it was very strange! The foreign minister had sent for him that morning and said that the King was graciously pleased to agree to the request of General Grant, and confer upon his "secretary" the order of Charles III. I assuredly had borne no such message, and General Grant, so far from seeking decorations had declined them, telling Marshal MacMahon, the President of France, when offered the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, that having held from the American people an office the incumbent of which could not by law receive a decoration, he felt that he would only be showing due respect to the law by declining it. But for this he would have returned to the United States, his breast covered with every order from the Golden Fleece of Spain to the Chrysanthemum of Japan. This I knew, saying that the King's grace had been abused. Mr. Lowell made further inquiries, only to learn that the message had been received duly from Grant, and the royal commands had issued. There was the decoration, where was the "secretary"?

It came out upon inquiry that among those who attended Grant was a gentleman from the continent, Holland, I think, who acted as courier and looked after hotels and trains, and other modest, necessary duties. This gentleman was deeply impressed with the dignity of General Grant, with the importance of his service, and sensitive lest foreign countries should lack in appreciation of the ex-President. Among other things, he had learned upon conference with his fellows in attendance upon travelers at various taverns that the "Foreign Traveling Secretary" of the Prince of Wales, as the courier of H. R. H. was euphemistically called, had been decorated. This incident had made a profound impression in the courier world.

The more it was brooded upon the more it was evident that by some oversight, of Mr. Lowell perhaps, the Spanish Government had been wanting in respect to Grant. For assuredly if the "Foreign Traveling Secretary" of the Prince of Wales were to be a chevalier and wear the button of knighthood, no less an honor should be awarded to Grant. Otherwise the Spanish people would think that England was a greater nation than the United States, which would be a deplorable business. And as Mr. Lowell had not anticipated this contingency, the courier saw that he himself could best solve it by calling upon the Spanish Foreign Minister, and pointing out to his excellency not only how gratifying such a compliment would be to himself personally as a recognition of his unique professional distinction, but a surprising and agreeable compliment to the General.

The emotions of Mr. Lowell when the incident was traced home were like those of Pendennis, when, after his row in the ballroom, he received a challenge from M. Alcide Mirobolaat, Chevalier de Juillet. The prodigious fun of the incident could not have but one effect upon the wittiest man of the day. And as for the proposed chevalier, when under examination by Mr. Lowell, he was unconscious of any departure from propriety; he knew what belonged to the President as well as the Prince of Wales. He knew also better than any mere Envoy how such things were done, and how due access could be had to the royal ear, and he had only given the Spanish Cabinet official an expression of opinion as to his duty in the matter. Due explanations were made to the Foreign Office. The cross was never bestowed, and when we returned to Paris our proposed chevalier retired without, I am afraid, the best feelings toward the American representative.

Lowell seemed to love Spain. He enjoyed a unique distinction. Grant regretted that Lowell was not Minister to London. "He would be," he said, "an ideal Minister in England." There were various reasons for this opinion. The rare accomplishments of Lowell—his grace and courtesy, his entire appreciation of what gave splendor and acceptability to social diplomatic life, would have meant so much at the Court of Saint James. The very aristocracy of the man—I use the word in its highest sense—would have been at home in an English atmosphere. Furthermore the popularity of Lowell among the ruling classes in Spain, and the Minister's own sympathy with the new government, would have been reasons in the mind of Grant, whose thoughts were running more in the direction of Castelar, for his transfer to another and higher court. I do not think that Lowell believed that Spain was ripe for a republic. Grant did not think that there was a country in Europe that was ripe for anything else. The sympathies of Lowell seemed to be with the oldest and most venerable governments, and I remember his saying in a laughing way that he was afraid if he were a Frenchman he would be a follower of Henry V., "as it was so respectable." There was no such serious thought in the mind of Lowell, who was as Republican as Samuel Adams, but there might have been the fear, the housewifely anxiety that New England republicanism would not bear transplanting, that it would only grow in the stern New England soil. A superficial knowledge of Spain would have led to this opinion, and Lowell's knowledge of Spain was profound. Republicanism was to him, as to many who have studied French and Spanish experiments, such a blessed thing—for the twentieth century! And in the meantime since Republicanism had thus far failed to advance beyond Robespierre, Cavaignac, Louis Napoleon and other contrivances more or less questionable, since

Republicanism had been little more than a synonym for scandal,—such scandals as the Coup de État and the Reign of Terror,—what better than the institutions of a thousand years? When supplanted let it be by the sure, silent influences of education and time, and not by the violence with which continental republicanism was invariably born, and without which it had never thrived except in Switzerland and recently in France.

With this political trend in his mind, a Republican like Samuel Adams, but not quite sure that other than New England soil could support the strenuous, exhausting growth which had produced Samuel, with his fervid fancy and his entire appreciation of the wonderful color and glow of Spain, I can well see the reasons for Lowell's popularity. Moreover, his presence as our Minister was a compliment to this proud court and people. His fame had preceded him. He was known as one of the first of our scholars. His selection only emphasized the compliment paid in sending Washington Irving. He was the star of Spanish society, took the deepest interest in the literature and art of the country, and altogether served America as no Minister could have hoped to do. Mr. Lowell lived in a small, cheerful apartment near the palace. And at this time his home was illuminated and blessed by a gracious presence. No one could have seen it without seeing how much the tact, friendliness, consideration, the supreme qualities of a noble and gifted woman contributed to the triumph of a legation. These were the last days of that triumph. How often I have recalled with regret the fact that the light hours in which I met Mrs. Lowell were the eve of a terrible illness. Upon her life the sunshine was no more to fall. Illness—lingering, treacherous, irretrievable to the end! I refer to this partly because it enables me to bear this slight tribute to a noble memory, and partly because of the effect the illness of his wife had upon Lowell. When I saw him in London some months later—the change—the terrible change! Misfortune had hit him, and hit him hard. He was never the man I had known in Spain. The sorrow of months fell upon him with the weight of years—of stern, bitter years, the heart worn with barrenness and pain.

The influence of Lowell in England was what General Grant anticipated, when he said in Madrid that if he had his way London should be the post. I fancy it was somewhat like that of Burlingame in China. In the matter of records, clerical work, routine, I question if any Minister made a poorer show than Burlingame, and none a better than Humphrey Marshall. Yet in the matter of definite diplomatic achievement, the name of Burlingame stands first on the roll of American envoys in Peking, and no one would dispute the claim of Mr. Marshall to be the last. Burlingame was a personage in China, as Lowell was in London. What Burlingame did he did with his tongue, by personal address and tact, by winning and holding the confidence of the Chinese. Lowell seemed to repeat this career in London. I can well believe what I read that his personal advice to Gladstone had much to do with the Liberal leader's acceptance of home rule. He saw and could explain those advantages of confederated government which had proved so beneficent in the American commonwealths. Although not so well known as Longfellow or Poe as a writer, Lowell had a strong body of admirers. People as well known as Thomas Hughes used to lecture on him, and I remember the gifted authoress of "John Halifax" telling me of the impression his poems had made upon her, when as a girl she came upon the thin volume which ushered his genius into the world. Lowell believed in what was best in England, was as much at home in

Oxford as in his own Cambridge; believed in her cathedrals, systems and institutions; saw what perhaps his reason confirmed as a first step toward Democracy. Take it as a definite contribution to the peace of the two great English-speaking races and the mission of Lowell should have high praise.

It was that conservative influence, that insensible, instant reverence for the venerable, the deference to time which General Grant regretted to see in a country like Spain, needing as it did to his mind radical democracy, which followed the career of Lowell at home and limited his political power. Owing great honors to the Republican party, he was so rarely in sympathy with it. He venerated Lincoln and admired Garfield, but here his active Republican sympathies ceased. I fancy it came from his over critical instinct. Love made him an abolitionist, but as I heard Wendell Phillips once say he was "an abolitionist suffering from the chill of Harvard." He could be no more at peace with the active movement of that cause than with the active Republicanism of Blaine, Arthur and Grant. A Republican teacher and thinker who could never rise into enthusiasm for Republican leaders until they had received the consecration of assassination, would feel sure that his voice was echoless and silent. In his latter days this was the fate of Lowell. He remained in power while Republicanism governed, and then became an admirer of Cleveland. When Republicanism returned there was no place for him in its councils.

From the point of view that the Minister serves his country best who is the most agreeable to those to whom he is commended, no diplomatist had a higher place than Lowell in Spain. That, however, is not the point of view most pleasing to those to whom diplomacy is an appeal toward a proletariat—a democracy. If our ideas have any influence, if they should be expected to bear fruit, those who represent us abroad should represent them. This thought I have always believed governed the transfer of Mr. Lowell from Madrid to London, and that the advice upon which it was made came from General Grant, who, when he returned to the United States with his special knowledge of diplomatic men and things abroad, became with the President an authority upon whatever was done to strengthen our foreign service.

JOHN M. KEATING.

The death of Dr. John M. Keating, which forms a part of the sad bulletin of the week, is a distinct loss to his countrymen. Although Dr. Keating did not live until his work was done, he remained long enough for us to realize his value, not alone as a fellow citizen and fellow wayfarer, but as a gentleman of high attainments, of integrity, courage, piety and ambition. A member of the most self-denying of professions, he had mapped out a career of usefulness and industry. This was not to be. He had just passed forty when he died.

For a long and interesting episode in our lives I was in daily and intimate association with Dr. Keating, and thus came to know him so well. He was at the outset of his career, with the enthusiasm and joy of youth. He had accepted medicine with the alacrity and chivalry with which the true gentleman accepts his bride. His life seemed to be in medicine alone. Other things had a minor interest. And as his special studies went toward the distresses of women, and especially of children, his profession was a constant field for the manifestation of that chivalry, which was the highest part of his nature.

The health, the premonitions of the summons which has just found answer, would have limited the usefulness of a less energetic man. He toiled bravely on. Struggling with his fate as long as was possible under the inclement conditions of a Pennsylvania climate he went to the Colorado countries. I never had the fortune to see him after this departure, but an occasional note brought cheerful tidings not alone as to his work, but improved conditions of health. We knew this meant the inherent bravery of the man. Somehow there was always the sad thought among those who knew him best that the battle of life was one in which he could not hope to be victorious. That he lived so long and did so much should be a cause for gratitude.

Keating belonged to the princely type of men. He had enjoyed what comes from gentle birth, the refinements of society, lofty associations, and the outcome of this was seen in his training. He was a gentleman. With a broad nature, a kindly spirit, and a recognition of the reservations and complaisances of human nature, he was likewise pious and believing—eminently a religious man. He accepted the government of his Church as to the relations between man and his Creator, and his life witnessed the beauty of his faith.

I recall many days with Keating under other skies, when we wandered about the ruins of Delhi and were rapt with the beauty of Taj Mahal. I recall many days in China—the pageantry of never to be forgotten hours in Hong Kong and Canton. It was then that I learned to love the man, and to realize those noble qualities which did so much for his fellow men. And now as the frosts enfold his untimely grave I send his gentle, lofty spirit a message of affection and farewell. The memory, the example, the possibilities of such a life must be our recompense for what we have loved and lost.

Feb. 12th, 1880.

My dear Mr. Young:—I know how sad you were to hear of the death of your dear good friend, Mr. Borie. He appreciated you and took so much pleasure in speaking of you. Such friends are not easily replaced. I have forwarded all your letters to Gen. Grant; and he very much regretted you could not accompany him to Cuba and Mexico.

Your book is much quoted, and grows in interest.

Always your sincere friend,
Geo. W. Childs.

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48 Gower Street,
Bedford Square,
April 16, 1880.

My dear Russell Young:—I thank you most cordially for your superb gift. I am satisfied that our time has not seen a more attractive and instructive book. When it has been well read and studied, it shall have a place of honor on my shelves. How I envy you all your marvelous experiences!

Your sincere and grateful friend,
Justin McCarthy.

John Russell Young, Esq.

Upon receiving a copy of "Around the World with Grant."

CHINA AND JAPAN.

Mr. Young's visit to China and Japan was the beginning of a deep interest in Eastern questions, notably those affecting China; and his friendship with Li Hung Chang; and with the Imperial members of the Japanese Government. The most important event of the two years' trip, was his action with Grant, in urging upon China and Japan, an alliance for controlling the East. Immediately on Grant's arrival, Prince Kung, in behalf of China, sought the General's influence with Japan to avert war over the Loochoo Islands' controversy. Gen. Grant's judgment was to the effect that the two governments should discuss the questions at issue, and come to an understanding, without foreign intervention.

Mr. Young earnestly advised the representatives of the two governments to follow the General's wise counsel.

Li Hung Chang's appreciation is shown in this letter, the beginning of a long and intimate correspondence:—

VICEROY YAMEN, TIENTSIN,
5. Mon. 12th day,
July 1, 1879.

My dear Sir:—Since bidding you farewell at Taku I have not ceased to think of you, and I have now to thank you for your letter of the 23rd from Nagasaki, which tells me of your safe journey.

The remarks made by Gen. Grant to those who received him, when he first landed in Japan, regarding the importance of preserving friendly relations with other countries, and especially of avoiding the interruption of long existing peaceful intercourse with neighboring Governments, are regarded with pleasure as an evidence of the General's philanthropy and comprehensive grasp of the whole situation; and show that he has not forgotten the appeal made by my Government, and myself.

For this, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude. * * * I would feel much obliged, also, by your writing me fully upon the course of affairs, and I now avail myself of this opportunity to wish you every prosperity.

Yours very sincerely,
LI HUNG CHANG.

The Viceroy again writes:

TIENTSIN, Feb. 14th, 1881.

Dear Mr. Young:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your highly esteemed favors, dated 16th Nov. and 4th Dec., for which I thank you very much. * * * I was greatly obliged to you for the influence, you have already exerted in favor of China among your people.

Please give my best regards to my honored and dear friend, Gen. Grant, for what he has done and is doing, for my country and people.

I will forward your message to His Royal Highness, Prince Kung, and the others of the Chung li Yamen. I feel very much disappointed that Gen. Grant was not elected President of the United States, but no doubt Gen. Garfield is also a very good man. Please give him my compliments when you see him.

With highest esteem I avail myself the honor to be,
Yours very sincerely,
LI HUNG CHANG.

After Gen. Garfield's election, and at Grant's request, Mr. Young was mentioned as minister to China, but Garfield's death interposed, and the appointment was made by President Arthur in the spring of 1882. Mr. Young reached China in August, and one of the first to welcome him was the great viceroy. Arriving at Tientsin, August 9th, Mr. Young wrote:—"Arrived here tired. It is now 8.30 and at nine the Viceroy comes to return my call in splendor. As soon as the Viceroy calls, we leave for Peking."

Mr. Young's first letter home thus describes the Legation, where so much of terror and bloodshed was to be known in the after years.

PEKING, Aug. 14, 1882.

At noon yesterday under a shining sun, my chair swung into the courtyard of the American Legation, and I was finally at the end of a long trip. We had been four days coming from Tientsin, a journey of less than a hundred miles. Heavy rains came and we had to tie up to the banks and there huddle in from the showers.

I have written to Prince Kung for an audience, and then I shall take charge.

The grounds around the Legation are larger than I fancied. Holcombe's house is a beauty. Ours, though larger, is forlorn, and rather barny. The furniture is scant, and there has not been much repairing done in recent years. In the main building there are three bed rooms, and bath rooms, a drawing-room, a sitting-room, and an office. The dining-room will accommodate twenty.

There are two out-buildings that can be used as chambers. They are called "out" but connect with the house. These can be used for guests. There is stabling for four horses, servants' quarters, out houses. The grounds are pretty, a dozen trees large and small, a lawn, that needs trimming, a wall, a gate-house, and a pole from which the American flag floats. The drawing-room will have to have a new ceiling. The paper is not in good repair. We shall have to buy a new carpet for the drawing-room. The paper is cheap, and I am afraid when the $4,000 was spent by the Government, there was a good deal of swindling.

I came in very tired, and very lonely. There are so many things disheartening, an enormous mass of business, and just now a Corean question, which led me to send the "Monocacy."

My first responsibility is a very grave one, and as I lay in bed, and thought it all over, and saw one ugly, black giant after another, start out of my fancy, and saw so much work to do, I lay awake and thought, and thought, and thought, and then resolved simply and sternly that I had done the best I could, that I would still do so, and the consequences must rest with the power to whom pertaineth all power.

PEKING, Aug. 18, 1882.

I have just returned from my official visit to the Prince Imperial, where I was received as Minister by His Highness and the Cabinet. It had rained all day, but the sun came out. At 1.30 I was swung aloft in my official chair, with horsemen ahead, and Holcombe following in an official cart drawn by a mule. The road was about as bad as could be, for a half hour. When we reached the Yamen or Palace, the members of the Cabinet, all in yellow gowns, came to the door and we saluted in Chinese fashion. Then we passed into another Court, where the Prince received me alone, and led me to a dais or seat on his left—the Chinese post of honor.

The Cabinet sat around an oblong table covered with sweetmeats, cakes, watermelon seeds, Chinese confections. Then a hot wine was poured from a teapot into sherry glasses. The Prince who is the brother of the last emperor and the uncle of the present, is a striking person, with a curious way of pursing his lips and half closing his eyes, and talking in a clear voice.

His reception of me was very cordial. I said that the President had commanded me to convey to his Highness and to his Majesty the assurance of the best wishes of the United States, and so on and so on. The Prince said I was especially welcome as I had been here before, knew China, and had a good word for the people.

Then I drank the wine, draining my glass, and talked to the others. All were men of the highest rank. Holcombe acted as interpreter. The Prince asked me many personal questions. The interview lasted about a half hour, and as I left the British Minister came in to take his leave. I am pleased to know that my reception was so cordial.

To-morrow the Prince returns my call. My reception of the Prince, however, is my official entrance upon the office of Minister.

I have been very busy since I came. I dined with Sir Thomas Wade, and called on the other Ministers who are here, only two, I think, the Jap and the Frenchman. I have written several despatches, one long one on the Corean question, explaining why I ordered the "Monocacy" to Corea. It was a grave responsibility to accept at the outset, but I think the government will approve.

Confidential.

TIENTSIN, 7th February, 1883.

My dear Friend:—I have read with much interest your confidential letter of the 20th ult. in which you gave me valuable information respecting the Canton Indemnity Fund, with your clear and decided views thereon, for which you have my sincere thanks. It would seem that the Fund which has been in existence for a great number of years, should, in justice to China, have been returned to her long ago; but for want of a competent person to take the matter up, it has not yet been paid. Now that you have kindly promised your good offices for obtaining repayment to China of the fund—principal and interest,—I sincerely hope that you will at your earliest convenience bring the matter to the attention of the State Department in Washington, with an earnest request that the same may promptly be attended to and the sooner the better. I would also beg you to be good enough to write to General Grant and those various Senators and Representatives mentioned in your letter invoking their aid and co-operation, and to use your great influence and best endeavors for the cause so that the said fund may be speedily returned.

With reference to the American citizens' claims about which Mr. Holcombe has by your instructions come to Tientsin, I am pleased to say that a satisfactory arrangement has been come to for their settlement, though the details of which I need not relate here, as I have no doubt Mr. Holcombe has ere this made you fully acquainted with them. I may, however, mention that in consenting to the arrangement, I conceded as much as I possibly could, consistent with my public duty. I did this because I did not wish that a money question, however small, should be left unsettled in view of the close friendly relations now existing between China and the United States, and because I desired to do everything in my power to oblige you on account of our friendship.

I remain, with best compliments,

Your sincere friend,

LI HUNG CHANG.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 28th, 1882.

My dear Commodore:—Your very welcome letter came to hand about ten days ago. I should have written to you before, and have no excuse for not having done so except chronic laziness. But there has not been anything of special interest to write about that you do not get from the papers. The result of the election you have heard from and were no doubt surprised. The defeat was expected, but the magnitude of the defeat was a surprise.

It was deserved, and it is to be hoped the lesson will be appreciated. The fact is—aside from the half breed and the mock reform defection—the country has grown tired of war taxation in time of peace. The Democrats have been about as much to blame for the continuance of this taxation as the Republicans; but the latter having control of the government are of course held responsible. My family are all well, and all enjoyed reading your letter. I hope my old friend, Viceroy Li Hung Chang, is well. I have no idea of the cause of the delay in manufacturing the gun which I ordered for him. If it is ever made I will forward it by the first opportunity.

It is gratifying to me that the Corea question passed off without a conflict between China and Japan. A war between those two nations would be as disastrous to both —no matter which came out victorious—as a civil war in any other country. I hope Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang will see this.

With the kind regards of all my family.

Very truly yours,

U. S. Grant.

Gen. Grant's high opinion of Mr. Young's diplomatic services appears in the following letter:—

My dear Commodore:—Your letter of the 8th of March is received; I really feel ashamed that I have not answered your letters more promptly. All you have written me, up to the above date, have been received and read with great interest.

You have, unquestionably, conducted your duties with great skill and ability, and as I had occasion to remark within the last few days, have accomplished more than all our Ministers to China combined, since I have been acquainted with our relations with that country.

Your former acquaintance with Li has, no doubt, been of great benefit. If you can keep the two countries, China and Japan, from laying hands on each other, you will have rendered a service worthy of any mission. Such a conflict could only end in disaster to both, because, no matter which power proved the stronger, it would end not only in exhaustion of both, but in European powers intervening and compelling a peace, humiliating and degrading to both. * * * * The papers keep you pretty well advised of the situation in this country. * * * * There is no possible hope for the Republican party in 1884, except in the folly of the Democrats in the State and National Legislatures, between now and then, together with the position they are being pushed into on the tariff. * * * *

Present my kindest regards to Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang, and assure them that I feel a deep interest in all that concerns them and the East generally.

Very truly yours,
U. S. Grant.

Upon the election of Cleveland to the Presidency in 1884 Mr. Young wrote of his intended resignation:—

* * * * "The last mail brings us news of the election for the first time, a month after the event. I am very sorry for Blaine; he had my warmest sympathy, but it looks as if his nomination threw away the canvass. * * * * About my own movements, I have nothing to suggest. Cleveland will want my place, and I think of going home in March as soon as navigation opens. The war may control that. * * * *"

LI HUNG CHANG.

A Character Sketch of the Premier of China.

In 1879 when returning from Asia in the company of General Grant, he spoke of the men whom he had known in his journey around the world—especially the sovereigns and statesmen of European and Asiatic nations.

"I have met on this journey," he said, "four great men, Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Gambetta, and Li Hung Chang. I am not sure, all things considered, but Li is the greatest of the four." With Gladstone and kindred enthusiasms, and no special admiration for the political career of Lord Beaconsfield, I recall my impatience over this judgment. But General Grant, intense in his single-mindedness, and the depth and sincerity of his feelings, saw European statesmen, face to face as he had seen them from the camp-fires of City Point. He never forgot, and down in his heart never forgave any apathy to the Union cause. He took unwonted trouble to meet the Duke of Argyle, greeted John Bright with a sentiment akin to adoration, and undoubtedly regarded Tom Hughes as one of England's greatest men. They had been the champions of the North. It was with reluctance, assuredly with indifference, the courtesy of the head, and not of the heart, that he greeted statesmen whom history will place far above Argyle or Bright. But to General Grant they were simply partisans of the South. Lord Beaconsfield, however, had given the North his sympathy. It was undoubtedly a problem of mathematics with that statesman, a presumption justified by what he said to General Grant and myself in Berlin in 1878.

He knew that it was impossible for the South to win, and England should never weaken her empire by an unavailing and precipitate enthusiasm for an impossible cause.

How far the career of Li Hung Chang will justify the estimate of Gen. Grant, history will show. But he is undoubtedly one of the notable men of the century. When I first saw him in 1879 he was in the fulness of activity, an alert, imposing personage; tall, with a soldierly bearing, and the touch of the poet in his glittering eye. He had less of the passive Oriental manner than was common to Eastern statesmen, the result, I presume, of much contact with foreigners. He would give you the English grasp of the hand, or more likely rest his hand upon your arm in a gentle caressing way when taking leave. He had an abrupt and at times, turbulent manner,—with capacities, I was told, for vehement anger,—and there were occasions when courtiers and high people would seek safety in flight, as was the custom in Berlin in that era of flying bootjacks and imminent cudgels when the father of Frederick the Great was king. Li was never vouchsafed to me, in this condition, was always a stately imperative person, with a capacity for asking questions, and given to mockery and banter and unique views of western affairs. He welcomed talk running into narrative, did not disdain gossip, liked to hear of the customs of other lands, relished anecdotes of eminent men,—Lincoln, Grant and others. He had read international law, and I remember his handing me a copy of Wheaton in Chinese, and asking me to point out the passages in which Wheaton had laid it down that a negro should have more privileges than a Chinaman. The Viceroy intended this criticism as an offset to some demand I was presenting, for in his soul he cared no more for the emigration question than the average American does for the Digger Indians in Lower California, and when I implied as much, he turned it off with a laugh. It was the only conversation I ever had with him on the burning issue of emigration. He called it "an English trade question," and cared nothing about it.

Li Hung Chang was princely in his courtesy, considerate, strove to divine some way of conferring a favor. would if possible, anticipate your wishes, and do it offhand. He would send his steam yacht fifty miles to render a service to the ladies of the legations. His industry was incessant, and he kept in touch with everything. He would innocently read telegrams passing to Peking through Tientsin, and if at all vague would send inquiry to the receiver as to their meaning. I remember that a foreign Minister heard of the death of a member of his family through a message of condolence from the Viceroy, which arrived before the despatch containing the news. The despatch had been entrusted to the Viceroy and was belated in its delivery. This tendency of the Viceregal mind to keep informed, by other people's telegrams was, if rumor was correct, utilized by some of the embassies. It is said that when negotiations came to a hitch they would be advanced by a confidential message of a warlike character addressed to an admiral through the Tientsin office, advising him to prepare for serious business.

Li was ever a Chinaman, and not superior to the superstitions of his race. There were stories of his adoration of a snake, at one time current in diplomatic circles. We look upon such performances very much as a Chinese observer would regard the acceptance of the "Real Presence" by Napoleon of the doctrine of eternal wrath as expounded by Cromwell. As a matter of fact, it was in the simplicity of his greatness, as history records of most men of his stamp, that Li did not disdain the superstitions of his people. Essentially a Chinaman, it is difficult to make such a character clear to the Western mind. Learned beyond any man of his class, and yet his learning would be ignorance to us. He knew a few English words, which he would speak in a timid, laughing way, like a child with a Christmas toy which it did not quite comprehend. Otherwise he was familiar with no other language but his own. It was beneath his dignity to acquire the barbarian forms of speech known as European and French. He would not say this, because he was too polite, but it was in his innermost thought. He resented what had been done against China by Western powers, and would break out into bitter words and sum up England's part in the opium wars, the Japanese attack on Formosa, the spoliation of the Northern provinces by Russia, and the French invasion of Tong King, as showing that China had no friends among foreign nations. Her very love of peace was turned against China. He was tolerant of the missionaries, indulgent, caring nothing about them. I never could persuade him into serious talk on the missionary question. He rather spoke of missionaries as a great land-owner would of some gypsies who had encamped on his estate. So long as they left his chickens alone, he did not care. In medical missionaries, he took a deeper interest, and among his contemplated reforms was the introduction of Western medicine. "If these people," he said to me one day, "ever come into the Chinese heart the physician will open the door." The theory of any body of men and women coming over the sea to a strange land and enduring hardships for the good of the people was something no Chinese intellect could comprehend—not even the intellect of Li Hung Chang. There must be some ulterior purpose. And he would insist upon associating the gospel with the sword, and see in the devoted persons who stood on the high-ways and preached Christ, the men who had battered down the Taku ports and forced opium upon China. I cannot call it altogether obliquity of vision. It was rather an unfortunate coincidence of circumstances. The faith of the Bible was compelled to bear in his eyes the stain of the sword.

The Viceroy's special grievance was opium. This was the curse of China. It was debasing her best people into a condition worse than slavery. It had been forced upon them so that out of its revenues England might govern India. Here was a drug—a government monopoly in India—sold at an incredible profit, and yielding India an annual income of several millions of rupees. China paid more for opium than she received for silk. I spoke to him once about the increase of the poppy crop in China-fields red with the flower—and suggested that it would be well to strike the evil at home. His intention, he answered, was to encourage the growth of the home poppy until the India supply was driven out. Then a decree from the throne would destroy opium in China and turn every poppy field over to rice and wheat.

It was never an easy matter to transact business with Li, and yet I always found him a man of his word. He would turn a question over and over again—look into it minutely,—quick to detect the slightest error in your statement. It was never safe to go to him without having your case prepared. He would take nothing for granted, nor accept "assurances" or "understandings." No Rialto usurer was severer in the reading of the bond. Blandishments or menaces were in vain. He knew the tension which each state would endure, what was meant by Gladstone or Salisbury ascendency in England, and the meaning of Democratic or Republican advent to power in the United States. He knew how to play one against the other,—when to give a significant smile to the ambassador of one power, or a no less significant shrug to the envoy of another power. He never overlooked the relations between Germany and France, nor neglected the jealousies of Russia and England. But when once you had an understanding with Li—a complete accord—the matter was done. He never professed affection for foreign powers, and was free from sentiment so far as they were concerned. If he ever had sentiment as regards foreigners, it was toward General Gordon and General Grant. But to the average foreigner Li was the man behind the counter—his business to make the best bargain. You came there to serve your purpose; he would serve that of China. He had no pride of opinion as against a fact, and once the fact became patent, he would follow it to its conclusion with logic and courage. In this, Li was unlike any other statesman I ever met in China, and it gave a reason for his prolonged tenure of power. The advances of Li to the foreigners in China were never received graciously, and he ceased to make them. I was with him on one occasion when he visited Shanghai, and the attitude of the foreign population was that of indifference or contempt. I think he was invited to one or two houses, and made an afternoon visit to a rural club, looking at a game of lawn-tennis. Otherwise he was ignored. The commercial classes in the East never estimated the Chinese except as factors in commerce. I remember the disappointment of Sir Harry Parkes over this failure of his own people in Shanghai to bestow on Li the attentions his rank and his general policy toward foreigners deserved. There may have been a deep policy in their attitude, but I never could understand it except upon the theory that the only way in which to deal with the Orientals was after the fashion of the East India company. The success of that famous commercial experiment would have justified the belief. But there was this exception. The Chinese and the Hindoos came from different races. The effeminate, submissive, compliant Hindoo, enervated under the searching Indian sun, was another being from the Chinaman, who lived in temperate lands, and could endure the severest tests of civilization.

Although the Viceroy was wedded to peace he had his valiant moments, and at times he would lose temper, and especially with Japan. The growth of Japan in Western ideas, her pains with her army and navy, the introduction of Western school systems, Li watched with suspicion. Why should the Japanese want to be Europeans? Were they ashamed of their ancestors? Why not, with the color, the poetry, the art, the faith, the history, the legends of an immemorial past, remain Japanese? "How would I look," he would say, "in French clothes, or talking French,—eating French food?" The sweeping of Japan toward Western customs he would discuss in a bantering way, seeing the comedy side and viewing the phenomena as indicating weakness and indecision in the Japanese character. He was an inflexible, conservative Chinaman. He would not remove a button from his garments, or a hair from his pigtail. So it had been for centuries. So the fathers had appointed. So it must ever be.

The impressions thus made upon Li by the "advancement of Japan toward civilization" led him to underestimate that country. There had been irritating questions arising out of the Japanese expedition to Formosa, and Japan's claim upon the Loo Choo Islands. These had been adjourned rather than settled, leaving the Viceroy in a temper with his bustling neighbor. But his special concern were the armies of Japan. Nor was he deceived as to their ultimate purposes. "The only nation

Japan can fight," he would say, "is China. And why war upon China? We have no designs upon Japan. Of what use the few islands that compose her kingdom, to one of the largest empires on the earth? It taxes human endurance to govern what we have. We are not an invading people and why this army and navy? It can have but one aim. When that aggression comes, China will sweep Japan from the face of the earth."

While these were the opinions of Li in his valiant moments, they never interfered with his steady policy of peace. He was sedulous to maintain terms with Japan. I know this, from personal knowledge, as time and again he requested me, as Minister, to do him some good office at Tokio, looking toward peace. It was to our government that he always turned when peace was in peril. In this he was sustained by the high-minded nobleman who then represented Japan in Peking, Count Ennomotto, now a member of the Mikado's cabinet. Count Ennomotto was a passionate believer in peace, seeing in war only the playing by Japan the game of Western aggression. To his patience, wisdom, and untiring zeal, sustained by the American government, I attribute the maintainance of peace with Japan at the time of the war between China and France. If Japan had taken part in the contest, and allowed her ports to become the base of French operations against China, the result would have been disastrous to the Celestial Kingdom. The Viceroy was grateful to the Japanese and especially to Count Ennomotto for averting this catastrophe. And when Japan, as a further earnest of good will, sent a special embassy to China, headed by Count Ito, the present Japanese premier, the Viceroy received it with honor, and saw in its coming a crowning victory in diplomacy.

I recall the importance attached to that Ito embassy, hoping as we did that it was the end of strained relations between China and Japan.

I had many conversations with the Viceroy regarding it. So far as Japan was concerned he had been profoundly influenced by the advice of General Grant, whose last words to him, when leaving China, had been that a good understanding between the two nations was essential to their autonomy and development. The General had repeated this advice in letters from Japan, and in others to myself which I had duly conveyed to the Viceroy. I suggested that it would have a happy effect if he would return Count Ito's visit, and go to Japan as the head of a stately embassy and see the Japanese for himself. I knew the Mikado would honor him, and believed that personal intercourse with the rulers of Japan would improve relations. He would thus be following the custom of other nations. What would have become of such an embassy it would be idle to anticipate, but I am confident it would have been a long step toward that complete understanding between the two nations so essential to their independence, and that it might have tended to prevent this deplorable war.

THE VICEROY AND THE UNITED STATES.

The policy of the Viceroy toward the United States was amity. He believed, as he would say, in his cynical way, that the United States was the one power which had nothing to gain by assailing China,—that it was our selfish interest to be friendly, and therefore he could have no anxiety. Moreover, we were a power that had put two million of men in the field, and that was a potent factor in the Oriental mind. He aimed at the closest commercial alliance with us, and was ever willing to come more than half way. He sold his China Merchant Steamship Company to American merchants, because, as he said, if they could not fly the Chinese flag he preferred to see them under the American. These relations were strengthened when the American Legation departed from the old policy of co-operative action. This policy, when studied, simply meant in practical experience that when matters went to please Great Britain there was joint action. Otherwise, there would be no action until Great Britain was pleased. And as there were few questions in which the United States were concerned, it was deemed best for the American interests that the Legation should act alone, and, like its British associate, unite in "joint action" when such a course served the United States. The Viceroy understood this attitude, and our relations were ever cordial. There were few points of foreign policy that were not submitted to us in an unofficial form. Although the Viceroy did not live in Peking, but at Tientsin, some eighty miles away, and although he never took part in the deliberations of the Foreign Office in the presence of foreign ambassadors, he was in constant touch with it. Nothing was done without his consent, and when a question became critical a journey to Tientsin by the foreign Minister was the only way of drawing it to a head.

I recall one incident as showing how closely the Viceroy held his fingers on the pulse of the machine. One evening Sir Harry Parkes, the British minister, came to our Legation. Sir Harry Parkes had been in the East for nearly half a century. Beginning in his boyhood as a student interpreter in the English consular service, he had risen to be Minister to Japan and Envoy to China. I knew him on terms of intimacy, an intrepid, untiring, vigilant gentleman, with acute, wide intelligence, prudent, painstaking—the kindliest of souls, but given to bursts of anger when matters would not yield to his indomitable will. Parkes had known China in opium war days better than in recent years, and his theory of dealing with the Chinese had been formed upon a study of the character and career of Warren Hastings. The Indian proconsul was his one admiration, and his favorite walking-stick had, as he told me, been given to one of his ancestors by Hastings, and was a treasured heirloom in the family.

A temperament like that of Parkes, trained in the school of Warren Hastings—the belief that force was the only influence the Oriental would respect—was not calculated to have smooth experiences when opposed to Li Hung Chang. There was always a ripple in their relations, which, to say the least, prevented diplomatic society in Peking from becoming stagnant.

When Sir Harry Parkes came into my room he was half indignant and half amused over an incident at the Foreign Office. He was pressing some question upon the Ministers. It was a just English claim, one of unquestioned merit—which had been hanging and hanging—delays vexatious and inscrutable and no longer to be endured and so he was arguing his case with feeling. And yet in the middle of his statement the Ministers arose in a body and left the council-chamber and he came away—and he could not but see in that action a rudeness which he was not disposed as a British Minister to endure.

Sir Harry Parkes in repose was ever an animated being, but Sir Harry Parkes in a state of debate—especially with Chinamen—had in him cyclonic vibrations. His deep blue eyes, the questioning forehead and menacing eyebrows, the clanging, strident voice and the tendency to hammer the table with his fist, or send the nearest book or inkstand careering on some errand of emphasis, were apt to create a sensation in a tranquil Chinese council-chamber. And as there could be no act of rudeness in Chinese eyes so inexcusable as expressing argument by violent gestures the question arose as to whether his deportment had not been misunderstood and whether the Ministers may not have left because they thought that he meant to insult them.

Sir Harry averred he had done nothing that he had not seen Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli do in the House of Commons, and the slight was not to be endured. He knew his course and simply came to tell me the news as his colleague and friend.

But the atmosphere of the House of Commons with its turbulent horse-play is one thing, while that of a calm Oriental Yamen is another, and I was not surprised to learn from a member of the Cabinet, who came after Sir Harry had left, that the foreign Ministers had never been so insulted as by this irascible Envoy—that he shook his fist at them and looked as if he meant personal violence and that they never would see him again.

Here was a Minister threatening to take down his flag because the Cabinet had insulted him, and the Cabinet resolved to send him home because he had been rude to them, and yet with no thought of offense in the minds of either party—nothing but good will. And although from this point of view, the incident was amusing, it was a quarrel boding no good.

I was puzzling over the business, seeing how it stood, and yet not clear as to what intervention might do, when next morning a messenger rode into the Legation yard with a letter from Li Hung Chang. He had ridden all night from Tientsin—haste, post-haste! Li had heard of the quarrel by telegraph, and was alarmed. There must be some way of ending it. China could not be on ill terms with Great Britain; and he had advised the

Cabinet to make a settlement, and to take any suggestion that our Legation might offer. And above all I was not to introduce his personality into the controversy or quote him as having given advice. I would know from his letter the heart of the Chinese government. There was no difficulty in conveying from one party to another the assurance that no insult had been intended by either; that it was an unfortunate misunderstanding, and that they should meet on the old terms as if nothing had happened, with no allusion to the incident or any of its details.

It is the custom—one of the evidences of that devotion to father and mother which distinguishes the Chinese above other people—that when either parent dies the sons shall resign honors and employments to repair to the ancestral tomb, and there in sackcloth and ashes mourn for a long period. When I was in China as Minister there was speculation in political, and especially opposition, circles as to what would happen upon the death of the Viceroy's mother. She was then in extreme old age—up in the nineties—and in the course of nature must soon pass away. This meant the resignation of the Viceroy—his enforced retirement from all office and a political revolution.

It came to pass in time, and Li hurried home to celebrate the rites at his mother's grave. His brother, Viceroy at Wuchang, accompanied him. Li had finally gone, and then what! Opposition had full sway, and before the season of sorrow was over his place would be filled and his power a memory. Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, came a decree from the throne, signed with the vermilion pencil, commanding Li to lay aside mourning, and at the end of three months resume office. Such a decree was without precedent. To suspend the mourning rite in

Chinese eyes was as if the Pope were to suspend one of the sacraments. But the Emperor was sacred and the command was supreme. His brother, Li Hang Chang, was permitted to remain at the tomb and do the filial reverences. Li Hung Chang returned to Tientsin.

I was at Chefoo when the summons was issued, and one morning I saw the Viceroy's yacht come into the harbor. I sent my duty, and said that if a visit would not be an intrusion upon his period of mourning I would go on board and pay my respects. His staff officer came with not only a cordial invitation, but the expression of an earnest desire on the Viceroy's part to see me. I had had an idea, based upon the way in which sacrificial duties are performed at home, that the sackcloth and ashes and physical privations were perfunctory or sentimental. But when I met the Viceroy I saw the signs of mourning. He looked like a starving beggar. He wore the coarsest raiment. His beard and forehead had not been shaved, and his queue hung down from a clotted mass of hair. Lines of sorrow streaked his face, and his hands were grimy as if he had been lying in ashes. And yet this was a nobleman, careful as to comeliness in person and the niceties of raiment, rather disposed to ostentation than otherwise. There was every evidence that this, the first man in the empire, had been as if he were its meanest subject, down in the very dust, in privation and penance, doing reverence to his mother's memory as appointed by faith. A few days later when I met him at Tientsin, the beggar's mien had vanished and he was again the sumptuous and well-appointed nobleman. The incident, however, showed the depth of the Viceroy's devotional feeling, and that the creed of his ancestors was not absent from his life.

The Viceroy occupied a unique position among statesmen and rulers in this—that he had risen by merit alone.

As the cadet of an humble family living in a province on the Yangtse Kiang he had passed through the various stages of Chinese education, reaching the Hamlin College in Peking and graduating with eminence. He knew his Mencius and the words of the Superior Man, and his share of the forty thousand verses, which, as a Chinese scholar once told me, were necessary to proper attainments. He was a poet and a philosopher, one of the literati. And as in China the literary man holds the highest place in the social and political scale, he received civil employments. His field came within the region of the Tae Ping rebellion. This devolved military duties and brought him into relations with that extraordinary combination of the mystic, the soldier and the adventurer, General Gordon, of the British army. British history tells the story of the suppression of the rebellion as if Li sat at the feet of Gordon and was pushed into victory. Chinese history, however, and the traditions, other than those of English origin, prevalent in China, gave Li the credit of having broken the back of this rebellion. There was a quarrel between Li and Gordon at the time of the surrender of the rebel leaders, because Li awarded them instant execution. Gordon, it is said, went to the extent of pursuing Li with a pistol, meaning to shoot him for a breach of faith. The temper over, and Gordon realized that if Li had failed to take the heads of the rebels he would have lost his own.

In 1880 Gordon visited Li and was for some time his guest at Tientsin. Russia was threatening another of her earth-hunger wars, and Li was anxious for the counsel of this resolute man. Gordon's advice, so the rumor ran, was that Li should take his command to Peking and overturn the dynasty, offering to go along and help. The pale Viceroy listened in silence. I question if history tells of a more alluring temptation. Before such troops as he could have commanded, with the aid of a brilliant soldier like Gordon, Peking would have fallen. China under the new dynasty would have had a different place in the world. The revolution would have been among the landmarks of the century. But Li in 1880 was no longer a young man. He lacked the adventurous spirit. The dynasty had loaded himself and his family with honors. His brother had been created a Viceroy. Even if ambition had had its will, the sentiment of gratitude was not dead. There was perhaps another thought. A dynasty created by the sword of Gordon might have rested under that sword, and Li would have reigned as the pupil of an English resident, like the Rajahs of Hindostan.

Whether some hint of this came to light or not I cannot say. But the presence of Gordon in Tientsin and these repeated conferences with Li reached St. Petersburg and London. They may have awakened anxiety in Peking, and assuredly did not escape the keen eye of Sir Robert Hart, the gifted statesman who presides over the customs service and has long been the confidential adviser of the Chinese Foreign Office. Russia was especially uneasy. She was not friendly with China and could not view without alarm the presence of Gordon talking military themes to the Viceroy. Complaint was made to London and Mr. Gladstone, ever complaisant where Russia was concerned, gave orders that General Gordon should quit China. So the incident closed. The vision of the crown passed away.

The relations between General Grant and Li had almost the element of romance. From the moment that General Grant arrived in China the Viceroy took the deepest interest in his movements. Messages from him awaited us at every point. Arriving at Tientsin on an American war vessel, before we could debark the Viceroy came on board. I remember the meeting, the long, searching, curious glances bestowed upon General Grant, the courtesy, the deference and the respect. The fact that General Grant had held sovereign power sank deeply into the Viceroy's mind. And sovereignty could not be divested by any mere resignation or supersession by electoral forms. Then came the element of imagination to be expected from a poet like Li, whose mind was permeated with hyperbole and Oriental fancies. He and General Grant were born in the same year. The name of General Grant's opponent was Lee. His own name was Li. Their stars were in accord. I recall the fervor with which the Viceroy evolved this graceful fancy, as though it were a message from the stars.

His cynicism and haughtiness vanished. The fates had ordained their meeting for some high purpose. When General Grant returned his visit the Viceroy sent a guard and an official chair lined with yellow silk. Yellow was the imperial color. It could only be worn by the Emperor or Princes of the royal house. For the Viceroy himself to have ridden in such a chair would have been a sacrilege. But Grant had been a sovereign. American men of war gave him royal honors—and why not? And so all Tientsin saw and with wondering eyes that yellow chair surrounded by a guard. No such sight had been seen by Chinese eyes. For if the Emperor had been in the yellow chair every house would have been closed and the inhabitants in hiding from the glow of too much glory.

The Viceroy not alone attended the different entertainments given by the consuls and other officials in Tientsin, but arranged splendid feasts of his own. And during the entertainments he must needs have the whole party photographed, as well as a special photograph of himself and the General. I remember the interest with which he arranged the details for the picture. The table must be so. The tea cups must be in such a fashion. And while the left hand was the place of honor in China, General Grant must appear on the right, as that was the place of honor in the United States. I was told by one of the Viceregal household that when General Grant left, the Viceroy moped about for a day or two and would do no work.

I was present at these conversations and remember that they were in a serious vein, with nothing of the banter common to the Viceroy. He studied whatever General Grant said and plied him with a multitude of questions. The theory and practice of government, the point of divergence and resemblance between China and the United States, the meaning of progress in its essentials and details, the wisdom of progress—these were the themes. General Grant was fitted to deal with such a man as Li Hung Chang. He had lucidity of view and sincerity of thought, and never said what was not mathematically exact for the grace of saying it. He realized the relations between China and the United States, and especially as Li summed them up, the difficulties of China so far as progress was concerned. Some law of nature would diverge the overflowing stream of China into the United States. Here on one side of the ocean channel was a teeming, on the other an empty country, the one an overflowing reservoir, the other an exhausted receiver. The law of nature would have its way.

General Grant urged upon the Viceroy that the solution of this Chinese problem—the outlet for a redundant population—was in the settlement of such islands as Borneo or New Guinea, or the newly opened countries of the Congo. There were vast tracts abandoned to the savage and the beast of prey, even as America had been abandoned when Columbus saw San Salvador. Western enterprise had taken America and subdued the savage and driven out the beast of prey, and made it the seat of a ripe, fruitful and magnificent civilization. The energies of China under wise direction and with the accord of friendly governments would be diverted to these new lands, and they could establish new Shanghais and new Cantons. General Grant felt assured that any such policy would meet the heartiest sympathy, and he believed the practical support, of the United States. For as must be apparent to the Viceroy, the very tendency of things—geographical relations, the laws of supply and demand, and especially the currents of commerce after the Isthmus canal across America was opened—would necessitate the closest commercial relations between China and the United States. There would be an alliance for the good of both, and which contemplated alone the emigration of the commercial or learned classes from one country to the other.

The Viceroy believed that such an alliance would be the realization of his highest aims. The difficulty as to the proposed experiments in New Guinea and the Congo, arose from the fact that the Chinese were not a colonizing people—they lacked adventure. The emigration to California, the Pacific islands and elsewhere was the throwing off of a poor, helpless surplus that must live somewhere, and no movement of the people. There was no emigration from China. No Chinese laborers went out from China, but from the British island of Hong Kong. The British had made it an industry, as with slaves in the days of slavery. The Chinese followed civilization and lived on it. Their genius lay in work and thrift, and could only have full play where civilization already existed.

The Viceroy went over the railway problem. The Russians were building railways across the northern plains. But they disturbed only the shepherds and caravans. Suppose he built a railway from Chinghiang to Peking a distance of eight hundred miles, along the Grand Canal. What would he do with his fleet of junks and rice boats, the masts of which could be seen for miles from the windows of his Yamen? Here on these boats families lived —parents, grand-parents, and children. It was their only home, and their one industry was the transport of tribute rice to Peking. Transfer this rice to railway cars, and it would be a saving to the government. But what would he do with the twenty thousand families thrown on his hands? The problem with Chinese statesmen was the support of a vast population. It was alone rendered possible by the fish and the rice—the fish which came from the rivers and seas, the rice which came from a soil of unexampled fertility. And even with the utmost care, famines would sweep away millions. "There is but one relief from famine," said General Grant, "the railway." A comment that made a deep impression on the Viceroy.

When General Grant took leave of the Viceroy, he accompanied him down the Peiho river on his yacht, going out to sea to our man-of-war, the "Richmond." The Chinese fleet had assembled by his orders to give stately ceremonies of farewell. The two men parted never to meet again. Amid the firing of cannon, the manning of yards and all possible functions of honor, we steamed over the smoothest of seas to Japan. Nor did the impression made by this memorable visit on the Viceroy fade away. I never saw him that he did not refer to General Grant. His last words on taking leave at the close of my mission were a message of sympathy to the General in his fatal illness. No Minister comes to the United States from

China without some friendly word for the Grant family. When the New York monument was proposed, among the first subscriptions were $500 from his private purse. And upon every Decoration Day a trophy of flowers is by his orders laid upon the tomb at Riverside as an evidence of the reverence felt for an illustrious memory by Li Hung Chang.

As to the estimate of Li Hung Chang, by General Grant, as a statesman worthy to rank with Beaconsfield, Gambetta, and Bismarck, it will be remembered that General Grant was not given to extravagant opinions of men, and that he had seen Li upon terms of extreme intimacy. It is difficult to find a standard of comparison. Behind the Western statesmen were established civilizations, the forces of advanced empires. They did not create, but carried out what was begun. Bismarck was the successor of Frederick the Great, Gambetta of Mirabeau, while Lord Beaconsfield could only have found his ideal in the conquering soul of Chatham. Li Hung Chang was alone with his problem. History gave him no precedent, the political forces of China no encouragement, the outside world no sympathy. The Western nations looked upon China with carnivorous eyes. He would preserve the conservatism of China, and at the same time bring that conservatism into synchronical relations with other people. He accepted the appalling duty of war, realizing that if China would endure, she must take heed of blood and iron. He rejected nothing, was constant in the presence of any problem. He saw the forces of electricity. He comprehended the meaning of credit, the dependence of China upon the money markets, the fact there was an education beyond the Hamlin College—that men must live in deeds and not in dreams. Unable to educate young

Chinese noblemen in Western military schools, he would found better schools and train them at home. Seeing that China was paying Manchester fifty millions annually for cotton goods, he would build his own mills, in which the Chinese would handle their own yarns. He established the China Merchants' Company, and brought his commerce under his own flag. He strove to establish his banking system, and only failed through the folly of agents. There was no interest, no industry, no commercial establishment of the foreigner in China, which he did not mean in time to supersede in the interest of his people.

Whether the Viceroy will leave behind him a party devoted to this strenuous policy and ready to carry it on when his part is done, or whether it is but the expression of his genius and will—to end with him—I cannot say. There may be in the business larger issues than the boldest care to anticipate—issues whose magnitude may be conceived when we contemplate what is really meant by forcing the sinister litany of war upon a nation whose inhabitants comprise one-fourth, or perhaps one-third, of the human race—a nation consecrated to peace by centuries of detestation of war, and yet descended from men whose prowess was once the terror of Europe and the sorrow of Asia.

The attitude of the Viceroy to the present war will, I think, be like that of General Scott to the American civil war. He is no longer a young man. Too old to take the field, younger soldiers will win the honors of the field. It would have been a different story had the contest occurred when he was forty, and not, as now, an old man of seventy-three, burdened with years and illness. He could then have armed and led the empire.

Confronted with a peril he never invoked, he looks out upon a storm he cannot calm.

I see in him an historical figure of the century—the one Chinese statesman with the prescience and courage to lead his people toward what is best in our Western civilizations; a masterful, intrepid spirit, who has done his work with fortitude. I see in him a pathetic figure, remembering his own fair, proud hopes as to China and Japan,—now dashed to the ground through this miserable and unnecessary war. I see in him the truest of Chinese patriots, loving his native land with single-minded devotion. I see in him a statesman ever the friend of the United States. And recalling as I do many personal kindnesses during the long period of our friendship, I send him in this trying hour a word of affection and good will, with the hope that out of a war which can have no other incentive than intrigue of Western powers,—looking toward the endless implacable game of aggression in Asia, —China and Japan will emerge, with the happy if sadly earned consciousness that their independence can only be maintained by friendship, alliance and peace.

In 1896, the great Viceroy was sent to St. Petersburg, to represent the Emperor of China, at the coronation of the young Czar.

After that event, he continued his trip through Europe, returning to China, by New York, and the Canadian Pacific road. At Mr. Young's invitation (sent to Li when he first left China), he promised to break his journey, and come to Philadelphia, as our personal guest, for six hours; which event was one of the most unique and delightful in a life's experience, and until the end of Mr. Young's life the great Viceroy continued his ardent and faithful friend.

A FAMOUS DINNER.

(From the Philadelphia *Times.*)

"We talked yesterday about the personality of that lovable man, the late John Russell Young. (An outgrowth of his engaging qualities and strength of individuality back of his gentleness and modesty, are to be seen in the fact, that the great men of the earth found in him such congenial companionship that they affiliated with him naturally.) There are many illustrations of this trait of his character that are worth the telling, and with which the narrator happens to be personally familiar. For instance, when General Roger A. Pryor, in October, 1890, was elevated to the bench by Governor Hill, of New York, Mr. Young invited forty gentlemen to meet him in a quiet dinner at the Astor House, where the great journalist was then living. Each one was summoned in a written note in the host's microscopic handwriting, and in the lower left-hand corner of each of these informal missives were the two words: 'No speeches.' There were three unavoidable declinations, those of the Duke of Marlborough, Edwin Booth and Robert G. Ingersoll. The remaining thirty-seven made a gathering of which A. K. McClure, in the course of the evening, said: 'Such an assemblage was impossible prior to the rebellion, and there has been none such since, and it is not likely that any man at this table will ever look upon its like again.'

"Those present at the bidding of the quiet-voiced host represented the most eminent men in nearly every walk of American life, but the gathering was most remarkable by the past lives of those who were brought into social contact. Chauncey M. Depew not only exchanged badinage with Henry George, the Socialist, but in warmly glowing terms—for, of course, the admonition as to 'no speeches' was not observed, for where Americans gather there will be talk—presented Grover Cleveland as 'the typical American.' John S. Wise, then of Virginia, (who when still in his teens carried the last despatch from Jefferson Davis to Robert E. Lee,) introduced to the gathering General W. T. Sherman, then the general of the United States army, who was present to do honor to one of the fiercest spirits of the Confederate army in the person of Roger A. Pryor. These situations alone would be sufficient to make any dinner memorable, but in addition to those mentioned there were present Senator Arthur P. Gorman, who but for his smiling face and suave manner might be termed the Bismarck of the Democratic party; Senator George Hearst, of California, whose wealth at that time would make the Dumas fable of 'Monte Cristo' pale into insignificance and which is now being employed by his son in rattling the dry bones of New York journalism; General Daniel E. Sickles, who left one of his legs upon the field of Gettysburg, and is so proud of the fact that he has never called upon an artificer to supply the place of the missing limb; Mark Twain, who has made countless thousands better for the laughing; Joseph Jefferson and the late William J. Florence, whose achievements in the high profession of mummers are an integral part of the histrionic history of this country; George Jones, then the proprietor of the New York *Times;* Daniel Dougherty, Philadelphia's silver-tongued orator, who was then winning new fame in the metropolis; John B. Haskins, one of the most renowned members of Congress in ante-bellum days and a man with millions to burn; Thomas Nast, whose cartoons inspired Union hearts during the rebellion, who made Boss Tweed's nose a household effigy, who idealized his idol, Grant, and whose pencil fell from his grasp when the editor of *Harper's Weekly* commanded him to picture the charms and beauties of the Mugwump; Murat Halsted, then the field marshal of Western journalism; Daniel Lamont, who had been not only the Secretary but friend and adviser of President Cleveland and destined in the latter's second term of office to become Secretary of War; Dr. A. P. Martin, the president of the University of Peking, and the most distinguished of Chinese scholars; F. B. Carpenter, the artist who painted the famous picture of Lincoln and his Cabinet, engravings of which are familiar throughout the land; Augustin Daly, whose genius has made a company of American comedians command the commendation of the most prominent capitals of Europe; these and many more of almost equal mark were brought together in a quiet, private gathering at the simple request of the modest-mannered man who sat at the head of the table, saying little above the whispered intonations that distinguished his conversation. Who else could have had such a response made to his simple invitation?

"Another example of the regard in which he was held by men of force, the closeness of his touch with those who have made history in our day!

"In April, 1893, he brought together on the battlefield of Gettysburg a truly Homeric gathering, a meeting of heroes who fought their battle over again thirty years after the tide of blood had deluged the fair fields of one of Pennsylvania's garden spots. As the result of John Russell Young's invitations, the scene of that famous carnage seemed for two days to throb with new strife when Longstreet and Howard and Mahone and Alexander, standing side by side in fraternal amity, pointed out with swelling forms and kindling eyes the various scenes whose struggles they had directed. Mr. Young at that time was the president of the Union League, and in a private car he took to the historic spot in the Susquehanna Valley a party that comprised among others Lieutenant General James Longstreet, the ranking surviving officer of the Confederacy and Lee's chief of staff during the memorable three days' fight; General E. P. Alexander, the artillery leader of the lost cause and the man who upon the part of the Confederates directed the most famous and sanguinary artillery duel known in the history of the world; General, and ex-Senator William Mahone, then the famous fire-eater from Virginia; Major General O. O. Howard, of the regular United States army, who after the death of the gallant Reynolds commanded the Union forces during the first day's fight at Gettysburg; his brother and chief of staff, General C. C. Howard; General Lewis Merrill, whose memory is still green in the rooms of the Union League, and of whom all cavalry officers love to speak as 'Horse' Merrill; Major General Daniel E. Sickles, of whom we spoke above; General D. McMurtrie Gregg, known in the history of the Gettysburg field as the opponent of Zeb Stuart in the greatest cavalry combat of the civil war. These and many warriors of minor note made up a gathering that for two days, through the inspiration of Mr. Young, viewed again, thirty years after, the scene of the most sanguinary battle in the world's history and in which they had figured as leaders and on opposing sides.

"Nor was John Russell Young's close intimacy with men of public affairs limited to this country. Apart from the associations that he made through his tour with Grant around the world and his occupancy of a ministerial post in China, he was in touch with men of moment in every part of the civilized globe. Much of this was due to his connection with the New York *Herald,* and intimacy with

James Gordon Bennett, the owner and publisher. The latter frequently summoned Mr. Young to join him in Europe and invariably made him his closest companion. The narrator recalls paying a visit to the journalist in his rooms in the Astor House, in New York City, shortly after his return from one of his journeys. He was enthusiastic about a voyage on Mr. Bennett's yacht. Some men would have deemed the experience worthy of a book.

"'We started from Nice,' said he. 'We had two French noblemen, friends of Mr. Bennett; an English officer, colonel of the guards; Mr. Chas. Longfellow, son of the poet, and Mr. Peters. We sailed with the White Squadron from Nice to Pezzi. Here we remained for a day, exchanging courtesies with the gentlemen of the squadron, and then we went to Messina. After another stay of a few hours we crossed the Mediterranean to Suez, and through the canal from Suez the party went to Cairo to see Stanley, remaining there three or four days. Stanley looked older, but we all had a good time with him. Mr. Bennett gave him a magnificent banquet, including besides our own party several gentlemen he knew, and thence we went to Aden, down the Red Sea, remaining a day. From Aden to Ceylon, a trip of eight days, and we enabled our French friends to see India, and make one or two short visits to the interior. Next we sailed to Point de Gal, paying a short visit, and afterwards down through the tropics to the Maldevis. These islands are out of the range of ships, occupied by a simple, primitive people, who received us with almost child-like courtesy. From the Maldevis we went on to where Chinese Gordon lived, and believed that he had found the Garden of Eden. He based his belief on the fact that there is grown there a fruit that can be found in no other part of the world, which he called the forbidden fruit, which Adam and Eve did eat to our everlasting sorrow. Returning to Aden and Suez, we sailed to Zante and Corfu, taking the route traced by Homer in the Odyssey. Our next stopping place was Antevar, the seaport town of Montenegro. The Prince of Montenegro, with his son-in-law, the Duke Leuchtenery, who was the great-grandson of the Empress Josephine, received us cordially. Our party dined with the Prince, and the Prince lunched on the 'Namouna,' and afterwards Mr. Bennett took him for a hundred-mile cruise along the wonderfully beautiful Montenegrin coast. From thence we crossed to Venice, and leaving the yacht came to Paris. We sailed 1,130 miles and were absent sixty-five days. Mr. Bennett during nearly all this time was in constant communication with his newspaper.'

"What a book could have been written by a man with experiences such as these!"

Of the thirty-seven guests gathered at the famous dinner given by Mr. Young October 9th, 1890, fourteen have passed on to the "Great Mystery," and the three gentlemen, who either by absence or unavoidable engagement, sent regrets—the Duke of Marlborough, Edwin Booth, and Robert Ingersoll—have also finished their appointed tasks. General William T. Sherman was the first of the company to fall from the ranks, and of his death, so closely followed by the loss of two other friends, Mr. Young wrote, March 9th, 1891.

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

NEW YORK, March 27.—The year has not gone far, and yet it has taken from us three men whom New York cannot well spare—General Sherman, Judge Brady and Lawrence Barrett. It seems only the other day that I saw them in a group—a merry, eager, talking group—to whom the winter sunshine seemed to bring hope and purpose, and the possibilities of many years. There were no figures more conspicuous in New York society. They were intimate personal friends, meeting frequently in the sweep and go of metropolitan life. To those who know what that meant, a darkness may be said to have fallen upon the city.

Sherman is a national figure and belongs to the ages. Although he was coming and going for half a century, New York really knew him as a citizen for six or seven years. I remember meeting him about the time he was making the change from St. Louis, and his saying that he came to New York because his youngest son was a student at Yale, and his wife did not like to be so far away from her boy. His family circle was narrowing. His oldest son had consecrated himself to the holy service of the Church, and could have no home but as the Church decreed. Two of his daughters had married, one in Pittsburg, the other near Philadelphia. Sherman was a national man in his friendships. He had not formed those ties which come from long residence and life-long associations. Early orphanage, West Point, California, Florida, Louisiana, Kansas, Missouri, the war, with all which that implied, a dislocated, interrupted existence, as it were, and as everybody came to New York, he found more friends on Broadway than elsewhere.

Sherman at first lived in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. This was the center of the very vortex of American life. He had pleasant rooms, looking out on Madison Square. You were sure to see him once or twice during the day in the hotel corridors, going from one group to another—politicians, soldiers, curious people from the country—apparently with a word for everybody, a nod, a smile, or, if invited, a swift, stern rebuke.

There was deep kindness in his wonderful eyes, but with kindness, justice and capacity for swift, lightning-like resentment. You were impressed with his eye and voice. He had the intense eye—deep, penetrating—that looked you full in the face and followed you about—an eye on the wing, as it were. It gave him an eager, restless, searching manner, intensified, I presume, by his mental activity and personal vitality. The voice had a singular charm—pathetic, I should call it—a voice that never changed, whether in private talk, or at the dinner table, or in public addresses—always simple, natural, direct, the immediate outcome of the soul.

It was a sympathetic voice, with rich, full undertones, that lingered in the air like a musical refrain. There were cheery, laughing tones—a merriment that did not come from a sheer sense of fun, of which I never saw much in Sherman, but that laughter of earnestness and deep conviction which belongs to the highest form of eloquence. It used to remind me somewhat of my few scattered recollections of President Lincoln,—although Lincoln's voice was high and strident—an archaic voice in an ascending key, apt to grate harshly until you became accustomed to it. This was especially so in the immortal Gettysburg speech, which I reported sitting within a few feet of the President at the time.

Sherman was pre-eminently an earnest man. His talk was ready and as free as a stream rushing down a mountain gorge. There was no artifice, no calculation, no reserve—frankness like the sea breeze, descriptive without being dramatic or mimetic with imaginations and fancy; throwing animation, color and go into a story; lacking that quiet concentration when everything seemed to condense into a sentence, as with Grant. He never talked for effect, nor measured his words, nor cared for the impression he was making, nor whether you were with him or opposed.

What he had to say he said as naturally as the singing bird streaming its morning notes. I never heard him talk persiflage or nonsense, or play with his theme or advance paradoxics for the fun of answering them or perplexing the hearer. If he was right or wrong he was absolutely so, and without appearing pedantic or dogmatic, he talked as one giving, not asking information.

Like Grant—and this is the charm of really useful conversation—Sherman never talked about what he did not know. At times he seemed oppressed and tired, with a touch of impatience which came, I fancy, from weariness. I attribute to this intellectual fatigue, in a degree, his fondness foı the theater. It was a rest. The story was told for him, and others did the movement and thinking. He preferred comedy to the serious drama, but the comedy must be based upon the higher aims and duties of living. His proud, soaring spirit never descended into slime.

Sherman was fond of the surroundings of the stage. There was a charm to him in the ingenuousness and innocent, something of the beauty belonging to childhood, so attractive in the actor's character. He was also preeminently a man without a mission, nor with a world to reform, nor with aims, nor with purposes that bored you. He found this a very good world, with limitless possibilities, if one could only look them out, and not sit at the wayside to moan or pout. The actor, as the embodiment of the sunshine, was Sherman's chum and friend.

Sherman could always be counted on for an outing with the players. I remember the Daly supper to Henry Irving, at the close of Irving's New York engagement. There was a princely entertainment, such as might have been spread before the gods on Mount Olympus. Although Daly was the host, the modesty of that gifted and estimable gentleman was undissuadable, and he shifted out of the chair, coaxing the General into his place. Sherman was amusing, direct, irresistible, keeping the table on the go, calling one celebrity out after another, by a word or a hint which came like a command. Sometimes a miss, as when he called upon William Winter as "Marshall Wilder," correcting the mistake into "Henry Winter Davis," but no one seemed to care. The night went on into morning—the sun was well up, and as Mark Twain remarked, the milk carts were rattling over the stony streets when Sherman, taking Irving by the hand, bade him farewell in a speech of singular eloquence. I shall never forget the scene. The pale, statuesque, clear-cut, intellectual face of the actor—that might have been marble—eyes drooped in emotion, and the rugged, earnest face of Sherman—the head sovereign, white with the snows of many a glorious winter, and that exquisite, pathetic voice, which rested with you as a musical number.

Something should be written of the relations of Sherman, Sheridan and Grant, and when duly written it will be one of the cherished pages of our history. Occasion does not serve, but I recall one or two incidents in which Sherman was associated with Sheridan. We had had the news of Sheridan's serious illness. Only those who knew the mighty soldier could realize its gravity. Sherman had conjured me to send him at any time, and at whatever apparent inconvenience to himself, any news over the wires about Sheridan. One morning he came into my room, suddenly, unannounced, and his eyes streaming with tears. "Sheridan is dead," he said. I answered by pointing to the Broadway flags, none of which were at half-mast, but to make assurance sure, would telegraph to Washington over a private wire.

Sherman had heard the news on his way down town, and through his tears spoke of Sheridan—of the boyhood of his illustrious comrade—how Sheridan had stolen apples from his wife's orchard—how in the course of nature Sheridan should have survived him many years, and how hard it was that others should have to go, leaving him alone. Intelligence soon came that the report was premature. Sherman's face flushed with hope and joy, and for hours he sat talking as he only could talk of war companionships and war memories. The news, however, was only a few days before its time. Sheridan soon passed away. Sherman was the last of the mourners to leave that renowned grave on the Arlington slopes. He stood and looked for a time at the descended coffin, over which the clay was already crumbling, and paced sadly away as the funeral volley was fired. It was the last of the heroes doing reverence to a hero. Sherman at Sheridan's grave would be a noble theme for a painter, and its value would be its truth.

Sherman took no part in the turmoil and selfishness of politics, but he had earnest views all the same. Toward Southern men as men, toward those whom he had known before the war in his profession of arms, he was untiring in his kindness. There was nothing that social attention, courtesy or good will, in whatever way good will could be shown, that was ever lacking on his part to show that peace meant peace, as war had meant war—that he was as sincere in one duty as he had been in the other. He had, however, intense political convictions of the higher sort. The whole contrivance known as the Southern Confederacy he hated with the intensity of Cromwell. It was altogether a crime, a snare, an abomination—something to be utterly stamped out in blood and fire, and made to perish from the earth. I could realize when I came to know Sherman that his journeys through the South were not in search of any "erring brethren," who needed to be persuaded into better courses; no coaxing of "wayward sisters," who might be petted back into the home circle from which they had been seduced; but as the embodiment of a terrible justice, bent on the destruction even to the death of whatever living thing menaced the Union. Nor did Sherman outlive the feeling. "I can forgive Cleveland a good deal," he said one day, "but when it comes to sending that unreconstructed old rebel abroad to represent our country and apologize for the Union he tried to break, I have no mercy." His objection was not in the giving of office or honor to this distinguished Confederate, but appointing him as our representative abroad.

General Sherman spent with me the evening of the last Presidential election day, sitting up until after midnight to hear the returns. He was deeply interested in Harrison's election, and did not go home until the full returns from Brooklyn showed that the result was beyond peradventure. He talked politics a great deal, and in the vein I have intimated. He valued the electoral expressions of popular opinion so far as they went to affirm the essential results of the war for the Union, namely that there should be a Union. As to the future he was optimistic. He did not expect any sentimental fraternization, burying of the past, forgetting war memories. He cherished his own memories, and he knew the South would cherish theirs. Time, he thought, industrial and commercial activity, and friendly relations between residents in all sections, would, in the coming generations, bring the desired results. It might not be in his life, nor in that of any one now living, but he believed in the generous, all-embracing, magnanimous forces of time. As to the war, he neither made apologies nor cared to receive them. So long as what the war achieved was undisturbed, he had no party, but if the Union ever become a political issue, General Sherman would have stumped the Union in its behalf with as much enthusiasm as Snowden, Ingersoll or Blaine.

Sherman was proudly jealous of what history might say of his army, his companions, and their deeds. I recall, not without a sense of gratitude, that it was my privilege at times, by his suggestion and advice, to correct false impressions or deepen true ones, in matters concerning the war. About himself he was indifferent, but sensitive in whatever concerned the fame of his companions. To follow this thought, however, would be to enter upon a larger theme, and I refer to it in passing to show the honest earnestness of the man, not alone in his work, but that justice should not be withheld from the humblest coadjutor in the work. If ever his letters and diaries are printed, history will be so enriched that I cannot conceive the truth of the war to be known until they reach the light of day.

The last time I saw Sherman was a few evenings before his death. The night was cold and raw, a sharp rain falling, and I was hurrying along to keep an appointment to dine with Henry M. Stanley. As I turned toward Broadway, in front of me, slowly plodding through the rain, was a tall figure, slightly bent, which I recognized as that of Sherman. I joined him, rather reproaching him for not carrying an umbrella. He replied banteringly that he was no feather-bed dawdler, that he despised the rain, but that the best daughters in the world always saw that he was duly swathed and caparisoned against the storm. He talked of the war records which were coming from the national press, and now that they had come down to Missionary Ridge they would become interesting. He made a charming speech later in the evening, mainly about the old army, a speech of wisdom, wit and anecdote. It is a loss to literature that it was not reported. We parted at the door with a promise to meet in a few days, for a purpose that had at times been a subject of conversation. Few were the days to pass before I was to see his illustrious ashes borne, with banners and with music, and all the sad pomp of military splendor to their resting place on the banks of the Mississippi, and to feel, as his coffin vanished into the shadows of that dreary winter night, that the last of the leaders had gone, and that now, even now, at last and in very truth, a memory alone remained of our commanders in a glorious war.

As the martial procession which carried Sherman to his rest passed down Broadway, I viewed it, in the company of Lawrence Barrett. His rooms at the Windsor overlooked Fifth Avenue, and I was among the friends, whom he had asked to be with him in this place of vantage. I happened to be the first who arrived at the rendezvous. Mr. Barrett was writing, and evidently under the stress of a deep personal grief. "I cannot tell you," he said, pointing to the vast multitude and the movements of the armed men which indicated the coming of the procession; "I cannot tell you how this oppresses me; how I grieve over an irreparable personal sorrow. Sherman was very dear to me. This is the last letter he ever wrote, regretting that he could not keep an appointment he had made to sup with some friends at the Union League. So ill that he could not leave his room." Taking up some leaves, Barrett continued· "I have been writing some thoughts which passed through my mind as I saw the pageant form and grow." He then read a personal tribute to Sherman which was published over his own name in the *Tribune* the morning after. This was on February 19. Thirty days afterwards, that is to say, on March 21, in the very room where we spent the afternoon looking at the long and sombre procession, the summons came to the great actor even as it had come to the great soldier. For them it was appointed that in this world their work was done.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

I had known Lawrence Barrett for many years—since 1874, as I roughly take the date from memory. I met him first through the late General Custer, with whom Barrett was on terms of close and loving intimacy. During the years that remained to us I saw him again and again, coming to have a sincere affection for the man as a high-minded, proud, resolute, chivalrous character; a man of dignity and courage—a consummate student, and in his endowments rarely gifted. Hours with him in the greenroom during the pauses of "Rienzi" and "Macbeth"; midnight conversations over literature and dramatic art, and one bright illumined ocean journey, now mournfully memorable, when his companionship brightened many a weary hour on the sea, come sorrowfully back, as I write his name.

Of Barrett as an artist much has been said, and I think with a universal consensus of opinion that his death was a special and definite loss to the stage. This is the judgment of Mr. Winter, as expressed in the exquisite tribute which that accomplished and conscientious writer paid to his memory. The controlling thought in the mind of Barrett, and it was ever concentrated on his profession, was, if I might express it in the phrases of heraldry, "Onward and Upward" and "Thorough." His enthusiasm was blended with common sense, sagacity, a clear, definite knowledge of the practicalities of life, of the Divine commandment that two and two make four, and that no attainable genius has ever, even in dreams, succeeded in making them five. He was a great actor, as those who have seen him in Cassius, Harebell and Othello, know. He was a great manager in what concerned the details of the stage. He never stooped to conquer the public, nor to study that subtle art of which Mr. Barnum is the supreme master, the art of seeking out the public mind, and bending art to the popular fancy of the hour. He had his ideals. Obeying Emerson, he had hitched his wagon to a star. He would deserve and in time command recognition. If he had not found a taste, he would create it. The world should come to him as it had come to other great men—to Keats and Carlyle and Browning in literature, to Hugo in dramatic art. I remember complimenting him once on his Ghost in "Hamlet," when he supported Booth, at poor Lester Wallack's benefit, saying that I had never seen a more charming performance, that I could understand why Shakespeare had written the part for himself now that he had shown its strength and beauty. But, plainly, this proud and gifted man was not to be honored for a minor part. His mind was on Cassius and Coriolanus, on Timon and Richelieu, on Rienzi, the Tribune and Becket, the mighty prelate, who dared the anger of a king in his devotion to his people and his Church.

Barrett was a serious man. Some writers call him austere. I do not think so. You could not long converse with Barrett, if in any degree admitted to his intimacy, without seeing that he went into his art with the dauntless spirit of Richelieu or Napoleon. When he made business mistakes—that is to say, when he was compelled to realize that this rushing world had little concern with the days of the Round Table, or with the tragedies of mediæval Italian life, he was still resolute, cheerful, confident, never fearing that time would bring recognition. And so he went from one experiment to another, never for a moment lowering the standard of his art. A serious but not at heart an austere man, rather when you come to the innermost recesses of his nature, prone to gaiety and laughter, and quaint, droll conceits. I have seen him with women, and especially with children, when his manner had an exquisite charm—such courtesy, such consideration, such spontaneous appreciation and promptitude of self-denial as come with the finest sense of chivalry. He welcomed with due reserve banter and fun. These come back in many amusing instances, quaint, grave, mocking notes, dwelling seriously on some absurd proposition or paradox, but breathing gaiety, cheeriness, good will.

I remember on one occasion, when he had written of some engagement of Booth and himself in Chicago, advising him how to invest his money, and that I knew of no more permanent form than to establish a Republican newspaper, and, with Booth as associate editor, reform American politics, and the fun that came of that correspondence. I remember advising him to consider the possibilities of the negro in a drama—what might be done with a dialect "Othello," based upon the plantation idioms of Uncle Remus; or suggesting, as a change, an operatic performance of "Hamlet" and "Romeo" on the ground that people would never be satisfied that his genius had reached its full fruition until they had heard him sing; or appealing to him to popularize and broaden the stage by taking Mr. Sullivan into his combination, thus showing the all-embracing genius of Shakespeare by a performance within the limits and under the rules of the prize ring. I remember, and how sadly, as with a sense of loss it all appears now, the fun that came out of that and other absurd suggestions; his demure, grave, mock, heroic way of discussing and considering them. This was not the quality of an austere man. Austerity with Barrett came from his experience, and not from his heart.

I have said that Barrett was a consummate student. The last time I saw him, a few days before he died, he was deep in the memoirs of Lord Houghton. The talk ran on memoirs, and especially what we read in French literature in that regard. Lord Houghton he had known and honored. He spoke much of Browning, of the "Blot on the 'Scutcheon" as a strong drama, venturing the opinion that Macready was to blame for Browning's not having done more for the drama. Laying down as an axiom that no man could be a good, successful dramatic author without a technical knowledge of the stage, he sketched the influence of Macready over Bulwer, that only by vigorous hacking and sawing apart and putting together by a process of literary carpentery, as it were, Bulwer was made possible for the stage. That "Richelieu" was entirely an actor's play, and without Macready would have been only an ornate and perhaps not a very successful poem. As for Shakespeare, no actor can play him without seeing how carefully the writer had studied the limitations of the actor's person and voice. Goethe and Voltaire were at home on the stage, and knew its technicalities as well as Shakespeare. Barrett spoke of Becket and what he believed could be done with that part. The English-speaking people should know what they owed to that brave and patriotic Englishman, the first patriot of the race, the predecessor of Hampden and Washington and Lincoln. There was the old enthusiasm, the old-time resolution, the unchangeable, undissuadable Barrett. Not willing that Englishmen should be satisfied with their Hamlets, Falstaffs and Roman warriors, they must have Becket and know him. Irving had created Charles I., and why not Becket, who was more of a man than Charles? And when there was a question, or rather a demur, expressive of some doubt as to whether the rows between a wayward French King and a haughty Canterbury priest, who had flourished over seven hundred years ago, and the very causes of whose quarrels were as hushed and dead as if they belonged to the Devonian age, would interest the nineteenth century, there was the buoyant, eager confidence which had overridden the same objections with Francesca and Rienzi, and given these notable works to the stage.

I was never to see Barrett again. Those afternoon hours linger in the memory. Only a few days since, but now swept by an inscrutable fate into the infinite eternities, they seem so long, long ago. He was in a cheerful mood, gay, hopeful, charming. Of Edwin Booth he spoke with affectionate fondness, and with reverence of Edwin Forrest, of whose genius he had an impetuous, intolerant admiration. He had had a good season, and showing me a paper upon which were some business memoranda, said, with a smile: "Acting is better than one of Mackay's bonanza mines."

Between Mackay and himself there had been a warm friendship for years. He would be over his work in a few weeks, he hoped, and then for Germany to see a daughter and finish his cure at the springs. As for the cruel ailment which had caused him so much suffering, bringing him to the very valley of the shadow of death—that, thank the benignant Heavens, was over and done, and life and work and possibilities, and fine artistic achievements —what were not possible to this eloquent, resolute man? I had never seen him in so radiant a mood—never so content with life. What blessings else? Care had become a captive—there were those still to love and cherish him—children and grandchildren to do him honor and bear his name. The world could give no more.

I did not then know, nor was it in fact known, until after the death of Barrett, that when, last year, he was rescued from a serious illness by a surgical operation, of extraordinary delicacy, his doctors agreed that it was not a cure, but a respite; that the hand of death was inexorably upon him; that he might live one or perhaps two years, but that the illness would surely return in a graver form, and that no science could then arrest its will. It was said, likewise, that those who loved Barrett and knew his sad environment should pray that when the end came it might be in the gentle form of pneumonia. And thus, happily, it came.

Barrett never knew this, but those who watched and sheltered his life were told that even in the presence of an imminent fate nothing could be better for his physical conditions than incessant work on the stage. He died as such a man could only wish to die, doing his work. For three acts of De Mauprat on that ominous Wednesday night he held the stage, striving and struggling toward the end. He could not even remain until the curtain fell—disease overmastering his will. He could only go home to die.

On Wednesday, as I have said, the summons came and on Friday evening he answered it—answering it as he lived, with dignity and peace, with absolute courage, we can well believe, for those few, solemn, sacred hours of introspection and retrospection could recall only to the dying Lawrence Barrett a heroic, manly, honorable career, one that had made the world better because he had lived in it—a memory that will be honored so long as the history of the American stage endures.

JUDGE JOHN R. BRADY.

John R. Brady, unlike his friends, Sherman and Barrett, had a metropolitan rather than a national reputation. And yet, wherever the history of the administration of justice was known to Americans, his fame was that of a wise judge. Of him it should be written, as of the noble ones in the past, that he walked in the fear of God.

So he walked and lived, man and boy, in this teeming, multitudinous, harassing town for nearly seventy years—thirty-five of them on the bench. He died a Justice of the Supreme Court, an office to which he had twice been elected without opposition as the candidate of all parties. This is done sometimes in generous, complaisant Philadelphia, but rarely if ever in New York.

John R. Brady, however, had won from New York so complete a recognition of his fine discernment as a lawyer and judge, of his probity and kindness as a man, that no politician would venture an electoral experiment against him. He was known to be a just judge, and New York held him on the bench until summoned to a higher tribunal.

Brady was a New Yorker to the core, an Irishman by descent, and a devout member of the Roman Catholic communion. His father was a well-esteemed citizen in the earlier days. His brother, James T. Brady, was a towering intellectual force at the New York bar. At a period when it might be said giants ruled the bar James T. Brady had no superior. He was a turbulent, kindly, effervescent soul. A combination, I should say, of Mirabeau and Daniel O'Connell, formed by nature in one of her prodigal, extravagant moods, dowered with intellectual gifts, which were squandered in profusion. He had a royal, sovereign head, such a head as I have rarely seen among men, and power of eloquence surpassed by no man in his day—the day, be it remembered, of Webster and Clay. There was a fascination, a contagion in his shaggy, handsome face, the humor that kept many a table in a roar, the lawless, defiant way in which he seemed to swagger through the world.

If James T. Brady had had the duty or the opportunity of O'Connell, if there had been any cause to have summoned and refined his better nature, he could have made as deep an impression upon American history as the Irish liberator. At one time it seemed as if the civil war would arouse him to the full measure of his powers. But although loyal to the Union, the time had passed. Brady died at the bar, while still a young man, and is remembered as a stupendous intellectual force, that never had true development. John, his younger brother, loved with even more than fraternal affection, was elevated by him to the bench at an early age. It was the choice of wisdom as well as love. John bore either in his character or appearance little resemblance to his supremely gifted kinsman, of whose genius he was intensely proud. He was a comely man, with frank, winning countenance, a hearty, friendly manner, which came with his blood, his ways the embodiment of courtesy. Every one, from the merchant prince on the wayside to the beggar at his gate, had the generous word of recognition. While James was turbulent, wayward, lawless, John observed the amenities of life. Marriage, the ties of home, the reserve, perhaps inseparable from the bench; the tenderness of his nature, which was receptive rather than obtrusive and ostentatious, sheltered him from those disturbing influences of New York life which have been so fatal to many doomed to endure them without his character or his courage.

So he lived his almost seventy years, and on the bench, too, which like the throne is ever, as Tennyson would say, under the fierce light which blackens every blot. In all that time no word was spoken against John R. Brady. During the twenty years it was my privilege to know him, and always on terms of intimacy, I never heard a word or the tradition of a word that could attach contumely to his name. I do not write this as the highest praise that even a judge might earn in New York, but so remarkable as to be unique, almost unprecedented, and only to be earned by a stern, unpausing devotion to the canons of a blameless life. John R. Brady observed them to the end. In that sense, as I have said, he walked in the fear of God.

It would be unjust to his memory to infer from this that the life of Brady was austere, ascetic, or even that of a religious devotee. He was the merriest of men, liked clever people, enjoyed a good time, was the center of jest and merriment. For many years, until a great domestic sorrow brought woe to his fireside, he was famous as an after-dinner speaker, and could govern the wine and conversation with infinite humor and skill. He was fond of the theater, and one of the attractions of a New York first night was the coming of Sherman, Sickles and Brady, without whom the play never seemed to go. He was modest, unobtrusive, and avoided acerbities, burning questions, and did not welcome responsibilities. He was not a man to take up a cause and lead it; to go upon a forlorn hope if he could help it; to be a Wendell Phillips, or even a Samuel J. Tilden. This was not expected from him on the bench; but I fancy it was not in his nature. He liked the shady lanes, the meadows flushed with the beauty of spring; the placid brooks, where dwelt peace and sweet content. For others the roaring main, the seething sweep and surge of life—the tempest and the rain.

As a judge, and this at a time when judges were driven from the bench to ruin and death; at a time when the ermine was dragged into the very sewers of pollution, and Americans blushed with tears that such things could be, John R. Brady was pure above reproach, his name was one of the few that shone like stars out of that dreary night of sin and shame.

He had passed through every temptation with an untainted name. New York came to love him as with a fond spirit of comradeship; to welcome his honest, kindly face when it appeared in the crowds and public places as one of the citizens of whom they too could be proud, and no longer despairing of a citizenship which gave her so worthy a son. Thus he lived, and thus he died, walking in the fear of God.

WILLIAM FLORENCE.

(From the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* Wednesday November 11, 1891.)

A particularly happy and unique event was the luncheon given by John Russell Young at the Union League yesterday in honor of Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence. The gentlemen invited to meet the eminent actors were: Mayor Stuart, Wayne MacVeagh, A. K. McClure, Clayton McMichael, General Bingham, Frank McLaughlin, Captain Robert J. Cook, William H. Hurley, Ferdinand J. Dreer, J. F. Graeff, William Potter, George D. McCreary, District Attorney Graham, Henry George, Professor Stille, William M. Singerly, L. Clarke Davis and James R. Young. William Winter, of New York, was prevented by illness from being present, and George W. Childs and A. J. Drexel were kept away by a meeting of the Drexel Institute. Walt Whitman wrote that he was "too dilapidated" and sick to come over. Archbishop Ryan regretted that absence from town upon diocesan business prevented his being present.

Mr. Young proposed the health of the two distinguished guests. Mr. Jefferson's speech in reply was a pleasant commingling of wit and sentiment, and his reference to the fact that this is the last season in which he and Florence will act together was almost pathetic. Mr. Florence in his speech paid compliments all around him, and his expressions of admiration for his colleague were touching. Wayne MacVeagh toasted Mayor Stuart, and told him that the stage was the only career left open to ex-mayors under the Bullitt bill. Then the formal speechmaking ended.

The company broke into groups and the chat ran on for two hours. Mr. F. J. Dreer showed a collection of famous autographs, mainly of actors since the time of Betterton and Garrick, with letters written by the father and grandfather of Jefferson. Mr. Dreer also presented Mr. Jefferson with a series of theatrical portraits, and showed an autograph letter from Junius Brutus Booth announcing the birth of his son, the present Edwin Booth, while he was performing at the Arch Street Theater. The company spent a good deal of time studying the autographs and prints, in which Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Florence were deeply interested.

The little luncheon to Jefferson and Florence was given by Mr. Young November 10th, and the following evening, after a matinée, when we saw Florence for the last time, in his inimitable part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger,—this little note was received:—

CONTINENTAL, Wednesday, Nov. 11.

My dear John R.:— * * * I cannot forget to-day the faces in your box; the whole planetary system, Sun, Moon, and twin Stars—yourself, wife and pretty lads.

God bless you all,
BILLY.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Friday, Nov. 13th.

My dear John R.:—Thank the donor for me. "I have hooked my fish" and will wait a proper moment to land him. White heart, you have, dear friend.

God bless you,
BILLY.

On the 14th of November Mr. Florence was taken seriously ill, and passed away on the morning of the 20th.

(From the Philadelphia *Press*, Nov. 22, 1891.)

"The death of William J. Florence, apart from the universal sorrow awakened by the departure of an amiable and accomplished man, awakens other thoughts. Mr. Florence was among the latest of the old school of actors. His art was in a sense of tradition. He had supported Macready, Burton and the elder Booth. When making early starring tours in England he had been supported by Toole and Henry Irving. He had been for many years a star and as his genius never left its parallax other stars arose and outshone him with their newer splendor. He was Burton to those who remembered the famous English comedian—John Drew to those who recalled the graceful, high-toned Irishman whose early death is even still a fondly mourned tradition of the stage.

"Florence was about the last of his race, and yet as years go he was not an old man. He began early and his rise was rapid. The companions of his earlier triumphs! It is hard to realize them as memories! Forrest, the dramatic Titan of his time—the shadow of whose genius seems to rest over the path of whoever has aimed to take his place; Macready, who retired when he was even a younger man than Mr. Florence—we recall as though he were of the time of Garrick; Charlotte Cushman, the sombre beauty of whose musical cadences still lingers with those who recall her genius and truth; Fanny Kemble, whom our grandfathers applauded at the old Chestnut, now in extreme old age—to rejoice us with memories of a forgotten past, rich in noble names and high achievements; Murdoch, too—Murdoch, whose influence was ruling the stage when the young Florence came as a trembling neophyte into the temple of the drama—but how few, even of those who brought tears and laughter to us all not so many years ago—how few remain.

"And other names press—other shadows seem to come out of the past, to welcome this new shadow which now in the eternities accepts their affectionate recognition. Davenport, of the other days, almost a great actor—his finger-tips, as it were, within the touch of genius, but not quite grasping it all the same: in his day a dominant influence, master of tears, master of smiles, comedian and tragedian as well. Edwin Adams, almost a Philadelphian, the other day a lustrous figure, to vanish too soon into the night. Poor Barney Williams, near to the dead comedian, and his accomplished wife—long in retirement, but whose loving care was to soothe the dying hours of her kinsman and friend; the genial, many-sided Brougham, with his wild, Irish, rack-rent, roaring ways; Davenport, Adams, Williams, Brougham—all gone! And Barrett, with his austere communions with the gravest problems of tragedy; the ever-to-be-remembered Cassius; the never-to-be-forgotten Harebell—Barrett gone too soon for his usefulness, but not too soon for his fame. Truly the fates have been inexorable in their summons to this shining company, who were of us, as it were, but the other day.

"With the passing away of the men there comes the passing away of the time. Dramatic art, like the art of war, is ever changing. The stage belongs to the hour. What would be the verdict of even a Philadelphia audience upon Mr. Forrest as 'Metamora,' 'Jack Cade' or the 'Broker of Bogota'? Would we even accept his 'Hamlet' or 'Othello'? And Kean, who, as Byron said, played Shakespeare so that you felt as if you were reading Shakespeare by the glow of lightning flashes—would Kean be endured by the dramatic taste created by Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth? Or would Macready, with his measured Kemble ways, have more than one night's success, and that only before a company of critical middle-aged spectators? The growth of dramatic art has been toward the elimination of the very qualities upon which their success and greatness depended. The stage is no longer subordinated to the genius of any one actor—is no longer a forum for elocution and passionate dramatic fire. It has become an academy. We go to the play to see acting, and not merely actors.

"Mr. Florence, like Booth and Barrett before him—like Davenport and Wallack in earlier days—recognized the advent of the new dramatic era so far as to associate himself with Mr. Jefferson in the remarkable series of performances which delighted so many thousands last week at the Arch. These eminent comedians saw that the drama was now beyond the reach of any single genius. Education has developed public taste. The playgoer is not satisfied with 'Bob Acres' alone—he must have his 'O'Trigger,' his 'Absolute,' his 'Mrs. Malaprop.' He craves a gallery, and not a single picture. What to him would be even the supreme genius of Booth in the cold watches of 'Elsinore,' with indifferent supporters to mouth and mull about him, affronting the mighty spirit of the dead with their imperfections? The old scenery—a chair at each side and a sofa in the middle to represent the royal presence chamber—this we have outgrown. We want our story to be told by men and women of power. The music must embody the harmonies, and no weary scraping of fiddles to Virginia reels and German waltzes. The scenery must be elaborate, truthful, precise; the time and its appertainings even as recorded in history. The stage must be as it was intended by those who conceived and developed the wise, beneficent institution we call the drama—a school, an academy where the lessons of existence are taught in the highest sense, and life and manners are presented as life and manners must necessarily be to attain the true ideal.

"In our farewell to the dead comedian, whose smiles only yesterday were among the blessings of the living hour; in taking leave of so much talent, so much chivalrous courtesy—so much that was noble and tender and true; in giving to William J. Florence our proud, sad word of gratitude and farewell we feel likewise that we take leave of the dramatic period of which he was a conscientious and worthy representative. His work was done. His time was past. We are in the presence of the new, and for the old—the kindly words of leave-taking and remembrance. 'Obenreizer' and 'Cuttle,' 'O'Trigger' and 'Homespun,' the Irish boy and the Yankee lass, the drama that meant simply the personal interpretation of special gifts—farewell to it, and to them all! They go with 'Cade' and 'Charles de Moir,' with Peseara and Bertuccio, as mere types, to be remembered for their impressions, but with no place in the drama of to-day. It is something to have done so well what was appointed to the dead gentleman whose untimely death awakens universal sorrow. Those who come after him and who are the interpreters of the new dramatic era will find strength in their larger and broader work by studying his character and aims, and by following their dramatic careers with the courage, sincerity and patience which we all remember to his honorable fame."

HAMILTON FISH.

The kindest of messages, borne by the kindest of friends, was the warrant for my visit to Hamilton Fish. I had not seen him since taking leave in 1882, on my departure for China. I knew him well in other days, knew his noble, modest work in national achievement. I knew, likewise, that Grant leaned heavily upon him and believed in him as he did in no other man. To Grant he was the nearest counsellor in statesmanship, friend in personal relations, choice for the Presidency in succession to himself. "History," as I have heard Grant say, "will write that we have had two great Secretaries of State,—Governor Marcy and Governor Fish." When history is written—history rather than clamor or newspaper suggestions and chronicles—this, I think, will be the verdict. My own experience with the secret archives of the American Legation in China, where I read so much of the diplomatic history which never comes to light, gave me an increased admiration for the genius, the patriotism, the painstaking industry of Governor Fish. And it was with a sentiment even above that of friendship, the homage commanded by merit and fame, and long honorable years given to the public welfare, that I took his kind and gracious hand.

The Governor sits on his revolutionary hillside and looks down upon his wonder-world of the Hudson Highlands. Hills rising above hills, tumbled, caressing, as if nature had made them in a loving mood. The forests, rich and bending, drowsy under autumnal skies; deepening in color as if dipped in wine. The narrowed Hudson forced its silvered rippling way under frowning battlemented hills, which the Titans may have rifted in their fury in the days before there was light. Across the river the turrets and battlements of West Point! Memorable in every period of American history—the treason of Arnold, the unhappy fate of Andre, the almost divine patience of Washington. Down this descending path, over which the dogs are scampering, within a biscuit throw of this porch where we sit, Benedict Arnold made his mad morning ride from his breakfast table, treason discovered, wife in despair, Washington expected from Hartford, Hamilton and Lafayette, gay young military blades, in wonder at the sudden farewell. Yes, for life, from the hangman's grasp, down that very road to the boat and off to the British man-of-war. You can see, as I did that afternoon, the home from which Arnold fled; nursery maids in the grounds, domestic, living antiquated, unconscious of the annals embodied in its low, narrow, drooping walls. There, too, on that very plain on the other bank, where young gentlemen in gray are spirited hither and thither to bugle note and drum beat, are memories of later days. Lee and Johnston and Sherman, Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, Sheridan and Grant—you may see their phantoms in imagination, even on yonder plain, where they learned the stern duties whose performance was to win immortal fame. No one spot on this continent so dowered with historical associations as this upon which the Secretary gazes from the sheltered peace of his beautiful home.

The Secretary sits in his hillside home, and looks even as the laborer enjoying his rest after the day's sore task. He is an old man. He was born in 1808, the same year as Andrew Johnson, some weeks before Lincoln came to us, elder by a twelve-month than Gladstone and Tennyson, eight years the senior of Bismarck, two years older than Greeley, who died in 1872, junior to French President Grevy, might be the father of Lord Salisbury, President Carnot, Harrison, Cleveland and Blaine. Bodily conditions all that could be hoped, eye intense, penetrating, the once partly shorn face hidden in a brisk, tousled fringe of gray, the hair thick and matted, as we see so often in those to whom parents bequeath the legacy of simple, pious, industrious lives, an ancestral heritage priceless above heirloom or coronet in the way of milk, meal and the open air. Apart from a measured, somewhat imperfect walk, I could see no change in the Secretary since 1882. His more than fourscore years touched him gently; no apparent abrasions from the wearing of that heavy crown of Time. In conversation he was the middle-aged gentleman of fifty, mind pellucid; memory in complete control, running far back to the Napoleonic days, with glimpses even to mimicry and portraiture of Burr, Gallatin, Monroe, Marcy, Scott—statesmen and heroes who flourished in the days of our grandfathers—definite, positive, considerate in his judgment, without animosity or partisan leanings, a philosopher looking at the compensation rather than the bitterness of public career. Now and then an old-fashioned Federalism would lurk out, curious in its admirations and antipathies, which shows as I have read somewhere, that as the years grow youth returns, and, resenting the officious present, we live again in the vivid and indelible past. I fancy I could have talked with Governor Fish until the spirit of weariness would have no further hindrance, upon the war and its burning questions, only to rejoice in the calm, impartial philosophy of his mind. The one subject upon which he had any obvious feeling was that unfortunate business between Colonel Hamilton and Colonel Burr, which raged about his infant days in angry fashion, and was, perhaps, his first realization of the fact that the world of summer beauty and domestic love to which he had been summoned was likewise a world of contention, politics and war.

F. B. Carpenter was of our company, the modest and highly gifted artist, whose name will ever be associated with the Proclamation of Emancipation. It had been his rare felicity to commemorate on canvas—now on the walls of the Capitol—the greatest event in our history since the Declaration of Independence. And as if fortune would not be truant to his genius and endeavor, he had just painted as a companion picture, the meeting of the High Joint Commission in Washington, and the discussion of the Treaty of Arbitration. In this work Governor Fish had taken a deep interest, giving the artist valuable counsel, and although prevented from seeing the canvas in its complete state, he examined a photograph with critical attention and congratulated Mr. Carpenter upon the fidelity with which he had grasped the historical features of the scene. He could not but share our regret that while "Emancipation" remained with us in the national capital, "Arbitration" would go to Windsor Castle. The painting was destined for the collection of Queen Victoria, there to remain for coming time a memento of what the two great English-speaking nations of the world had done toward perpetual peace among Christian men.

In one of many remembered conversations with Mr. Blaine, when he was discussing the famous Cabinet of Polk, and what it had done for the material development of the Republic, I recall his observation that "no administration can do more than one thing in its career, and happy is the administration that can do that wisely and well." The one thing done by the first administration of Grant was this arbitration, and although it has an almost colorless place at the side of lurid achievements, its still and silent splendor, as a victory of peace no less renowned than a victory of war, will ever be a part of our national fame—an assurance and inspiration to other deeds of beneficence and patriotism.

Our talk naturally trended toward the arbitration, and what had been done in Geneva in fulfilment of this treaty of Washington.

I was in Geneva during the sessions of the tribunal, and recalled especially the final session, which was public, when the award was given. The little, modest Geneva town-house where the tribunal met, the idle groups of travelers and curious people, a couple of flags drooping from a pole near the door—flags, American and English—and a small brass fieldpiece hard by, provided by an enthusiastic American, somewhat in the banking line, who had drummed the tourists from their table d'hote to see the consummation of the historical scene. This American largely in evidence with his flags and gun, eloquent to the inquiring mind as to the advantages of Geneva, should there be, for instance, other Commune outbreaks as in Paris, and people wanted store for their treasure! I remember the tribunal coming into its crescent row of seats, like those of advanced boys in an academy. Charles Francis Adams, the years well upon him, with his scientific features calm, prepossessed, silent. There was the Italian nobleman, Sclopis, vivacious with every one, and the swarthy Brazilian nobleman, Itajuba, jurists on the part of Italy and Brazil. The most striking figure was Jacob Staempfli, the Swiss arbitrator, our strenuous friend, more American if perhaps less judicious than Mr. Adams—dominant, brusque, something of the Bismarck about him, a Demos who would have bewitched Whitman into another stanza on Democracy, to be seen daily in radiant public session over his German beer in the boulevard cafés. It lingers with me as a vague, dying memory that I first met Staempfli with these homely surroundings, and that so marked was his rugged, honest personality that they in no manner detracted from his dignity as an ex-President of the Republic.

The dramatic member of the tribunal was Sir Alexander Cockburn, the English representative, and Lord Chief Justice of England. Cockburn was a handsome man; stately, a haughty, clearly limned face; character deeply written. He was very angry. Sir Alexander had come to Geneva with the prestige of his name and the authority of his position, and, as the schoolboys would say, had been "downed." The tribunal had gone against him, and as here was to be the public award—here even in Geneva—the eyes of the world upon him, more especially those of the vociferous American, with his two flags on the pole and the gun, ready to thunder his humiliation, little wonder that temper had gone, with anger mounting. I stood beside his chair and remember the magnificent scowl as he glared over the assemblage. A notable company, so many of them shadows! Adams, Staempfli, the angry, handsome Cockburn, vanished; the others likewise, as far as I remember. There was the English group of contestants who had fought the fight for England, headed by Sir Roundell Palmer, with his smooth Archbishop face, on the eve of becoming Lord Chancellor, and Lord Selborne, as we now know him in English politics. The Americans formed a notable company: Caleb Cushing with that dark gypsy gleam, and a flash of triumph in his luminous eyes; Waite, a modest lawyer from Ohio, little dreaming of the supreme honor that was so soon to come to him—the succession to Marshall, Taney and Chase; Evarts with his mediæval features, calmly observant. This was our company, governed, so it appeared, by Bancroft Davis, our agent, to whom if there were personal honor in a National triumph, more than to any one in that company, this triumph belonged.

Well, the judgment was read! Cockburn in a singularly musical voice, whose harmonies even anger could not wound, dashed his opinion on the table and abruptly strode away; the pendant flags were fluttered, the little gun roared out its benediction, the exuberant banker gave unpausing exhortations about America, with invitations to cakes and ale, and the curtain came down on one of the memorable scenes of the nineteenth century.

The recalling of this scene in scrappy talking fashion led to the history of the arbitration from the lips of Governor Fish. I shall not assume to give his words, and I should be in despair if I were to attempt to convey the graceful, eloquent, at times dramatic manner, in which the venerable statesman, as we lingered over the luncheon, told the beginning and the end of it all. There had been, as all men knew, a treaty between the United States and Great Britain under Lord Clarendon and Mr. Seward. Andrew Johnson was our President, Reverdy Johnson our Minister. Reverdy, I am afraid, has not commended himself to Americans at home by his exuberances and acquiescences in England; had almost forgotten there had been a war, and that heavy memories of it lingered in torn and desolate homes; had thrown himself with fervor into the arms of "Confederate peers" and associates of Semmes; had among other things been duly trounced therefor by Tribune Smalley and many grieved correspondents, and no treaty he could ever make would receive even kitchen hospitality in a Republican Senate. Behind the disappointment over Reverdy, there was the rage over Andrew, and the ebbing of impeachment, and although cool minds might deplore the temper of the Senate over the treaty, even the great personal influence of Seward as the Secretary of State could not prevent its ignominious rejection. But one vote in its favor, from Senator McCreary, of Kentucky; and not alone the rejection, but such a speech from Charles Sumner as made the ears of Englishmen tingle and set poor Harriet Martineau to write in pity and despair. I cannot recall the exact sum Mr. Sumner wanted as "damages" from England; "$110,000,000 for losses in tonnage only an item in the bill." One-half the national debt, as England's interference in favor of the South had doubled the war—that at least, in the Sumner figures, say three thousand millions in round numbers before there could be satisfaction and peace.

So it stood in 1869, when Grant came into power. The treaty with England thrown into her face with a matter of some thousand millions at issue, backed by the demand of the leader of the Republican majority in the Senate. England angry, of course—angry with a sense of mortified pride. She had offered terms and no hand in the Senate to take her proffer but that of the poor old Kentucky McCreary. America was incensed with the sense of wrong. The new President had shown his devotion to peace on a hundred battlefields, and no Chief Magistrate was a more inflexible enemy of war. The new Secretary, —of mature years, with wide experience, above the blandishments of political favor, had one thought—peace! There should be peace, an honorable peace, honorable above all else to the United States. And how could there be peace with these lowering clouds—"consequential damages," and so on—hanging in the heavens, to burst and fall at any time, and under wild conditions, under the pressure, perhaps, of some momentary Irish excitement or ebullition of political strife.

Matters between the two nations could not have been in a worse condition, and we can well imagine anxious rulers seeking adjustment, when a Canadian gentleman, who had gone to London on business, happened in at Washington. This was Sir John Rose, then a knight, later on to be a baronet; to become famous in banking circles as the Rose of Morton, Rose & Co., counsellor and friend in philanthropic and financial transactions of the Prince of Wales and other high people, and only three years ago to fall dead in the Scottish highlands while stalking a deer. Rose was a Scotchman, had risen to colonial eminence in Canada, became head of the exchequer, I think; was connected by marriage with an American family, and well known in American circles. A quiet, steady, shrewd, reserved Scotchman, with fine capacities for observation and silence—one of those men in whom mothers with marriageable daughters would be apt to confide and seek delicate advice; a sure-footed, cautious man, strong with what is perhaps the surest, safest element of power, that which is unseen, unknown, and therefore not exposed to envy or disparagement; with the Scottish faculty of being around when wanted and of giving sound, practical advice when requested and not before. I remember Rose when I knew him in London as an ideal of courtesy and discretion, who might have been a first cousin to Bailie Nicol Jarvie, with better advantages in the way of education than the Salt Market of Glasgow could afford.

So Sir John happened in at Washington in his fortunate Scotch way, the luck that seems inseparable from the heather; could not well leave without seeing the Secretary of State, which, of course, meant a dinner with Governor Fish and gracious confidences, as might well ensue from two gentlemen who loved peace and could not readily be denied their hopes of the fond embrace. Why could there not be a commission or something of the kind? Great Britain must surely see that the rejection of the Clarendon-Johnson instrument was rather a rejection of President Johnson's noisome Administration than a desire to quarrel with England. Why not a commission, and if possible an imposing commission? If, for instance, the Secretary hinted, England could spare one of her dukes for the business. There would be social moral suasion in the strawberry leaves. Not of course one of the rat-baiting, horse-racing, razzle-dazzle species of dukes, prone to music-halls, and the pleasures of the capital, but a sensible duke, who could stand around in the drawing-rooms and throw lustre over his company. We had seen what a peer could do when Lord Ashburton came over and negotiated the Ashburton treaty with Daniel Webster. And although Ashburton was a peer of mild degree, baron, I think, he made his treaty. What might not be hoped with a duke?

As I understood Governor Fish, the outline of the arbitration idea came with the overflow of the dinner talk—dinner arranged for that purpose, the hostess discreetly withdrawing at an early moment—talk going on to two in the morning, none present but Sir John Rose, Bancroft Davis and himself. Sir John saw that he was in the presence of an administration which not only meant peace, but a fresh and powerful administration, a majority in both houses strong enough to neutralize even Sumner and the champions of the consequential claims. And in order that the settlement should be thorough, that there should be no rubs and blotches in the work, why not take up all matters at issue between the United States and Great Britain—the fisheries, the boundary disputes, the ownership of Vancouver and San Juan and the Alabama claims? Why not? Take an earnest, clear-headed Scotchman, and a Yankee Secretary equally earnest and quite as clear headed; consider that behind one were Russell, Gladstone, Argyle and the English statesmen of peace, that behind the other was Grant, who never wanted to see another sword unsheathed in anger, and what more easy than an understanding!

When that dinner was over in the early morning hours, and the well-dinnered Sir John padded home to his dreams, arbitration was conceived! Sir John returned to England, and was soon at the ear of those in authority. Then came correspondence, cipher cables, this and that to be overcome and explained, party prejudices to be considered. Here was the eagle scrutiny of Sumner, not in love with Grant nor his diplomacy, on the verge of resonant mutiny, ready to pounce on a flaw. There in London were the keen eyes of Disraeli, only too eager to discover any surrender of British honor by the weak and wretched Liberal Cabinet. There was no trouble about the Duke. How would Argyle suit? And with Grace—why not John Bright? They would come. This Sir John had discovered and arranged. They had been our leal friends when friends were needed, and what a reception from the enthusiastic North. Yes, well, yes; no better Duke than the Macallum Moore, no British soul more welcome than the lion-faced commoner who had pleaded for the Union amid the discordant shouts of an inimical Parliament. But as Governor Fish pointed out to Sir John Rose—while the Duke of Argyle and John Bright would awaken commendable patriotism and make the rosiest of all commissions, they never could have the political or moral power at home to secure the concessions which America must demand. For there was business in this all the time, business under the rose-water when we came to its last analysis. Neither Argyle nor Bright represented the sentiment in England without whose assent any concession was possible. Their slightest yielding to our just demands would be called "Birmingham and the Quakers truckling to Yankee bluster." Nothing could be done, and the two nations would come out of it on worse terms than before.

This seems to have shown consummate wisdom on the part of the Secretary. For first of all, and there could be no advance until this was conceded, there must be an admission on the part of England that she had wronged the Union, and with this admission an ample apology. That was the most difficult point in the negotiation. Anything but that! Fish was inexorable. Sumner had demanded it in his speech, and any reserve would be fatal to the treaty in the Senate. The apology was arranged, and after the usual diplomatic and legislative formulas, red-tape, sealing-wax, cipher telegrams, special messengers, and so on, the commission was born.

The sessions of the High Joint Commission began in the old State Department building, now a school or an asylum of some kind out on Fourteenth street, in Washington, late in February, 1871. They lasted until May of the same year. It was a strong commission, as you may see on the canvas of Mr. Carpenter. Sir Stafford Northcote, a Tory leader, was a member, as on our side was the Democrat, Judge Nelson. This, upon which Governor Fish had laid much stress, took away the partisan tinge. The head of the Commission was Earl De Gray and Ripon, now Marquis of Ripon. His lordship was scarcely a duke, but an earl, lineage of the great house of Grey, and would do. His handsome, bearded face, with the youth of forty, looks frankly out of the Carpenter picture as the central figure of the British group. Northcote was from one of the oldest families in Devonshire, line indubitable to the Conqueror's days and to be in time Lord Iddlesleigh, and among other consequences of this solemn tribunal it befell that one of his sons should espouse a daughter of Governor Fish, and thus give a link of peace between the nations stronger than ever diplomacy could forge. Thornton was British Minister, well known in Washington. Montague Bernard was an Oxford professor of international law, learned in its intricacies, and had written books in its elucidation. Sir John A. McDonald, Premier of Canada until his death the other day, who sits with folded arms, a Disraelian face, a kind of Scotch double to the Hebrew statesman, was there to look after the Canadas.

The head of the American section was Hamilton Fish. The bench, and likewise the Democratic party, as I have said, were represented by the venerable Justice Nelson, of the Supreme Court. Nelson was, I think, in his eightieth year. This among the last services he was to do for his country, as he died in 1873. Tyler had made him Judge from New York State in 1845, and no one stood higher in the esteem of his countrymen. Schenck was about to leave as Minister to England, having been named in place of the brilliant, but diplomatically unfortunate Motley. He was then in the zenith of his fame, much talked of by Horace Greeley in those days, as I recall, as an inevitable candidate for the Presidency. He was to go to England, and have foolish scandals invented about him in regard to games of chance, which clouded his ripe, well-earned fame. Williams was Senator from Oregon, much in favor with Grant, with whom he was to fall much in disfavor, and was on the Commission because of his technical knowledge of the fishery and boundary questions. The other member was Rockwood Hoar, the "wise Judge" of the Lowell poems, grandson of Roger Sherman, a learned and meritorious man, esteemed by Grant, who took him to his Cabinet and tried to seat him on the Supreme bench. Some Senators found him not over-civil when Attorney General, and so Senatorial revenge or caprice, or some other questionable motive, was permitted to dictate his rejection when he came to be confirmed. The American Secretary was Bancroft Davis, Assistant Secretary of State, son of the "Honest John Davis," who served in the Senate with Hamilton Fish, and upon whom the labor of the Commission had been thrown—now Judge, and one of the strongest figures in our diplomatic history. The English agent was Lord Tenterden, son of the Chief Justice Tenterden, and the permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Of the details of the Commission much was said by

Governor Fish. There were minor troubles. Schenck would insist upon talking as if it were a Congress, and debate could run without range, and now and then would make startling concessions. Deliberations would at times come to a tension, relations incandescent, on one occasion breaking off in the whitest of white heat, on a threat from Lord Ripon that it "was about time to close the Commission," his Lordship snapping his despatch box lids together as if it were "time at last" to end the accursed thing. "Yes, time at last, as I have been thinking for days," answered the firm secretary. Commission divided off to separate rooms to commune with its wrath. But if these gentlemen were high-spirited, touchy and resolute for their cause, they were serious and just; who loved peace and would win her at any cost but honor. She was won. Arbitration came. It was the gift of the United States to Christianity, and the venerable statesman in whose brain the mighty thought was conceived, and by whose strenuous hands it was shaped into being, may feel in his old age that in that victory of peace he won the title to a more enduring fame than any the century has given to the diplomatic triumphs of Canning, Gortchakoff and Bismarck.

Of Grant, Mr. Fish spoke at length and with discriminating affection. In response to a question as to what, after eight years of the closest personal and political relations with the President, he regarded his dominant quality, the Governor promptly answered: "Absolute truthfulness, complete, inflexible veracity. I do not think," he continued, "that it would have been possible for Grant to have told a lie, even if he had composed it and written it down." I recalled a statement of Grant in regard to the late General Taylor, the ex-President, almost in these identical words: "If old Taylor," said Grant, "had made up his mind that he must tell a lie, and that he should therefore take the utmost pains to have it on paper, he would be sure to get it straight in reading it out." "This quality," said the Governor, "was shown by Grant when the inflation question came before the Cabinet." There had never been so great a pressure upon an Executive to sign a measure as this of inflation and by the friends of Grant, his especial and personal friends. The party must be saved. There was an irresistible voice from the party which could not be neglected or silenced, and something was needed like inflation to satisfy the impatient West. There was no knowing what might happen to the party else, and it was in the power of Grant to save all. This was the view of the ablest and truest of Republican friends in that quarter, and its effect upon Grant was natural. The Cabinet, with the exception of Cresswell and Fish, had given way to the current, and it seemed there was nothing to be done. "So the President," said Governor Fish, "resolved to sign the bill, and as a measure of peace with his conscience, made up his mind to write a message giving his reason for doing so. I think he denied himself to everybody and went to work on the message. But it seemed that the more he wrote the more he saw that he was on untenable ground, and what he began as a message of approval developed into a veto. Having decided his course, he directed the clerks to copy it and make ready for the Senate. Then when the Cabinet met, knowing how much he was in the minority, even in his own official family, he simply announced what he had done, read the message which he had directed to be sent, and said no more." I ventured to say to the Governor that the story of that most remarkable of Grant's many estimable services to the country had been told me *mutatis mutandis* by Grant in Bordeaux; that he had also said that none of his friends were so earnest in its support as Mr. Edmunds and himself; that the duty of writing that message and the vast political responsibilities involved had kept him awake all night, which no battle of the war had ever done, and that the enthusiasm showed by Mr. Bristow in support of the message was the beginning of the train of thought which culminated in the appointment of Bristow to the Treasury.

One or two interesting glimpses of Aaron Burr which came vividly out of his conversation, a strange touch with the past, remembering that Burr had been a colonel in the Revolutionary war, aide to Montgomery and soldier under Arnold. When Mr. Fish first saw Burr the old man was far on in the seventies. Had occasion to take Burr some legal instrument which wanted verification, and when Burr saw the young attorney's name, he said, "I suppose you are the son of my old Revolutionary compatriot, Nicholas Fish?" "Yes," was the reply. "Will you," said Burr kindly, "present your father with my compliments?" "I bowed," said the Governor, with a laugh, "but as a matter of fact I would have as soon given my father the compliments of a rattlesnake, which Burr knew very well, as they had never spoken since the duel with Hamilton." Colonel Fish, it was believed, would have gone out with Hamilton as his second, as he had been Hamilton's counsel in other affairs that only prudence prevented from becoming affairs of honor. But he had just married, and Hamilton did not feel like imposing upon him a duty which might have entailed ulterior consequences.

In the course of some running talk on that extraordinary meeting and its consequences, not alone to the principals, but to American politics, I could not see that there was any impression that there had been unfairness in the duel as a contest on the part of Burr, nor any surprise that they should have met at a time when the code prevailed among gentlemen. Burr and Hamilton were alike soldiers skilled in arms, Hamilton having been Major General at the express nomination of Washington as the fittest person to command the army in the event of hostilities. The censure so severely visited upon Burr, and which culminated in his political and personal ruin, as, as I understood from Governor Fish, because he forced a quarrel upon Hamilton without provocation, forced him under circumstances where there was no reason for fighting. The message through young Fish to his father was a part of the old man's swagger which he never ceased to maintain. There was another story which had the same tone of swagger, about Burr's remarking to a friend of Fish as he stood before a bust of Hamilton: "I sent that man out of the world, but not one moment too soon for his fame." No reason in the world for the remark, simply the atmosphere of arrogance in which Burr lived his almost outlawed life far on into old age.

Further glimpses of the past came out of this long bright, and at times brilliant conversation—men and scenes as they remained in his memory. Gallatin, for instance, the Swiss Gallatin from Geneva, who was to give so much political trouble in the early days with his differences with Washington, "Whisky Rebellion," and other questionable complications; a rasping, excitable and enthusiastic personage, as he appears in the chronicles, who had Hamilton among his many aversions, which I presumed was a political legacy from Jefferson. And it appeared, as Gallatin in later years confessed to Fish and other friends, that when he went into the treasury, as he did under Jefferson in 1801, it was with the resolution of undoing all the harm of Hamilton's career by a series of the most needed reforms. "And yet," said old Gallatin, "when the matter at last came to me seriously in hand I could do nothing. There was no building or even rebuilding, after the sovereign workmanship of Hamilton's genius." A graceful tribute to the memory of a dead patriot from a one-time fierce political antagonist which it is well to rescue out of the dust-storms of current talk and keep in memory as due to the founder of our financial system.

Governor Fish was, I presume, rather removed from Lincoln by the presence of Seward in the Cabinet, and Preston King in the Senate. Lincoln intervening between Stewart and Stanton, had taken the side of Fish in some small point of difference with the Secretary of State. A sunny glimpse of the famous Mackenzie, whom Grant regarded as after Sheridan the most brilliant young soldier of the war, one of the very few generals that he would like to have put in command of an army,—the brilliant, brave Mackenzie, to die only the other day on the threshold of his fame. Mackenzie, it seems, was a West Point cadet, and having broken bounds in some skylarking expedition, came foraging upon Mrs. Fish, at the Garrison's mansion for food, knowing that he might hope for at least charitable treatment, truant as he was, from a lady who had known him from infancy, and who had been his mother's schoolmate and friend. So having made the descent the hungry young outlaw would heed no womanly intimations to "return to duty," until he had been given due hospitality, more toothsome, one can well believe, than the spare rations of the Academy, and worth breaking the bounds, especially if cream and pastry possibilities were well considered. So when the feast was at its height, and Mackenzie and a cadet comrade in vagrancy were forgetting possible tours of guard duty and other forms of military punishment, in the immediate joys of the hour, who should be seen driving up the grounds, but Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief of the army! What a situation! What a horror! Surely no other errand could have brought the lieutenant general, but that he had heard of their crime, and was about to visit it with due expiation. "Well," said the Governor, "I hustled Randall and his chum into the closet there in the billiard room, and had them well locked in before the General could descend. When we were snugly here on the porch, I told Scott that I had a couple of his scapegraces locked up in hiding and in terror over his coming, waiting to be dragged out to humiliation and shame. The General laughed and said that he was not quite sure that there was any part of the curriculum at the Academy that went farther toward making the cadets good, ingenious, shifty soldiers, than in learning how to break bounds and escape from the eyes of their professors. When the General left the young culprits were released with the kindest admonitions from Mrs. Fish, and renewed supplies of rations and allowed to get to their quarters as best they could."

Serene, quiet talk, with kindly words for friends and foes likewise, as might well become an old workingman, the rough belongings of his task done, and glad to come in out of the heat and burden of the day, and think only of what had been attained, with no thought of resentment or regret. A gentle reference to Sumner and Motley, in a spirit of appreciation and sorrow. Of current affairs there was little said. The panorama of this foolish hour could only awaken a languid interest in one who had lived and acted in the great days; whose own life was almost in touch with the Revolution, his father having served under Washington; who had sat in the Senate with Henry

Clay; the counsellor and friend of Grant! With such memories, the consciousness of eminent public service, in a beautiful home, children to the third and fourth generation clustering about his knees, sure of a world wide and enduring fame, secure in the affectionate, grateful veneration of his countrymen, what more beautiful than these twilight days of a noble life! "And that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," all vouchsafed to him in rounded, abundant measure. This was my thought as we took our leave of the illustrious statesman and received his smiling welcome and farewell at the door. The sunset gun rang out from the empurpling shadows of West Point, and the colors fluttered down the staff as we drove to the station. The day was done! It seemed to echo the sentiment in which we had taken our farewell. The day was done! But no day in our time has earned a more honorable repose than that which every American will desire for the evening hours of Hamilton Fish.

GLENCLYFFE.
GARRISON'S P. O., PUTNAM CO., N. Y., Oct. 30, 1891.

My dear Mr. Young:—I owe you more thanks than I can convey for the very kind and flattering article which I have received.

In my younger days I was never insensible or forgetful of kindness; now far in the vale of years, possibly I am not insensible of flattery.

You have given a very graphic account of what I feared must have been a rather dull afternoon to you and Mr. Carpenter; although a most agreeable and delightful diversion in the monotony of an old man's retreat.

I am very faithfully yours,

HAMILTON FISH.

EXTRACT FROM "NOTES AND QUERIES" BY J. R. Y.

(December 31st, 1892.)

"The year that goes, and I dash the snow from his cape as he is going, was a good fellow enough. He brought much joy and much sorrow."

That I fancy is the way with the years, at least, since Christ began to number them over again and try to save us from the consequences of ourselves. * * *

I have lost some friends in this year. Of that—silence! My griefs are sacred, and therefore my own! The world has had losses. The navy shall never again see that fine old Chesterfield-Nelson of a hero, Raymond Rodgers, the admiral. I knew him well, and he has my welcome beyond the stars. Cardinal Manning was a beneficent influence. Man of the world, and prince of the church—at home in Marlborough House and on the London docks. He once gave me his blessing. I return it with a prayer. Freeman, the historian, with his dumpy body, great head, shaggy beard, and that sing-song of a voice, as if he pumped it out while speaking. The most learned of men, only he would not permit folks like Froude and the rest of us to know so little while he knew so much. D. Hayes Agnew, one of my oldest friends, the friend of my father and mother—how the good that he did streams after him like the radiance of some shining star on its way through the heavens. Walt Whitman, the Titanic amorphous poet, whose influence will be better understood a hundred years from now, and eyes will be strong enough to see what he has seen. Cyrus Field, of whom it was so finely said that he was a second Columbus and rediscovered America. The dear and venerable E. C. Knight, with the presence and the traditions of a merchant prince. George William Curtis, to redeem the New World from the reproach of never having produced an Addison. Dougherty, the brilliant, intrepid, high-souled Christian gentleman and orator. Whittier, who sang the wail of slavery and the triumph of freedom; and Tennyson—lord, master, king. Yes, Old Year, as you go from us, and as I brush the snow from your cape while taking leave, you are richly laden in what the world is loath to spare! But, go then, and God bless you, and keep you a gentle place in the eternities.

(Jan. 27th, 1893.)

"The new year gives death a fearful harvest. How many names that belonged to our present, go into history!—Hayes, Blaine, Butler, Lamar, Kenna, Jay Gould, Phillips Brooks, Fanny Kemble. Among our generals, Rufus Ingalls and Abner Doubleday. January of ninety-three will be remembered as the month of months wherein Time paid largess to Eternity.

Three of these were statesmen of the North, none more conspicuous. One had been President, the other two had proudly looked upon the office with the assurance to prove barren of political nominations. Two were statesmen of the South, and had served in the Confederate army. Two had been generals in our Northern army, eminent and useful soldiers. One was the most brilliant of our theologians. The other in her day had been queen of the stage. Jay Gould was a monarch in finance. The Reaper's sickle has mowed with impartial hand.

In the aggregate, looked at as in cold philosophy, these departures may be dismissed as incidents of fate. The angel stands on the threshold. The name is called. We go. But is that all?

I thought of this to-night as I looked out upon the bluest sky I had seen for weeks. A starry, stainless blue,—not a vagabond cloud to make a kaleidoscope of the constellations. I thought of my own dead—reverent and sacred to me—who rest with God. I thought of these mighty dead, summoned in these January days, every name an epic, and now at rest. The statesmen with their ambitions, the soldiers whose pulse will never quicken to the cannon peal, the insatiate master of finance, the bishop in touch with God, the queen of the stage, over whom our grandmothers wept as Juliet and rejoiced as Beatrice. Yesterday with us,—to-day farther than the most distant stars.

It was my privilege to know more or less every one in this company. And alone with the stars, looking out upon the frosty, snowbound night, they seemed to come back with messages and remembrances, and I am afraid with needed admonitions. If I had time, or you would care about it, I could write you—my midnight hour with the dead.

For many years I knew Blaine and Butler on terms of intimacy. I last saw Blaine in Washington, driving from the Department of State, late in the spring of 1891. He was huddled in the corner of a carriage, listening to some talk from a Judge of the Supreme Court beside him. As he raised his hat it was with the motion of one who might have been a hundred years old. So white, so wan, so weary. I had a short note from him subsequently, but never to see him again.

I last saw Butler in Boston on the Thursday preceding the Presidential election. We had not met for some years, and as he came into the room I noted his feebleness. However, once surely in the chair, and the unlighted cigar in his mouth, he threw himself together and talked for an hour with eloquence and freedom. It was only a call of courtesy, and the talk mere friendliness. I recall among other things that he was sure of Harrison's re-election.

I had the great honor and pleasure of knowing Mrs. Butler, and this allusion of her husband brings her to mind. I have often thought if I were in the book writing business that I should sketch a few lives which have come within the range of my own; lives based upon a perfect marriage. That of General Butler should have the first place. His marriage was one of singular felicity. Mrs. Butler was a woman of extraordinary ability, in intellectual force the equal of the General, and that means a great deal, for in mental force Butler is one of the first men of the age. She had more self-command than the General, had a singular grace and dignity, a consciousness of power and genius which attracted you with a sentiment of respect and admiration. She was an exquisite reader, only surpassed in my knowledge by Fanny Kemble. Shakespeare she knew by heart, and Mr. Donnelly will be pleased to learn had anticipated him in the acceptance of the Baconian theory. She even believed that the music and the imagination of Shakespeare could be found in Bacon, and I remember her reading one summer evening at her Washington home many parallel passages in support of this theory.

Leave me, O Love! which reaches but to dust,
And then, my mind, aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might,
So that sweet yoke where tasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth but shine and give us sight to see,

O, take fast hold, let that light be thy guide
In this small course whence birth draws out of death;
And think how ill becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then, farewell, world, thine uttermost I see;
Eternal Love; maintain thy life in me.

It is not, however, the intellectual side of Mrs. Butler that comes back to me now, thinking of her as I read her husband's tribute to her memory, but her high serene womanliness. Her power over the General was unbounded. "I have never," he once said to me, "done anything of any import without taking counsel of my wife, and I have never made a mistake except when I failed to follow her advice." This is high praise. I am proud to write it, as due to a noble and gracious memory. Her influence was always for gentleness, peace, mercy; and how much this must have meant at the side of that proud turbulent nature. I remember a story in illustration, as told me by an officer who served under Butler during the war. "Some Confederate," said my informant, "had carried news, or run the lines, or committed a military offense. The court martial had condemned him to death, and it was my duty to carry out the sentence. It was not a serious offense—military rather than otherwise, and I was very sorry for Johnny Reb, and hated to see him die. So the evening before the execution I went to headquarters to see whether the General relented. I found him over his papers, working on in his huge, ravenous fashion, like one gorging himself. Mrs. Butler in a corner behind the lamp, quietly sewing. The General was in a towering humor. He intended no mercy for this or any condemned rebel. More of them should be punished, and soon, with Butlerian vehemence. 'So execution at sunrise?' I said. 'Yes, at sunrise,' was the command, Butler never taking his eyes from the newspapers. As I turned away and bowed my good night to Mrs. Butler she quietly raised her finger and said nothing. I knew what the signal meant. The woman in her humanity was begging a man's life. Well, I did not turn in that night, hung around my quarters waiting, and just before sunrise came an order from the General suspending the execution. The woman had won." Yes, the woman had won. And in reprinting the General's tribute to his wife's memory I would likewise throw this flower upon her grave, remembering her as a true friend, a perfect wife, and a supremely gifted, noble-minded woman.

Of this company I would like to say a word of Rufus Ingalls. Of the others much will be written. We shall have a Niagara of anecdote. Rufus Ingalls is one of the unappreciated and soon to be forgotten great men of the century. He was quartermaster general of the Army of the Potomac from the beginning to the end of the war. McClellan, Burnside, Pope, Hooker, Meade, Grant, he served them all and held their entire confidence. He disbursed for the Government thousands of millions. He never had an account that was questioned. He died poor. If he had served upon the line, instead of upon the staff, he might have had the highest command, as Grant ranked him in his published records with Sherman and Sheridan.

He fought his fight to the end. Always the gentleman, always the soldier, always the embodiment of perfect integrity. He was the kindliest of men, had an easy, positive, charming manner—was never in a hurry, nor in a temper, but somehow was always obeyed. I presume he was nearer to Grant than any of the officers. They had been classmates at West Point, had served on the

Pacific, and had a perfect appreciation of one another. In all my days I never knew a courtlier or kinder gentleman. I thought of this as I met him just before the holidays on Broadway. He had returned from the West, and as he paused for a moment he referred in a bantering mood to his infirmities. When I took my leave, it was with a feeling that it was an assured farewell. And when I read that Ingalls likewise had received and answered the summons, I was not surprised.

CHARLES LONGFELLOW.

(April 14th, 1893.)

It will be three years in May since standing on the deck of a vessel riding at her moorings in the Bay of Venice, under the shadow of the Bridge of Sighs, I took my leave of Charles A. Longfellow, the elder son of the poet. I was not to see him again, for in this morning's paper I read that he died yesterday in the old Longfellow mansion of Cambridge.

I knew Longfellow well; came to have a sincere affection for the man; had met him in Japan, and again in New York, and when we last parted it was after a three-months' companionship in a journey which embraced Ceylon, the Red Sea, the Grecian Archipelago, the Riviera and the Adriatic.

Longfellow bore with modesty an illustrious name. He was brave, far-seeing, modest. Proud of his father, he had no sympathy with the poetic spirit; had never written a couplet, and if he read his father's poems, it was from a sense of filial duty. He seemed to have an aversion to poetry, and wicked friends would tease him by advising sentimental ladies to send their albums to him and ask for "a stanza." He seemed rather shy of having his father's poetic achievements thrust upon him, and it was rarely he referred to them.

Longfellow used to say that he was born to roam the seas, that he had probably Viking or pirate blood in his veins, that he must have blended his line with some buccaneer of the Spanish Main. I think he said that one ancestor had been an admiral. He never was at rest except when journeying. He loved the sea with passion. There was no storm that daunted him, and nature had no such eloquent voices as those which came out of seething, combing waves. He had his own little yacht with which he hovered about New England coasts, and he was one of a small venturesome company who crossed the ocean in a fifty-feet yacht. But then, while he loved the ocean and had no prouder companionship than the storm, he never knew fear—was one of the bravest men I have ever known, that unconscious bravery which gives a charm to the manly nature.

High-spirited, self-respecting—ready as a flash if the moment came—Longfellow was like all the truly brave men, gentle, low-voiced, amiable, considerate, polite. There was something of his father, the poet, in his mild, winning eyes. His courage, tested in many an adventurous feat at sea, had undergone the highest test of all when shot through the body during the war.

It was a severe wound, and undoubtedly invited the disease which was to cut him down in his prime, but I never heard him refer to it. The two things that you never learned from Longfellow was that he was the son of one of the noblest Americans, and that he had given his blood to his country.

Longfellow was free from the cares of life. He had an inherited income and was a bachelor. He spent his days in travel, observation and in the sunny, sparkling coteries called "society" in England and France. Of the East he always spoke as one under a fascination, and when I first met him in Japan, in 1885, he was about to explore the Inland Sea on a small chartered fishing schooner. When he returned to New York he told me that after a month of superb idleness on the Inland Sea his vessel came upon a rock one day near Simonoseki and went down, while he saved himself by good swimming.

If Longfellow had had material duties thrown upon him, he would have made his mark in some career of enterpise or adventure. He was a very intelligent man; learned in the languages, with a practical mind, well-poised, independent, candid, and generous in his opinions. I valued his friendship, and it was a pleasure to know it as among my possessions. There was nothing in his character that an American would not be proud to see in one who bore the name of Longfellow.

THE PASSING OF BOOTH.

(April 22nd, 1893.—*Editorial.*)

April 21.—So this our actor, the chiefest of them all, is dying. It is impossible to read the bulletins in regard to Edwin Booth other than as messages from a death-bed. We read them as with a prayer for his departing soul.

It is the going out of a great light, a dimming of the skies even as when Tennyson died. Yet Tennyson might have been the father of the actor. There were few years between the birth of Lord Tennyson and the elder Booth, whose fervid, wayward genius vanished on a Mississippi steamboat some forty years ago.

I have known Edwin Booth for many years. I first met him when at the Arch Street Theater in the early days of the war. I remember seeing him as "Richard III." for several nights in succession. [I was young and had time, and the spell of the stage was upon me.] There was one scene—Booth as Richard in armor, the armorer putting the last touches to the King's boots as the scenes parted, while his Majesty read the enigmatic message to Jockey of Norfolk.

I never cared much for Richard II. Booth, however, his face radiant with fire and beauty; the figure in glittering steel-like armor; the youth, suppleness and martial attributes; the buoyant, bounding presence, form a picture which ever remains with me.

Booth in those Arch street days was crude—without the natural genius of his unhappy brother. I do not recall seeing him again until the Winter Garden engagement, famous in theatrical annals, when he played the hundred nights of "Hamlet." From the moment that he appeared as "Hamlet," shivering on the battlements until the end, it was a revelation. There was a transformation. The apprentice had become the master. Here was the "Hamlet" of the poet's imagination. I thought then that he was the greatest actor who spoke the English tongue. I have not changed that opinion—not even when under the spell of Forrest, or Davenport, or Henry Irving. These were eminent men, rarely gifted. I write of them with gratitude. But there was that in Booth that none of them attained.

You cannot describe genius. As well describe the sunshine or a storm at sea, or Niagara. I cannot describe wherein Booth was more to me than Forrest or Irving. I only know that when I had seen his "Hamlet" I felt that I had received the message of the master. I could criticise

Irving or Forrest, follow the details of their art, strive to unravel it. I never criticised Booth.

We read of the famous revivals in Irving's Lyceum Theatre, works of art, the music by Arthur Sullivan, the scenery by Alma Tadema and so on. But Mr. Booth's revivals when he opened his own ill-starred Theater in New York were upon a scale of magnificence which even Mr. Irving could not surpass. The "Romeo and Juliet," and the "Richelieu" as he presented them were especially marvels of dramatic skill and opulence of management.

I saw more of Mr. Booth when he had his own theater that at any period of our acquaintance; was among the favored few who would go into his dressing room during the long wait in "Hamlet" which occurs while Ophelia is essaying her madness, and talk with him as he sat cuddled up, arms hugging his knees, the sombre Hamlet hood thrown over his shoulders, smoking the blackest of pipes and drinking the blackest of coffee.

Booth was interesting, cordial, candid, but not effusive. He told a story well, but never with elaboration nor with mimicry, as is the way with actors. The only anecdote I now recall which depended upon mimicry was in regard to Frederick Le Maitre, the famous French actor, the friend of Hugo, as "Don Cæsar de Bazan." Booth pointed out the difference in the conception of the character as between Frederick and himself; acted parts of a scene in his conversation. Writing with Hugo's stupendous eulogy of Le Maitre in mind, Booth's treatment seemed truer than that of the Frenchman.

Booth lived under a cloud. Critics were wont to call it affectation, and say that it was a business advantage to parade Broadway with his long hair and the pensive aspect of the melancholy Dane. That it brought women to the play and that mystery made him an object of sympathy.

Never was a man freer from affectations than Booth from those petty posings and the incentives to gossip which surround the stage. He had known sorrows which well might enfold him as with dense, undying gloom. He inherited from his brilliant father tastes which only the constant exercise of the strongest will could master. He was ever at war with the fiercest appetite which ever cursed with its thraldom the soul of man. He fought and held it down. The bride of his youth died in the spring time of her days, and no one knows how much of his heart went into her untimely grave. His beloved brother was the slayer of Lincoln, and apart from the crushing blow to his affections, his name was to be allied with a never-to-be-forgotten crime. And in later years other sorrows fell, upon which the curtain has never been lifted. We know that they were with him, and as for the rest let there be silence and peace.

In its highest sense, looking upon the drama as potent in forming the manners and morals of a nation, this generation can never repay its debt to Booth. The stage was a moral agency, a means for the dissemination of light and truth. In this there was a reflection of his character. I have never known a gentler, kindlier, purer or more high-minded soul. He had the power of attaching friends to him as with links of steel; but it was a power that rested as much upon their appreciation of his serene, lofty character, as upon the charm and glow of his personality. The gentleman, the scholar, the friend! This he remains to those who knew him. The sovereign of the stage, under whose sceptre millions have knelt! This will be his place in our annals.

WHAT BOOTH DID FOR HIS ART.

Booth's and Forrest's Schools Compared.

As the dynasty of the English stage passed from Garrick to the Kembles, and thence, through Kean and Macready to Henry Irving, so of American tragedians it may be said that Forrest and Booth have held sovereign sway.

They won their sovereignty in their youth. Forrest was in his thirties when he returned, laurel laden, from England to have a royal welcome, to be surfeited with fame.

Booth had a severe apprenticeship, but under conditions improved by the frailties of others, yet he was still a young man when he launched into an ascendancy which was never disputed. It was a long reign from 1857 until 1890, and its glory was undimmed to the end.

Forrest is almost a memory to the present generation. He passed his professional climax before the war. Personal misfortunes and embarrassments because of his waywardness warped and thwarted his career. Tried by any canon, he was a great actor. He had rare gifts, a superabundance of energy, perhaps, and a want of what Booth possessed to an eminent degree—poetry of expression. He had read deeply. While his learning was crude, and under the sway of his dominant personality never permitted to interfere with a prejudice, Forrest believed in his art and pursued it with devotion.

As a student he surpassed Booth or, in fact, any actor. Of Edmund Kean it was said that his acting was like reading Shakespeare by lightning flashes. The same might be said of certain creations of Edwin Booth. The criticism would never apply to Forrest, whose work showed hard, stern, conscientious toil.

If genius be, as Bulwer describes it, a form of concentrated industry, then no actor can have a higher place than Forrest. But while industry is not to be despised, but on the contrary accepted and guarded as a commendable thing, there was in Edwin Booth, as in the elder Kean, and perhaps in a lesser degree in Garrick, the touch of the heavenly fire which is inseparable from genius.

Fielding, in his remarkable criticism of Garrick in the novel, pointed out the naturalness and simplicity of that memorable artist—the acting, so true that the impression was that of course this was the only way in which it could be done. Rogers, in his "Table Talk," recalls the thrill that came over him when as a child he heard one or two of Garrick's speeches as "Lear." It was the spell of genius.

We felt this spell with Booth in the graveyard at Elsinore; when Cardinal Richelieu invokes the power of Rome as against the intrigues of Baradas; and in the final scene of "The Fool's Revenge."

These scenes or points of action in the art of Edwin Booth are an exemplification of what is meant by dramatic genius. No such effects can be recalled on the part of Forrest. His farewell soliloquy in "Othello" and the speech in "Jack Cade," where Alymere tells of the stormy night in the Coliseum, when he resolved upon the adventure which made him a rebel against his King, had something of the lightning flash.

The art of Forrest was intense, conscientious acting. His high gift was that of a reader. The glory, the majesty, the majority, the reverberation of that voice, with its tones which Mirabeau or Webster did not surpass; the perfect elocution, every syllable with due expression and refinement, until the critics in their wickedness dwelt upon Forrest's pauses as mannerisms.

The charm of this extraordinary gift was so winning that it was said that Forrest, as "Hamlet," was seen at his best when the auditor sat with his back to the stage. This criticism expresses better than in any elaborate explanation the difference between Forrest and Booth.

The audience saw in the "Hamlet" of Forrest, an impossible personage, a robust, exuberant, teeming person, who made love like an elephant. It is a tradition that Shakespeare made "Hamlet" fat and scant of breath to satisfy the physical exigencies of a certain tragedian. But, even while such a liberty might be grudged, not even the genius of Shakespeare could have adjusted "Hamlet" to Forrest.

While in Forrest, therefore, the poetry of "Hamlet" disappeared, while there was only the mournful echo of his exquisite voice, Edwin Booth was the "Hamlet" of the poet's dream. He had youth, personal comeliness beyond any of his peers, the physical attributes supposed to appertain to princely station, a swift, instant commanding eye and a voice surpassed alone by that of Forrest in its harmony.

It was as an expression of the poetic drama that Booth surpassed Forrest or indeed any actor of our day. He could reach effects as tremendous as those of Kean, but his art, unlike that of Kean, did not rest upon effects alone. He could make points which showed the range of his genius, but when not making points, when in the body and matter of the play, he was always acting.

The same was true of Forrest, but with this exception—the elder actor seemed to be doing his best in a mechanical way. He never trifled with his art. On the other hand, Booth was never mechanical. You might see him a hundred times as "Hamlet," and in each performance some new thought, a poetic touch, a glance, a gesture fell upon you like a new light.

It was this poetic faculty which enabled Booth to grasp the sceptre of Forrest long before Forrest would lay it down. It was not in the nature of the elder to make a gracious surrender, and his antipathy to Booth, although the son of a friend and his own namesake, was among the things to be regretted in the closing years of his wayward and brilliant career.

The supreme attainment of Forrest was that of the stately, formal school of acting, inherited from the Kembles, intensified by Macready. Acting, like painting and literature, goes in periods and schools. Forrest was under the Macready influence, as much as Bryant under Wadsworth. We had a Forrest school in dramatic art, as we had a Byronian school in poetry.

For a generation the Forrest influence pervaded the stage. The sneer, the imperious stride, the half hour Macduff and Richmond and Laertes combats to the joy of a quivering pit; the sedate, the pedantic pauses, the odd emphasis upon words and questionable phrases that modern taste would have eliminated; the roar, the swagger and the scowl—for a generation we indorsed this as a legacy and remembrance of a master whose genius was beyond mimetic art but whose faults and exaggerations could alone be copied.

This vanished under the refined and gentle influence of Booth. It is a question whether the tragic stage, as now suffused with his spirit and in a degree with the melodramatic fire and subtlety of Henry Irving, would understand or accept Forrest. This is not meant as a reflection upon his genius; for this writer, at least, would not say one word in derogation of a mighty name. It means that the old must give way to the new; that even art itself, eternal in its principles, must accept the discoveries of the student, the whims and mutations of fashion; that in theology, science, literature, the drama, the law is change.

The dramatic school, as it came from Forrest, was rugged, harsh, crude, amorphous, with a power which awakened wonder, admiration, at times terror and pain.

The school of Booth was gentle, refined, spiritual, seeking for dramatic effects by deep, philosophical inquiry—a school of poetry, aspiration—and in it we feel not alone the strength of art, but its sublime harmonies and truths.

The change was an advance in our civilization. We had seen Niagara and were lost in bewilderment and awe. We were to see the mountain hemmed plain, the solemn mysteries of sea and sky, nature itself, and over it all a beauty, as of peace, and an inspiration to nobler deeds and a truer life.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

Here, lying on my desk, disentombed from a heap of forgotten papers, I find a yellow, dingy note written during the war days—a message of personal kindness and good will. It has rested amid the inevitable dust for a generation, the silent but living voice of my friend. My friend is dead and it is now a voice from the grave. I have been standing at the vaulted doors of his tomb as the bishops of the church recited the last offices. Below us, swimming in the wintry haze, was the city that had loved and honored him,—about us a grieving multitude to whom he was but an example and a name. And thus we left him likewise to rest with God. The beginning and the end of a friendship unbroken, cloudless, during these intervening teeming years, and not to be valued by words.

Much has been written of George W. Childs, tributes of personal esteem in some cases, but largely the recognition of public opinion, which has gone out to him as to no American in my recollection since the farewell guns echoed at Riverside. These honors are given to a private gentleman, who never served the State but as a citizen, who did his work in the narrow sphere of his adopted town, and who lived outside of the temptations of ambition or the allurements of power and state. He won a world-wide fame, our pride when he lived, and now a gracious, solemn memory.

He was without the endowments which are supposed to command the hearts of men. He had none of the advantages of birth, descent or fortune. It was not appointed that he should go to the wars. He had never heard a gun fired in anger. As to oratory he was silent, his one speech a modest expression of gratitude to some admiring friends in the Rocky Mountains. He had had no part in those vast enterprises which in this generation have transformed the forces of nature. He was not a man of letters. He had never been swayed by the charm of adventure. He never attended a political convention, and there is room for speculation as to the party character of his ballots. Here he lived and here he died. During the more than forty years of his active life in Philadelphia his aggregate absences could be embraced in a few months. And yet walking his way, doing his work outside of the accepted paths of power and fame, he became one of our most strenuous and powerful men, and his fame encompassed the world.

The character of such a man is worthier of study than that of many whose work was either done amid the glare and noise of opportunity, or made easy by rare endowments. We can understand Sheridan and Morse, Boker and Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe. The spell of a strange power was upon them, and their lives were an expression of what lies within the scope of genius. Sheridan was a soldier, because he had the soul of Judas Maccabeus. Longfellow sang because his soul was attuned to harmony and light. No gifts, none at least of those envied by men, and whose possessors come upon our horizon with an auroral radiance, were permitted to Mr. Childs. None at least but the cheerful spirit, the dauntless, much-aspiring soul, the supreme, far-seeing sense which looks above and beyond from what seems to what is.

The story of the Kane expedition and the manner in which it was handled by Mr. Childs will illustrate this remarkable aptitude for affairs. Kane was a young Philadelphian of a distinguished family. Graduating in medicine he became a surgeon in the navy, going, in 1843, at the age of twenty-three to China. He seems to have been bewitched with the spirit of discovery and romance. Before he was twenty-five he had gone around the world, crossing the continent of Asia and returning home to do gallant and honorable service in the Mexican war. Then came the first or rather the "Grinnell expedition" to the Arctic regions, and the second, both of which he commanded, and from which he returned in his thirty-fifth year, to die at thirty-seven in Havana.

The publication of Dr. Kane's Arctic story in 1856, Mr. Childs then a young man of twenty-seven, marked a new era in the book-selling business. It was the old-fashioned custom to print a book in solid, clumsy type, and throw it upon the waters to sink or swim. Mr. Childs gave the Kane volumes such an advertising as the trade had never known. The body of the lamented explorer was brought from Cuba with royal honors, and in the regulation of those details was seen the master hand. In a short time the name of Kane was made a household word, and when the work was published it was for the day an edition de luxe. The young publisher paid the heirs of Kane $65,000 as a copyright. In its way as a business venture the Kane publication was as fine as the Bonaparte campaigns in Italy. Others have followed. It is now an old, ordinary story. There have been successes even more noteworthy than what attended the Kane publication. But Mr. Childs was the pioneer in the work of printing books worth reading in a style worthy of their merit, and compelling the world to buy them.

I might also recall the works of Benjamin Franklin, in ten volumes, which look down from my shelves, graced by the now mournful inscription of Mr. Childs. And then another achievement, which should win for him the gratitude of the literary world, namely, Allibone's Dictionary of Authors.

We owe the publication of this monumental work to Mr. Childs. The dedication of the first volume, written September 1, 1858, was in these words: "To George William Childs, the original publisher of this volume, who has greatly furthered my labors by his enterprise and zealous intelligent interest, I dedicate the fruit of many years of anxious research and conscientious toil. S. Austin Allibone." The completion of the work was to be achieved by the late Joshua B. Lippincott, and the supplementary volumes still later by Craige Lippincott, to whom likewise be great honor; but as I have said, the inception came from Mr. Childs. And I am not sure that he surpassed the Allibone publication in any of his later achievements, however memorable.

I have sometimes had the impression that if Mr. Childs had not been swept out of his publishing purposes by the fascinations of daily journalism; its rapid returns in the way of money, when money comes at all; its lawless, eccentric and at times appalling power; its from day to day dynasty—he would have become among our greatest publishers, as much of a monarch in that regard as Murray when he swayed literary England from his parlor on Albemarle street. As the reader will see from the character of the books published by Mr. Childs, his aims were lofty and daring. The Kane book and the Allibone Dictionary belong to the high ranges of literature.

The purchase of the *Ledger* is generally accepted as the crowning achievement of Mr. Childs. True, the larger part of his life work was to be done in the *Ledger*, and here his fame gathered glitter and color. But I deem it rather an opportunity than an achievement. They would do him injustice who saw in his labors as the editor of the *Ledger* the sole, or even the highest expression of his genius. The Allibone Dictionary issued from that little Childs and Peterson shop, on Arch street above Sixth, by a young man not in his thirties, is to my mind a nobler evidence of real original merit than even those subsequent experiences in journalism which were to attract the gaze of mankind.

It should not be forgotten that the *Ledger* was an institution, that it had had many years of fair national repute before it passed into the hands of Mr. Childs. A word should be said of William M. Swain, its founder, whose ashes now rest within a few paces of those of his successor. Swain is forgotten, or a mere echo in local traditions, his very name unknown in biographical dictionaries, and his career recalling what I sometimes quote as the epitome of the journalist's career.

Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,
And all the world go by them.

My earliest recollections of Philadelphia journalism go out to Mr. Swain. He was a remarkable man, and in his time a journalist of distinction and authority. We were all of us, the newspaper youngsters of those days, in awe of Swain. There were traditions of austerity and severe discipline in his service, and it might be as well to cross over to the other side of the way when you saw his large form, bowed and absent-minded, with its strong-lined, mournful face coming down Chestnut street. Upon the few occasions when I had speech with Swain he was abrupt, critical, censorious. I recall some kindnesses—thrown at me, rather than given—for which I now record a word of grateful thanks. Under this shagginess of manner and his semi-articulate, decided, peremptory methods of talk, there was, as I learned from those who knew him better, a kind heart, a yearning for the very sympathy which he seemed to repel, and a proud, repelling, arrogant spirit of independence which made him a masterful influence in journalism, and laid the foundation of the unique and extraordinary power of the *Ledger*.

An original, and in a practical sense an eminent man, Mr. Swain should hold his place in history as among the pioneers of a cheap and independent press. The revolt against the solemn, didactic journalism of the earlier decades, with its sixpenny sheets, its five column editorials and its contempt for news, of which James Watson Webb was the representative in New York and Joseph R. Chandler in Philadelphia, was led by James Gordon Bennett in New York, and a group of craftsmen named Swain, Abel and Simmons in Philadelphia. Abel was to found and govern the *Baltimore Sun,* which remains in his family. The others made and ruled the *Ledger*.

Under its earliest *régime* the *Ledger* was not always wholesome reading. It hammered our venerated fathers with saucy freedom, had opinions verging upon insolence and invective, edged into riots and quarrels, but kept the squeezed fingers on the penny and printed the news. As business grew, the news was sacrificed to the advertisements and the opinions were washed out in deference to prejudices, until the sheet became pale and colorless.

This was the problem awaiting Mr. Childs, and he took it up in his own thorough, wise way. I remember the day when he purchased the *Ledger*—his stopping to talk about it on lower Chestnut street, and sketching out his plans in his bright, pushing, confident manner. It was a critical position. A false step meant ruin. He might have surrounded himself with inspired men of genius, born journalists, indispensable people and young lions generally and gone over the abyss. He might have despised the past of the *Ledger* and disregarded its traditions. Or he might have gone into that mad will-of-the-wisp hunt after political preferment. Or worse than all, he might have what is the saddest thing that can befall a paper—ideas and a mission.

Mr. Childs at once turned a losing business into a profit. He advanced the price of the paper from one to two cents, and doubled the rates of advertising. Even with these changes it was the cheap paper of the day, its rivals costing four or five cents. He strengthened himself by selecting men who would carry out his policy with fidelity and patience. His chief associate was Mr. W. V. McKean, a name ever to be honored in our profession, and now retired to the position of Editor Emeritus. He brought Mr. Childs information unsurpassed as to men and things in Pennsylvania. McKean had been private secretary to James Buchanan, and the confidential associate of John W. Forney. He was amiable, sagacious, and in the government of the press of the city and State, which was to be among the shining achievements of Mr. Childs, no one could have served him so well.

There were others upon whom I may not dwell, as an estimate of their services would unduly prolong this article. Coleman—invariably called Tom—the burly city editor, with the questionable gift of eloquence, a kind of heavy father to the reporting boys, irascible, but generous if you were not impatient, or insensible to his years and dignity. Mr. Childs in time and with fine judgment transferred Tom from the monotony of the city desk to the breezy outdoor work of awakening the enthusiasm of suburban churches, and rural secret, friendly and beneficial societies for the *Ledger*. Joel Cook, a valued boyhood friend, one time my colleague on the *Press,* was transplanted from that nursery,—a man of skill, discernment and rare acquirements, clear-headed, faithful and familiar with finance. The changes, however, were few. Mr. Childs preferred to trust the running of his ship and the handling of its sailing gear to the veterans who had browned on his forecastle to newcomers. He purified the advertising columns. Before his compelling broom the unclean and loathsome things which will creep like vermin into the columns of the most carefully guarded journal, made swift exodus. The new foot was heard on the quarter-deck. Discipline was enforced. Every department was scrutinized by the master, with such a business eye as had not been seen for many a day. Where a dollar could be saved there was judicious economy. When a hundred dollars could be spent with advantage, a thousand would be apt to go, on the principle that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well.

Mr. Childs was too clear-headed, too conservative to take any essential departure from the governing lines of policy laid down by Mr. Swain, and to the observance of which the *Ledger* owed its original success. With these changes in the details of administration and policy he rested. He saw the false and true under the preceding *régime.* He kept the true and the false was thrown away. There was no meddling with approved traditions, no springing of sensations upon a staid and sober people. The news features were increased, and pains taken to sift out the news and reject the gossip. A statement that might do harm, a rumor with the possible doubt as to its accuracy, was hunted down. I have been surprised at the effect of the *Ledger* emissary to trace to its source an item of no more apparent consequence than the travels of the house-fly upon a wall. Yet in this was rare commendable judgment. It was the slowly building up of credit, like the banker with the good name of his bank. What Mr. Childs sought for his paper was character. If it had been necessary for the *Ledger* to become a financial chronicle or a shipping gazette, or a budget of riddles and fairy stories, he would have worked upon the necessary lines with the patience and omniscient courage which gave his journal its renown.

Mr. Ruskin says that a genius is the power to do whatever it attempts; that no matter the channel into which the man of genius is forced he will assert his God-given mastery, rise to the surface, and in time govern and possess it. The *Ledger* was the fate of Mr. Childs. But he was a man that even fate could not easily subdue. In any other calling he would have won as widespread if not as enviable repute as that which rewarded his editorship of the *Ledger.*

I come now to the question of independent journalism, with which the name of Mr. Childs was to be associated.

What under Mr. Swain was done in a rough, blind way, because he would not interfere with the money earning power of the *Ledger,* attained under the direction of Mr. Childs the dignity of a science. It was independent journalism as we have never seen it before. The independence of the *London Times* even in its flowering days was ever subordinate to the adoration with which Mr. Delane regarded the late Lord Palmerston. Upon certain questions, Home Rule, the relations between England and the United States, the French Republic, the *Times* has always been a truculent partisan. If the editor had had his wish as expressed in his paper, we should have probably had two wars with England since 1861, one to resist English interference with the Confederacy, the other upon the Alabama Claims. The independence of the *Times* means that it is above mercenary considerations. That is all. Otherwise, and there is no more unreasonable partisan in journalism.

The independence of the New York *Herald* is explained by what I once heard from the lips of the elder Bennett: "I print my paper every day." The caprice which averred that on Monday the world was almost in the shape of a camel, while on Tuesday it was backed like a weasel, and on Wednesday very like a whale, was rather the profound mature purpose of one who resolved to draw upon his journal the wondering attention of mankind. "Oh, the Sunday papers are silent about the *Herald*," he said one day. "Well, let us see if we cannot by next Sunday stir them up." And when in answer to a few moxa-like paragraphs, concerning the Sunday editors aforesaid, which Mr. Bennett knew so well how to indite, the ensuing Sunday journals teemed with invectives upon himself, his country, and his paper, he smiled and said, "I thought so." He might be praised or attacked. He would not be ignored. He was bound to be in evidence before the world.

The independence of the *Ledger* under Mr. Childs was neither the indifference of Mr. Swain, nor the echo of the narrow, severely English, and therefore ignorant and insular prejudices of the Tory world of Mayfair, or the business sense which made even a pillory tolerable if it added to a journal's power, but a recondite study of human nature. Mr. Childs respected the moral influences which govern society. He saw that there were no forces so potent as religion and the aspirations of labor. He was with the clergyman and the laborer whose bread meant the sweat of his brow. He would never print a Sunday paper. He added from ten to twenty per cent. above the ruling rate of labor to the wages of his people. His politics was a flexible quantity. When the Democrats were in power, the *Ledger* was a Republican paper with Democratic tendencies. When the Democrats acceded, it became Republican with leanings toward the Democracy. Behind this was a scrupulous, chivalric attitude toward political leaders. Whoever reigned, his ambassador was on the steps of the throne. Since Lincoln, during the last days of whose administration Mr. Childs became the master of the *Ledger,* no voice has been listened to with more respect in the inner councils of executive authority. It was the same with Garfield as with Cleveland. The advice of Mr. Childs was ever an influence given to the general welfare. Upon every question, with few exceptions, the *Ledger* maintained its independence. The exceptions were whatever concerned the financial domination of the great house of Drexel and the policy of protection. These were defended as against the exigencies or the blandishments of any party in power. In other things the *Ledger* was ruled like a commonwealth. It was not what Mr. Childs from his interests or personal convictions would like to do, but what in his wisdom, as the head of a great trust, it was best to do. The consummate tact, with which, for nearly thirty years, he maintained this independence has never been excelled in the experiences of newspaper management.

An extraordinary achievement, it could only have succeeded in the hands of an extraordinary man. And as my readers will see in this attempt to limn the character of Mr. Childs as it grew upon me during many years of intimacy, I find in these intellectual successes something above the giving of money or the exchange of courtesies. There are many men, yes, many thousands of men, who could have won the honors bestowed upon Mr. Childs because of pecuniary benefactions. I know of no one who could have conducted a great journal upon lines laid down at the outset and from which he never swerved.

In addition to the independence of the *Ledger,* which never wavered under the stress of menace or temptation, we must recall the mastery which for so many years he had over the press of Philadelphia. We have all rested under that bewitching glamor. It was as if we had come upon the realization of some sweet prophecy of revelation; yea, even as when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling go together and a little child shall lead them. There is a pregnant import in this when we consider the acerbities of journalism, the abrasions and heartburnings incident to a business which deals with public opinion, and when we recall the history of newspaper controversy from the time of Junius to our own. Many readers will remember the relish, something akin to that of the Romans on their return from a day with Dacian gladiators, with which they welcomed a newspaper row. How we rejoiced when the *Thunderer* banged the *Roarer* with the discovered proofs of his great grandmother's elopement with an Indian brave, while the *Roarer* forged the last link in the chain of evidence which proved the *Thunderer* to be a lineal descendant of Benedict Arnold. What fun! What rare, racy sport! It comes back to us as the memories of the forbidden fruits and stolen sweets of childhood's innocent days, and not without impatience over the loss.

Mr. Childs acted as if he believed that while in the economy of things and among the editorial gentlemen there should be the just as well as the unjust, it was his privilege to be as the rain from heaven, to refresh and bless them all. And they sat at his feet and took courage from his smiles, and welcomed his benedictions and lived in peace.

How far this may have been for the good of journalism or the welfare of the community to whom the editor is a sentinel on the battlements, or how long it may endure, now that the hands of the master are at rest, or whether it may not be as well to have at times Vesuvius flames and lava torrents of righteous indignation, I will not say. That would be a far venture into the philosophies of journalism. The influence of Mr. Childs toward peace will, I hope, not soon pass away. We have outgrown the seasons of passion and pride and strenuous rending asunder. We are no more apt to return to them than to the times of the gladiator, when men were butchered to make a Roman holiday.

Much might be written upon the friendships of Mr. Childs. It would be a volume, perhaps many volumes, of surpassing interest. In regard to one or two of them, a word may be said in passing, and as illustrative of his character.

The relations between Gen. Grant and Mr. Childs should have a place in our annals. With Mr. Childs, in whom sentiment was unusual, his friendship for Grant could be best described as a sentiment. They became friends during the war. For many summers they were neighbors. Grant, harried and worn with military cares while in command of the armies, with civil cares while President; with deep, corroding personal cares in his later private life—found comfort and freedom with Mr. Childs. Upon his gentle, soothing nature, his quick, spontaneous way of anticipating and doing kindly offices, Grant rested as if upon a pillow. Then, moreover, there was the higher quality—the wise, brave, friendly words, based upon a consummate knowledge of men and affairs—words which Mr. Childs never failed to speak, and to which Grant was ever glad to listen.

Mr. Childs had nothing to ask, and to such a man as Grant, little to give. They were suited to one another; and in time the journalist grew to be a kind of habit with Grant. The General would seek him when he could think of nobody else. What he craved was given. It may have been courtesy, banter, anecdote, the trifle of the gossiping hour, or the serious words of a statesman concerned about the country. But whether the theme was the decoration of the children's kite, or the pace of the latest stable trophy, or some feminine fancy about ribbons or gowns, or the place of Sheridan among warriors, or the effect of inflation upon the nation's credit, there was no one from whom Grant would receive a quicker, surer response than Mr. Childs.

And this is what I mean when saying that Childs grew upon Grant as a habit. During our trip around the world there was no correspondent whose letters were more welcome and to whom he wrote with more regularity than Childs. And thus it happened that our friend was able to do the country a momentous service in urging the veto of the Inflation bill. I do not believe that Grant, even under the pressure of his Western political friends, would have approved that seductive, but pernicious measure. The friends, however, whose advice had most weight with him in doing his country splendid service were Hamilton Fish, Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, and Mr. Childs. I say this upon the authority of Gen. Grant himself and lay it among the laurels that should rest upon the tomb of my friend.

Among his valued friendships was that of Dickens. It came with the visit of Dickens to America in 1863. I remember dining with the illustrious writer on his return to New York from Philadelphia—the company including Horace Greeley among others, and his vivid picture of his visit, and especially of Mr. Childs. He gave it as though it were a dramatic episode. Mr. Childs there before him, when he came out of the car, and so like one of the characters from his books that he was startled. I do not recall the character cited by Mr. Dickens, would say Pickwick if I trusted my memory. But in a published letter I read that it was Mr. Esse. "The great man of this place," as Mr. Dickens wrote to his daughter, "is Mr. Childs, a newspaper proprietor, and he is so like Mr. Esse, in all conceivable respects, except being an inch or two taller, that I was quite confounded when I saw him at the station with his carriage." That this friendship was appreciated by the Dickens family will be seen in this sentence from the published life of the novelist: "Mr. and Mrs. Childs, of Philadelphia," says the author, "from whom he had received the greatest kindness and hospitality, and for whom he had a hearty regard."

Much also might be written upon the personality of Childs, as it came to our community after so many years of acquaintanceship and association.

The supposition, strengthened by crude, indiscriminate eulogy, that Mr. Childs was like one of the Brothers

Cheeryble, sitting behind his desk with bonny, smiling face, handing out crisp hundred dollar bills to belated fellow wayfarers over the sands of time, or persistent clergymen who wanted a new peal of bells, does him great injustice. The charitable side of the character of Mr. Childs, about which so much is written, was in fact a minor part of it. Nor have I ever taken much interest in the published enumerations of what he did in the giving of money. None of us know, nor may we know before the Great Accounting, what the other has done in that regard. There is as much charity in the mite of the widow as in the largess of the prince, and we should not forget that Mr. Childs was himself a rich man and in alliance with one of the strongest financial combinations in the world. He dowered his generation with multitudinous evidences of beneficence. So have others after their opportunities. So it will be while kindness and Christian love endure.

No philanthropist ever granted benefits with greater discrimination than Mr. Childs. He had no use for the barren soul, for the man who bore no fruit in the way of achievement, who was like those flushed roses of the Indian gardens, with color and without perfume. To be sure no one in want ever left empty-handed. The enthusiast, with his scheme for revising the laws of the universe; the philosopher, who had about finished his masterpiece in reply to Bacon; the adventurer, who would annex the Levant; the outcast, who, with the prison smell on his garments, proposed to deliver lectures upon himself as a warning to society; the devotees who would convert the Pope to Presbyterianism, as well as the devotee who would bring recalcitrant Protestantism back to the faith of mediæval days—each and all had a courteous word and a warm touch of sympathy from that kind and gracious hand. There it ended. Mr. Childs had no time to lose in tramping upon idle errands through the land of doubts and dreams.

As a rule he expected success as the return for his beneficence. He discovered the successful man with the instinct of genius, and read character as it were by divination. The late Jay Gould said that no one ever failed in the battle of life—unless there was some inherent weakness in the man himself which made success impossible. I have heard Mr. Childs, long before Mr. Gould or his sayings were known, make the same observation. He believed in the simple, manly virtues. Truth above all—and with truth temperance, even to austerity—energy, patience. And when the young aspirant came to him, with these apparent endowments, counsel, criticism, practical aid were never wanting. Mr. Pulitzer, the now famous editor of the *World,* told me that when he ventured upon his New York career the first word of recognition came from Mr. Childs. "I was a stranger to Mr. Childs," said Mr. Pulitzer. "As a stranger he wrote me, congratulating me upon my assured success."

What Mr. Childs saw in Mr. Pulitzer was the blossoming of those qualities which have made the editor of the *World* one of the most successful men of the day. So he went up to him and took his hand and stood by his side. He had met a peer, and recognized him by that spirit subtle as of Free Masonry, which makes all fellow-craftsmen peers. There would have been no unkindness to Mr. Pulitzer had he failed. Not the least, but all the same, no time wasted over him. Our Brother Cheeryble would have thrown him a crisp hundred dollar bill and bade him "God speed" and "save his money."

Mr. Child's affinities were toward successful men. His associates were people who had made some mark in the world. Into whatever realm this man entered he was a peer of the realm. And thus it came to pass that before he had reached the zenith of his manhood he had a wider range of acquaintance, friends, allies than perhaps any other in the nation. This circumstance alone was of the utmost value to the house of Drexel. I can readily see how the counsel, the tact, the statesmanship of this wisest of friends contributed to the success of that famous house. "What I see in Mr. Childs," said the late Anthony J. Drexel to me, when we were spending some idle weeks in Paris, "is his sound common sense, his knowledge of men and their motives. I never knew one whose advice was as safe to follow, or whose warnings it were more unfortunate to neglect."

Mr. Childs lived in his journal. There was no detail too minute for his painstaking observation. He carried the *Ledger* in his hat. Its success was his one thought. He talked of it with a fond enthusiasm—like the lover of his mistress, or the devotee of his faith. To him it was really a sentient, responsible being, with a kind of supernatural quality, to be approached with reverence, even awe. You could never say a bantering word in his presence about the *Ledger,* nor question its infallibility. There was instant admonition. A compliment to the *Ledger* flushed his face with smiles. Not to read the *Ledger* or advertise in its columns was an indignity. He did not want the revenue nor the recognition. He had more money than he could spend, and recognition had come from thrones. But the *Ledger* was his personal friend and he would endure no neglect. "So-and-so," he said to me one day, referring to one of the most distinguished and powerful men of the day, "allowed an advertisement to appear in * * * * of a corporation to which he belonged, and not in the *Ledger*. I sent for him and called his attention to the oversight. He apologized and said it would never occur again." There was no arrogance in this thought, nor in the manner of saying it. Here was a man who reigned. He was Cæsar. And the things which should be rendered unto Cæsar must be rendered unto him.

This was also seen in the resoluteness of the character of Mr. Childs. He was firm, brave, outspoken, with a capacity for swift, trenchant, emphatic wrath. You could not cross him with impunity, nor tell him lies, nor assail his business. What he had won he kept. It was his own. He would maintain his right. And in such a cause he could strike a swift, sudden, and generally a decisive blow. I recall some of these antagonisms in the early periods of his career, when he was fighting a way and before he had conquered a place. I realized his marvelous resources, his intrepidity and his success. You could win his affection, his sympathy, his aid; but you must neither attempt to deceive him, nor cross his path, nor strike him down.

Here it was that the wonderful business sense of Mr. Childs came into play. In business there was no clearer head. Cold, lucid, swift, decisive. A perfect knowledge of the value of money—how it was made and how it was lost. He went straight to his point, was singularly free from illusions, looking ahead and seeing the truth of the matter. Let a business proposition come into conversation, and how the manner of the man changed. The easy, fluent, caressing, débonnaire man of books and charming personal recollections was at once the keen-eyed, critical man of affairs. There came earnestness, sincerity, precision of thought, a judgment as cold as mathematics and as absolute as fate. How he would pierce the subject to the core, dissect it from bone to bone, apply to it the laws of trade, custom, common sense and the current thought of the hour. And while doing so, throwing forth maxim after maxim, materialistic, based upon business traditions, the hopes and the weaknesses of men, out would crop a remembrance or a hint—how old Winfield Scott saw a market for ten million of his memoirs, how Fremont was sure to sell twenty million of his explorations. And yet it was all to come to the homely duty of lining trunks, or guarding the integrity of pats of butter and pasty rolls.

This is the man as he seemed to me in his days of stress and endeavor. The years grew, and with success came the transfer of responsibility, the rapture and glow of society. Over his life fell the deepening autumnal tints, which bring their season of peace and repose, and time for chat and wine, and the amenities, the incense of friendship, and the exchange of fellowship and good will.

In these later days Mr. Childs sat in the bric-a-brac museum called his office, which looks out upon the venerable building where had assembled the first Congress of the United States. Here he received tribute from the world he had won. The airs that breathed upon him were incense laden. Hither came the wise, the great, the learned; whoever of renown happened to be in Philadelphia. Dickens on his second American journey, Grant to receive the hand of fellowship from comrades of the Grand Army, Forrest to recall the traditions of Kean and the Kembles, the brilliant Irving, the leader of the new school in which so many find the new birth of the drama. Here you were sure to encounter the latest celebrity, the newest fancy, or perhaps the reigning absurdity of the town. The shadows that came and went from that famous room during the twenty-five years when the master reigned. The statesman who would have further eminence, the politician who would have a place in the customs, the professional man who required recognition, the stricken one starving for bread.

There was the cheerful, ready welcome, and the feeling it inspired, as if all these years you had been expected and at last had come. If you were a stranger there was, as when you meet a Chinese gentleman, a cluster of questions, a kind of ritual in the way of introduction. How long have you been in town? How glad to know your business was prospering. Was your life insured? Did you save your money? Did you know how good and true a man was Anthony J. Drexel? And if the comer were a lady, she must keep him apprised of her wedding purposes so that he might be among those who would show on the happy day remembrance and regard.

The impression might arise as you went through this ritual of introduction, that you were dealing with one whose notable trait was paucity of intellect. It was really an expression of modesty or shyness, the prudence of a cautious mind feeling its way. As acquaintance ripened you soon discovered underneath this awkwardness the rarest gifts in the way of observation and conversation. The running stream of talk, memories of everybody, a world of knowledge about men and things such as no other of his time possessed. His estimate of men was accurate and at times startling. He would throw at you sketch after sketch, in a condensed, airy way, and you saw the character before you, minutely drawn. You knew every hole in his coat, every peg in his shoes. As a rule his judgments were kindly, which did not prevent his cherishing a few deep resentments. He had a clear estimate of character, had taken stock of humanity, took no one at a published market rate, but marked each man at his true value. His information as to current affairs was prodigious. He could give you the genesis of every rumor, the true version of every bit of gossip. He had the soothing gift of discovering your fad, your sorrow, your special ambition, and of coming, as it were, close to your very heart, and digging it out and wrapping it up in the most delicate sympathy, so that when it came back it brought hope and joy. If it were possible to do a practical thing toward the fruition of a hope, or the abatement of a sorrow, it would be surely done, with gentleness and courtesy. His talk was decorated with little maxims, pertaining to the practical ways of temperance, thrift, avoiding clubs as a rule, never forgetting that the *Ledger* was your lode-star if you would triumph in this battle of life. His philosophy was ever homely and practical, based as it seemed upon the writings of Franklin. I used to think of him as the Poor Richard himself, stepped out of the Almanac, and face to face with the nineteenth century.

He had no enthusiasm outside of the *Ledger* and the House of Drexel, and little sentiment. He never cared for the stages of progress, or for the experiments which determined eras in achievement and thought. He was interested in things done. No man of his day, not even Napoleon, could go with more celerity to a purpose when it concerned him. And like Napoleon he was lavish in the concentration of his forces upon any special point. He was given to pondering over his enterprises. I remember that when contemplating the radical changes recently introduced into the *Ledger,* I would never see him but he would take out his dummy paper and go over it in detail —what he would do with this page or the other, where he would keep his review of the finance, and what should be done with the marriages and deaths. Undoubtedly a hundred other friends had a similar experience, and if any suggestion of value were made he would remember it and note it down.

He never gave way to the illusion that Philadelphia was anything else than Philadelphia. He put aside metropolitan aspirations in journalism. He knew the town, its intense municipal pride, its select, exclusive society, its prejudices, its vanities, its magnificent undaunted Americanism. He made his paper for his people, and was indifferent to other interests. With the imperial revenues of the *Ledger* there was no limit to what he might have done in scouring the world for news. He could have distanced the *Herald* or the *Tribune* in special bulletins from Berlin and St. Petersburg, and given reports of the prize ring that would have put even sporting reporters to shame. But Philadelphia had no interest in Germany and Russia, and there was nothing more offensive to its people than the foul echoes of pugilism. I have heard journalists speak with impatience over the failure of Mr. Childs to compete with the New York dailies in the news gathering. But he had thought it out. He knew his trade. What good would ensue? Why pay sixpence a word for stories which no one cared to read? A flag-raising in the Twenty-ninth ward, or a narrative of some old pollard tree in Kensington was of more value to the Philadelphian than Kaiser speeches or the rubbish of the Boulevards. He knew his people. He gave them what they wanted—no more. If more had been required it would have been given with a lavish hand.

The death of Mr. Drexel was not alone the severance of a lifelong friendship. It was the loss of one who had been counsellor, ally, supporter, friend; an intellectual and moral force, upon which he had leaned for the better part of his days.

I have heard from many friends that this great sorrow weighed upon Mr. Childs and changed him, and that he moved about as prostrate with grief. I never gathered this impression when in his company. He seemed to bear his misfortune in a brave, manly, uncomplaining fashion, and never for an instant appeared to be out of touch with affairs.

I had the privilege of seeing much of Mr. Childs in recent years. My last interview was not long before his death. I was anxious to borrow for some literary purpose a letter written by the late Hamilton Fish, and I sought him out for the required permission. He remembered it, gave me a synopsis of its contents, and promised me a copy as soon as he could fish it out from his correspondence, "which," he said, "had fallen somewhat into chaos."

My visit was inherently a ten minutes' errand, but he persuaded me into a long conversation. He spoke much of Drexel, his regret that he had not gone with him to Carlsbad, that he had permitted the Carlsbad journey alone. He dwelt upon the Drexel Institute and hoped it would grow in power for good from year to year. He had much to say about Grant, always with him a tender and glowing theme, and his interest in the Grant people and their fortunes. He had a bit of banter now and then about some of the mounting, high-flying celebrities apparently in vogue, and there was the old characteristic catalogue of the virtues of friends whom he esteemed. He spoke of the coming generation, and was, he said, disheartened to discover so few young folks of promise. He thought he had detected in some whom he named latent superior merit that would ripen if only they would remember, and here came the dear old Poor Richard refrain, to save their money and avoid grog shops and not keep company with useless persons. It was just as easy to consort with good as with indifferent people, and you gave the world an idea of your value by the standard of comparison expressed in your friendships.

He spoke of certain stages of his career in a meditative, ruminating way, not as one who regrets, but to throw light. He had found comfort in the recent vanishing of certain misunderstandings, which had been a grief to him, seeing now, as any sensible man should have seen at the time, that they should not have taken place. "There was never a quarrel," he said, "which did not mean that one of the parties was a fool. The wise man was the one who first found it out and brushed it away." He dwelt upon these reconciliations with unusual satisfaction. "I do not think," he said, "I have an enemy. If there be such I would go to the East Indies to remove the cause. I want to take my leave of a world which holds none who are not my friends."

He was a little impatient as to public affairs. The world, however, would last his time and politics was a series of experiments. He spoke with warm regard of Cleveland; and while he could not follow the President in his protection ideas, felt an assured safety in his patriotism and integrity. He recurred again to Mr. Drexel, saying that he envied him the bliss of sudden death, and that when his own time came he wanted to turn his head on the pillow and fall asleep. I ventured the remonstrance that never in his life had he higher duties than now. To which he laughed in his gentle way, and said that there were others not so tired who could do them quite as well. He craved rest and peace.

Rest and Peace.—It had been a serious life. Even this Delectable mountain had not been climbed without sore toil and stern endeavor. It was a life that had known many sorrows, boyhood days dark and chill and loveless, when the tear-dimmed eyes entreated the very stars with the prayer of poverty and want. To this man also, known only to our later generation as in sunshine and smiles, there had been many a battle. He had won his victories at the point of the bayonet. His way through the world had not been a holiday jaunt amid roses and wine. He fought as the strong man must fight. He fought and won. His dominion was just and kindly. To his fellows he gave what had been denied him. The sorrows that darkened his young soul should never fall upon others while God gave him strength and grace. In that more than anything else, as long ago I read in the character of Mr. Childs, was the undoubted incentive toward his tireless charity and well-doing.

But the battle is done, and now another of our most valiant has lain down his arms. I thought of this as I looked at his still, calm face and said my proud farewell, the form sprayed with flowers and entwining stems, those gracious hands forever clasped and still, the tinge of pallor, the smile of satisfaction as if some potent, living question had found answer, and in that smile an exquisite touch of sympathy and remembrance. At rest after so many cares, at peace after so much endeavor! I had seen the same look in the face of tired childhood in a mother's arms, the day with its playground crosses and hardships over and done, the same look of satisfaction and content. And the fancy rested with me that here once more was a weary, heavy laden son, who, folded to his mother's bosom, had fallen asleep.

HENRY GEORGE.

I was a very young man when I first met Henry George. He had come to New York from California upon some newspaper. The friendship, then formed, grew into intimacy and affection, retaining to the end. When I first knew Henry George, he was a young journalist who had made a modest mark in his calling in San Francisco. He had been before the mast and used to speak of cruises to India. He never, until in later years, threw off the sea manner, the breeziness and good fellowship which recall the comradeship of the waves. He was open-handed, unconventional, friendly; loving talk. Would prowl about Printing House Square and chum with printers and newspaper men, doomed to late hours, with no recreation but a modest midnight supper, not too dear in price. He had been a sailor, a compositor; coming to New York a journalist. As we came to know him better, he showed that direct, urgent way, suggesting the atmosphere of the composing room. Above all, there was a fine intelligence, a mind sober and condensed,—his writings noted for strength and lucidity. Henry George in those days did not display the brilliancy and waywardness which marked the subaltern newspaper life. He could swim along, if the tide ran toward merriment, but as a listener rather than a partaker. He was a serious man, given to solid talk, wanted to know a thing exactly; exemplary in all that goes toward making a perfect manhood. And so when he was summoned to California I felt that I was not only losing a friend to whom I had become attached, but an earnest, original, forceful character, who had that within him to which the world would pay heed. I do not remember that in these early days, George showed proneness toward themes, like single tax and other matters. I used to hear from him, through California friends. "George was a good fellow, but rather odd, you know."

"Harry George. Oh, yes, we all know Harry; sets type, has a small paper; but an odd chap. Has queer ideas about some things, and unless you watch him, will run his ideas into the paper. Can't make him understand that a good prize fight is worth all the political economies that ever lined trunks. Good man, but hasn't the fundamental ideas of journalism." It was to be seen by these friendly stories, that George was not in sympathy with Eldorado,—was, perhaps the round peg in the square hole. I was not to meet him until arriving in San Francisco with Gen. Grant, then ending his tour of the world. I was more than glad to see George and renew old associations. He had not changed, but spoke as a stranger with his abiding place in a strange land. He had not succeeded in his paper, was not in the best of fortune, and had written a book which he thought would establish his fame. He had given this book his very soul, and I must read the sheets. He had been in politics. Weary of the Grant administration he had gone off into the witches' dance, called the "Greeley movement," fascinated with the splendor of Greeley's name rather than in sympathy with the incongruous group of Adullamites, who brought upon the eminent journalist so much sorrow. I strove to bring about an interwiew between George and Grant. The General would gladly have met him. But George was stubborn. He had assailed Grant when President, and to meet him now would be to assume a false position. I saw much of George in these California days. He talked of his career, was swimming in heavy seas. This could only be divined bit by bit, for the proud, self-respecting, sensitive gentleman made no sign. Then came the knowledge of the book, the new gospel. I never see "Progress and Poverty" without recalling the pathetic circumstances under which it was written, and honoring the courage of the author.

George was the friendliest of men. Would go about with you and show you what was to be seen, take the greatest pains to do you a service. He did not apparently care for notabilities, for fashion, show or authority. Had a group of odd people as associates, whom nobody else seemed to know. He had become a pronounced Democrat, his political evolution from the Greeley movement. "Having run away from the Republican party, you are ashamed to return. Why not seek absolution and come back?" I asked. "No, No,—I have made the plunge, I cannot climb Niagara after jumping over it." The clouds were heavy over George. Proud, brave, smiling, hopeful, San Francisco did not appreciate him; had never given him recognition. He would speak of it as cold and barren, ruled by strenuous men too busy with mines, and wheat and empire building to listen to prophecy. George never for a moment, never when under the grinding heel of bitterest conditions,—doubted the truth of his mission to mankind, and its ultimate success. But this, obviously, was not to be attained in Eldorado. Acting largely, I fancy, upon my advice, he resolved to try conclusions with fate and seek a career in the East. And he came. Too proud to ask or accept a favor, he crossed the continent in an emigrant train. Alone and almost friendless, he searched the metropolis in 1880, as I remember, taking dingy lodgings—a stranger to a city in which he was in a few years to receive sixty-eight thousand votes for Mayor, as against such opponents as Abram S. Hewitt and Theodore Roosevelt. These early New York days were of extreme and honorable poverty. I saw him a great deal, was almost a daily companion. It was a daring experiment—this unknown gentleman, with no aid but his own high spirit, nothing in his carpet bag but one book of gospel, coming at forty-two to make his way into the heart of mighty Babylon. The more I studied George under heavy conditions the more I admired him. His ability and his courage, his honesty, independence and intellectual power were those of a leader of men.

Walks on the Battery, whither we went under the flush of strenuous midnight work, the great city at peace and no companions this side of the stars; strolls in the Park, in Westchester and the suburbs in Brooklyn—the brave, intrepid soul wrapped up in his book and smiling upon fate.

The book, whenever he could make it possible, was the theme, for while Henry George was an attractive and brilliant talker, his thoughts were ever upon the book. I had read it in California in proof and once more when the sheets were bound in New York. Many were our talks over it and its moral philosophy. I tried his patience by my failure to comprehend or accept his sublime theory by which poverty was to be stamped out by taxing the land. It was his way to ask advice as to the book, to listen and discuss, and draw you into argument, as though seeking light and counsel. You found in these discussions that you were as far away as before.

George was resolute in his creed. He gave it to you as the truth to be accepted, in a sense of worship, a dogma of political infallibility.

"Does this not mean war? Can you, unless when dealing with craven conditions among men, hope to take land from its owners without war?" "I do not see," said George, "that a musket need be fired. But if necessary, war be it, then. There was never a holier cause. No, never a holier cause."

Here was the gentlest and kindest of men, who would shrink from a gun fired in anger, ready for universal war rather than that his gospel should not be accepted. It was the courage which has been written makes one a majority, the spirit which made him within five years one of the leading spirits of the age.

George patiently walked his anxious way in New York.

Little gleams of light came now and then in the way of improved personal fortunes. Work came slowly, not in abundance. Able editors, up-to-date moulders of public opinion, liked George, but had the press man's way—they were coy as to his ideas and especially that Koran which was to bless the world. You see, there was so much more in a snake story or the coming out of a group of society buds, and other living and essential themes, than in the Koran of this quiet, deep eyed prophet. Prophecies would not take in any live community.

George smiled over it, never complained, his patience even pathetic, knowing that the necessities of journalism merely expressed the necessities of public taste. He would bide his time.

As to the book itself—the new Koran—it was found the world was not ready for the doctrine. We had pathetic talks over the forlorn gospel and friends were apt to chaff him about it. I was bidden to England in the early part of 1881 and proposed to George that I should take a dozen copies and see how the gospel would be regarded in the mother land.

There was in London on the Haymarket a smoky little bookstore, where the high people made literary rendezvous to gossip over books and buy if they chose, that being, however, a secondary matter—an odd place frequented for literary advice, even as people seek medical advice. The owner knew books in a professional way, never sold one under false pretence, would rather point out defects in books than make a sale. I had known the earnest and kindly proprietor in other London days, and I took the modest package of George's books and asked my friend for shelf room and his good offices toward their sale.

As occasion served I looked in upon the venture only to see the lonely volumes on the shelves. Many customers had looked, Lord Beaconsfield among others, but no one bought. Finally I learned from the bookseller that he had tasted the book and found it to teem with madness, socialism, land robbery. He seemed relieved when I took the volumes home. It was as if I had performed a kind of exorcism, as it were, bringing peace to his shelves.

Well, if the books could not be sold they could at least be sowed, taking their chances to come back as wheat or tares. A gifted friend gave me a list of persons eminent in political economy, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and the Duke of Argyle among the number. But the sowing brought no seed, except in the case of the Duke of Argyle. His Grace was a fluent writer upon many themes, prone to controversy and stout in battle. He replied to the "Progress and Poverty" gospel in a severe criticism, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century,* entitled, if I remember, "The Prophet of San Francisco." George's controversy with the Duke found his opportunity, the result of which was that George won his place in English literature and became a fixed star in the firmament of political economy. I remember when reading the answer of George to the Duke that it was as cogent as that of Newman's reply to Kingsley in the "Apologia."

Precious are the vindications of Hope and Patience and Time. The "Progress and Poverty" which could hardly be given away in 1881 was in a short time to be sold by thousands. Whatever we may think of its arguments, it has spread into every English-speaking country. Those who derided the prophet lived to see him a leader among men.

Henry George was never a politician. He lived in the clouds. He was a man of faith and conviction. The flexibility of politics, the necessary influences to be considered, sailing the ship with the varying winds instead of going to the goal, expediency rather than sincerity, the necessity of knowing people with whom he could never be in accord—with these the high, sensitive, aspiring nature all was in revolt. He shrank from the accusations of socialism, anarchy, rapine. In every relation of life I never knew a more conservative gentleman. You might not accept his teachings, but you must respect the teacher. He loved children and resented wrong.

Walking one day with him in San Francisco, he dashed suddenly away. Turning to seek the cause of a spasmodic separation, I saw Henry George belaboring some hoodlums who had waylaid and were beating a Chinaman. Nor did the punishment cease until the hoodlums were in flight and poor John on his way in peace.

Henry George had had one or two warnings as to the danger of overwork. He threw up all employments and went to Jamaica some years ago as a prostrated man. The tropical air and his bicycle—for the wheel was his passion—gave him new but not perfect health. His friends noted the change. I cannot think of the canvass now happily coming to the end but as among the causes of his death.

Such energy, such a waste of force, so much passion! I remember that his speeches as I read them were so far from the tenor of George's mind as to give concern. Their style reminded you of the great change which came over Burke when he dealt with the French Revolution. The calm, philosophical, glorious Burke in his earlier days given way to an unnatural intensity to which there could be but one result. The same change seems to have come over George. His canvass was a marvel of political gladiatorship—truly nothing like it since Conkling.

But this man was no gladiator. He was a thinker, a student, a philosopher. His speeches exacted admiration for their power and courage. But you could feel the strain, you could tremble with concern and pray that it would soon end and the gladiator have peace. Although stunned when I read of the sudden death, I cannot say that I was surprised.

I saw Henry George about inauguration time. We had been proposing visits to each other, and he settled the matter by coming to Washington. There were walks, rides, conversations, the old days over again. George was in a serene, happy mood. Talked of his past without regret, realized that he had won a world-wide fame, as firm in his Koran as when he gave me the proof sheets to read in California. The work written as he had written it he was confident would endure.

When I intimated that his Bryan friends might give him a place on the next national ticket he expressed aversion, did not care for the honors of politics and shrank from the responsibilities. He was writing a book on free trade, had gone into the subject heart and soul, and then in that resolute, gentle way assured me that this work would end the question and remove it from the realm of political controversy. Nothing more certain, as he said in his earnest way, recalling the enthusiasm he had expressed about his "Progress and Poverty" Koran twenty years ago.

Life he said had been severe perhaps, but he had never been in a trouble that did not prove to be a chastisement and do him good. As a pious man Henry George saw the hand of God in the ways of men. After all, he had much cause for gratitude—a perfect home circle, the wife of his youth still with him, children to honor and bless them, in whose lives they could live over their own.

He hoped to spend his days in literature. There was no hint that he would be renominated for Mayor or any public station. I never saw him more content. He rejoiced in the birth of a grandchild. It was the child of a dearly loved daughter, a lady of grace and culture. A few days were to pass when I heard of this daughter's death, the baby fingers no more to press the mother's bosom. The blow went to his heart. The rapt, beautiful vision, home, children, grandchildren and the peace of old age, broken, vanished. When Henry George entered this canvass he was as one with a dagger through his heart. Because of this and the superhuman effort of a merciless campaign my friend lies dead within the gates of Babylon.

It is over, and this memorable man now rests with God. A noble spirit has passed away, not in that peace which those who loved him hoped would be his lot, the peace of a sunny, virtuous, triumphant old age, but in the tumult of war.

In a wonder stricken world he falls a warrior, foremost in the ranks, his followers appalled by the thunderbolt. Not as a political leader shall those who honor Henry George hold him in remembrance. To them he was no gladiator, but a thinker, a philosopher, one who, whatever his doctrines, lived only to benefit his fellow man.

Not in our day has America had a finer manhood, a purer spirit, a more chivalrous antagonist, a truer friend. The political war will sink into a brawl. The result, whoever wins, will soon be an idle tale. But Henry George, although its victim, will live so long as integrity, piety and courage are honored among men.

THE PASSING OF JOHN SHERMAN.

A REVIEW OF HIS REMARKABLE POLITICAL ACTIVITY, EXTENDING OVER A PERIOD OF MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS.

Sherman has taken leave of public life—and with him vanishes one of the conspicuous statesmen of American history.

It is the passing not only of a dominant figure, but the occultation of a shining name. That of Sherman has been a part of our history from the time when Roger, the shoemaker, signed the Declaration, until John a week ago folded away the McKinley note of acceptance and slowly passed down the White House stairs.

There was no color in the scene, nothing dramatic. Friends who saw the Secretary an hour or two before received no idea of his resignation. He remained with the Cabinet, welcomed Emory Smith, took his certificate of character, wrote his name to the autograph book of the picturesque Charles Loeffler, who guards the hallways and looks warily for dynamiters, Spaniards, knowing book agents by instinct, and left. Nothing—simply that an old servant had done his work, received his character and gone home.

The man who gave the character was a child in arms when Sherman was a member of the Bar, a soldier in the line when he was the leading spirit of a great party—the old giving way to the new, even as has been appointed—the wave lapping the wave.

The old servant went home. You may find him any afternoon looking out upon the birds and blossoms of the beautiful park under his windows. You will find him a cheerful, cordial, reminiscent old gentleman—seventy-five years, lightly borne—not much in sympathy with the present. He never liked this war, for instance; has no yearning for Congo-Creole commonwealths; nor islands outside of Lake Erie; nor new financial ventures; cannot understand why he left the Senate; and, being of an active turn of mind, with much to comfort him in the way of provision against a rainy day, will spend his winters in Washington, where he can exchange recollections with Morrill and Grow, Chandler and Turpie, and the rest of the boys, with a day off in the Senate cloak room. He may re-edit his memoirs, and make it an illuminating task if he would only tell us what he knows. The old gentleman knows a great deal, has journeyed many roads and seen many masters.

A tall, spare, somewhat shock headed, stately gentleman, with glittering eyes, a straight, rapid pace, looks ahead as if he saw no one, no interest in faces, a smooth, cogent voice, would rather hear a story than tell one, eccentric in his friendships, but not capricious; steel-like in fibre, steel honed and sharpened down into the fineness of a scimetar, concentrated, conservative, content with one idea at a time and inhospitable to other ideas, material, wasting no thought upon dreams or fairy tales, sees in the world only the fruit of the season, alert in debate, irresponsible and inconsistent in political action, impressionless, intrepid, hard without formulas or traditions, he retires from public life with the respect of the nation and the affection of a small host of gentlemen somewhat advanced in years who knew him in his prime and honor him for other qualities than his political genius.

Although a radical in politics, Sherman became so from some process of intellectual training, and not because of radicalism in thought. Read between the lines, and the character as it appears in public expressions is conservative. The Sherman world was what he saw. He believed in power, order, authority. His sympathies were with Maximilian in that Mexican business—perhaps the only Republican statesman who would have owned as much. He did not like the French, only seeing France from the boulevard café, and, of course, could not help noting that "a sudden impulse would change them into tigers."

This is the impression the café student would be apt to form of the French. When Sherman compared the comfort of the French peasant with that of the British his "conclusions were against the British government." He admired the third Napoleon. This may have come from personal reasons, the Emperor having graciously told him, as he had told Schofield, that he considered his brother, General Sherman, the great genius of the civil war. And, although Napoleon's exploits as a commander at Sedan have disturbed the public confidence in Napoleon as a military critic, still Sedan was in the womb of time when the Emperor entranced Sherman with his gracious words. The Napoleonic government suited his conservative mind. He saw in the Third Empire, studying the problem, as has been observed, from the boulevard café, a "government not only for the good, but the choice of the people and others."

The conservative element in Sherman's character was shown at an early day.

That salt speculation, which awakened his brother William's admonitions, took place in 1839—Sherman then in his sixteenth year, his brother nineteen, and preaching the laws of morality and trade from the academic seclusion of West Point. In addition to the salt venture, there was a movement to politics—John then being at the ripe age of twenty-one. The military brother, who had attained the maturity of twenty-four years, was more impatient over politics than he had been over salt. "What in the devil are you doing," he wrote—"stump speaking? I really thought you were too decent for that." This seemed to be the tone of the correspondence between John, the statesman, and William, the soldier, to the end. It was a notable family. The writer remembers some one complimenting the General upon the honors that had fallen upon the family name.

"Yes," he said, "John has done well. I do not complain of fortune. But the biggest and best of the Shermans was my brother Jim. If he had lived the rest of us would have been in the shade." Then came the silence of a sorrowful memory, the lines deepening on the warrior's grand old face. "Brother Jim!" Why may not some one supplement the Sherman history with something of the character and career of a man who could have thrown John Sherman and his illustrious brother into the shade?

Sherman came into Congress in a time of care. Pierce was President. The Kansas-Nebraska issue was burning, and Banks became speaker, the first of a series of victories which culminated at Appomattox. There were cuter men to greet the young Ohio statesmen who at thirty stepped on the stage of national public life. Lewis Cass was in the Senate, and could have told him of Indian wars, and how he interrupted the Burr conspiracy; Pitt Fessenden. who had been there in 1841; Benjamin, of Louisiana, afterwards Secretary of State to Jeff Davis; John J. Crittenden, also an Indian warrior; Douglas, from Illinois; Hale, of New Hampshire, pioneer of abolition; Hannibal Hamlin, shedding the scales of democracy; Sam Houston, former President of Texas; William H. Seward, John Slidell and Charles Sumner. Among his colleagues were Zollicoffer, who was to go down to death early in the Confederate war; John A. Quitman, furious fighter in Mexico, major general, who wanted to fight for Cuba; Russell Sage, now in Wall Street; A. H. Stephens, to be Vice-President of the Confederacy; Morrill, who remains with us in his eighty-ninth year; Asa Parker, famous Pennsylvania philanthropist; Preston S. Brooks, who was to assail Sumner, and Anson Burlingame, who was to have fought a duel with him on that account, but happily found a career in China; Schuyler Colfax and Winter Davis.

Sherman was a modest, quiet, conservative member. Began on the Committee of Foreign Relations, with Burlingame as a colleague. Then he passed on to the Naval Affairs—serving in all six years—when he was selected as the Republican candidate for speaker. This honor came with the Thirty-seventh Congress, the organization of which was the last political battle of the many that had been fought over the slavery issues since the Missouri Compromise. Yes, the last, because the war was coming. John Brown had just been hanged—execution, if one remembers, the Sunday preceding the assembling of the House. The country was in a tumult over the hanging and the causes leading to it. We have all been singing about John Brown's soul in glory, and his going to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, and so on, but there was no glory in the air when the Congress of 1859 assembled. The Free Soil people were upon the defensive, and much in explanation. The Harper's Ferry raid had awakened universal anger. No Republican newspaper defended it. "Brown must have been insane," was the utmost in the way of defence; and a small sum of money was raised in New York for the Brown family, through the herculean exertions of Horace Greeley, by the sale of signed photographs.

The John Brown business swept the country with what leading papers like the New York *Herald* called "the patriotic uprising of the people" against "nigger worshippers and all such cattle who lived upon disunion, anarchy and rapine." There were meetings throughout the North and much praise was given to the brace of army officers who at the head of a hundred marines had dug old Brown out of the railway roundhouse, wounding him, shooting his sons and some others of his people and turning him over to the Sheriff. The brave men who achieved this summary suppression were Robert E. Lee and J. E. B. Stuart, also to win remembrance—Lee, Wilkes Booth, "Jeb" Stuart, John Brown, Stonewall Jackson, all actors in this prelude to the imminent tragedy of war.

These, however, were but minor performers in this prelude, the eyes of the country then resting upon the venerable gentleman who sits in his palace in Franklin Square, wondering why the snow should fall in April, or whether the birds sang as sweetly as in 1859. Poor old Brown had been taken off in a box to his Adirondack tomb, Wendell Phillips and the amiable Miller McKim, of Philadelphia, alone brave enough to keep the ashes company—Phillips, celebrating the funeral rites, prophesying the day when "dear old Massachusetts" would claim the aforesaid ashes as a shrine, for which, among other misdoings, Wendell was to be well mobbed in New York—patriotic citizens, some of them leaders in the draft riots four years later, burning orphan asylums and hanging negroes to lamp-posts for the execrable crime of being black, assembling in their wrath with a rope for Wendell if he did not have a care. The country was against the Abolitionists, and the successes of the Republicans, in the election of Banks, were swept away in the wrath over Harper's Ferry.

So when Congress assembled and proceeded to organize, with Sherman for Speaker, the Democracy were angry. The country was with them, and we can well see how they could have held the country with but an atom of patience and sense. This, however, was not to be. John Brown had invaded Virginia; therefore, all Republicans were insurgents and yearning to pillage the South. A foolish crank had written a book. His name was Helper and his book "The Impending Crisis." Nothing more absurd has ever been penned, and it would have sunk into trunk maker and pastry cook oblivion had not certain Congressmen recommended its circulation. How such things are done may be seen every day in Washington. A crank writes a book—"Tom Paine Deified," "Mormonism Triumphant," "Robespierre Apotheosized," and strikes the average Congressman. "If you want peace and would have me go, sign for my book. It teems with morality, patriotism, and only needs readers to spread the truth and make my fortune." In this fashion and with others Sherman signed. "It was," as he wrote, at the time, to his brother, "a thoughtless, foolish, unfortunate act. I never read the book—disclaim all sympathy with it." Of course the careful John, speculator in salt and so on, would as soon have recommended rattlesnakes as nursery companions. But what is written is written, and the mischief was done.

So when the House assembled, instead of electing John to be Speaker and intrusting him with the gavel of Robert C. Winthrop and Henry Clay, he was questioned about the Helper book. A member from Missouri, named Clarkson, leading politician, happily forgotten and but dimly remembered in his time as one remembers the dog that howls all night in the barn, started the ball. Before this illustrious House selected the speaker let a few questions be asked. We were in the era of insurrection. The dear old mother of commonwealths had been ravished in the night, and, although the chief criminal had been hanged, were there not other criminals, and in that very House? Yea, even a hundred of them, to whom hanging would be a luxury. Had they not recommended this Helper book, this gospel of crime? Did not John Sherman's name appear on the list? And must we condone John Brown's crimes by honoring an accomplice?

There never was a more shameless exhibition than this row over the Helper book. Whatever the thoughts at the time, no one can read that debate without shame. It ran on for days and weeks. Congress would not organize. The President's message was not considered. The public business was arrested. The halls of Congress streamed with vituperative, invective malignity. The Democratic members monopolized the business; the Republicans, as a rule, silent. They would not defend themselves against accusations of rapine. Sherman would have withdrawn from the contest, but self-respect forbade his friends' assent. The debate followed the war fields and made ready for the war-harvest so soon to ripen. In this debate, the Democrats threw away their position. John Brown was forgotten. The felon became a hero. Calumny incensed the South and united the North—and out of that Helper debate—that prolonged, dreary, ignominious, frenzied debate—came war.

Sherman had approved the book and could not be elected. Nor, for that matter, was the election of any vascular Republican possible. The virtue of Republicanism was with Sherman. Charles Francis Adams supported him, and with Adams were John A. Bingham, to whom a pension was voted the other day—a scholarly man;

Thomas Corwin, a prince of orators, returned to public life in the silence of old age; Colfax, reserved for a sad fate; Fenton, to be New York's Governor; Morrill, who is the Nestor of the Senate; the venerable Grow, sturdy, hickory-headed, intrepid, Yankee tempered, with Pennsylvania training; Roscoe Conkling, soon to escape from his admiration of Sherman; Thaddeus Stevens, the great commoner, and the three Washburne brothers. All strove to elect either Sherman or Grow. When that was impossible there was a compromise, and Pennington, of New Jersey, a kind hearted, placid, amiable, negative old gentleman, was accepted as oil upon the waters. As the outcome Sherman became chairman of the Ways and Means.

While the political philosophy of Sherman narrowed this horizon to what he saw, and no sympathy with what was above or beyond, so in his personal estimates of men, he was governed by personal considerations. Thus, in 1863—the war at its height—he could only see "two men of promise" in a military way,—Banks and his brother William. The fraternal estimate of William has been confirmed by history, but there is something grotesque in the appreciation of the kindly, histrionic, melodramatic, superficial Banks, as in any degree a soldier or a statesman.

It was obvious that in 1867 Sherman would have preferred Chase to Grant, although every one now sees that Chase would have ruined the Republican party as completely as he ruined himself. Sherman felt that the election of Chase would have been best for the country, as well as for Grant, and never wavered in the opinion that Grant as a civil ruler was a failure. Such an estimate might have been left to Mr. Lowell and the other poetic critics, but the trouble lay in the failure of the Sherman character to see beyond its vision.

The speech which Sherman delivered in the Senate in 1862, after the battle of Shiloh, in answer to the criticisms of Senator Harlan upon Grant, was a cold defence, and yet when spoken Sherman had his brother to defend, and spoke with a knowledge of the genius of the battle which must have come from his brother. The Senator was undoubtedly conscious of this, as in writing to his brother he said: "You will see from Harlanis remarks that there is much feeling against Grant, and I try to defend him, but with little success." The defence was an apology and a plea for time. Perhaps we should not be too critical, for in the same Congress Mr. Conkling, who was to become the warmest eulogist of Grant, could see nothing in Shiloh but the valor of the private soldiers. The only expressions of enthusiasm over Grant in which Senator Sherman is known to have indulged was when Grant intervened between the General and Secretary Stanton, protecting the General from the consequences of the unfortunate treaty with Joseph C. Johnston. The Senator himself, as appears in correspondence since published, was disposed to disavow, as Stanton had disavowed, the Johnston convention. He would wait and consider before he condemned Grant, even his brother, but it was the swift, angry brother who believed in a brother. This, however, was because Grant was Grant. Sherman did not fail in appreciation. "Grant is a jewel." "The conduct of Grant is deserving of the highest praise. I shall always feel grateful to him." If this feeling had endured in 1880 Grant would have been re-elected to the Presidency and the face of history would have changed.

Pathetic were the Sherman dreams over the Presidency. Upon him, as so many restless spirits, fell the impulse of supreme power. Well, a young man, his party's candidate for the Speakership at thirty, may expect anything.

This came to Sherman, not because of any brilliancy of character, any clan, any of the magnetic sympathetic qualities of leadership which threw Blaine and Douglas and Henry Clay to the front in early life.

Sherman had none of the qualities which marked these eminent statesmen. His oratory was conversation, clear cut, compact, but without the oratorical gifts. There are abundant stories of his kindness in private life, of humanity, consideration for friends, devotion to their interests, but he never enjoyed a reputation for these qualities. When he went into national politics it was Moses going to the fair—he returned with the spectacles. Blaine could go into a country fair, call every farmer by his first name, comment on the cows, the crops, the harvests. Sherman would have been fortunate if he could have recalled his own name, and would discourse upon finance and other abstruse themes. In conversation you found him thinking about something else. He was not insensible to preferment, nor the methods of politics. He had no desire to be Secretary of the Treasury in 1868, when Grant was elected for the first time; would, in all probability have declined the office. But this did not prevent his hinting to his brother, the General, that he would like to have had the offer of the Secretaryship.

When it came to the imagination of politics Sherman failed. He was an intellectual force in politics, nothing more. We may say the same of Gladstone, but Gladstone was a man of genius—superlative, soaring, sweeping—and nothing but his genius could have sustained him under the caprice of his character. Sherman would have made a mathematical President, decorous, old maidish—a Presidency like that of Buchanan, with more nerve, perhaps, because the Sherman character rested upon will.

When it came to details of Convention management, Sherman was never a factor. Delegates talked about him, but never voted for him. There was always a Sherman movement in American politics—because he was a good man to talk about while thinking of somebody else. His nearest approach to the prize was when Garfield was nominated. That was a bitter disappointment, but Sherman was too ingenuous to divine what all the world now knows—that Garfield went to the Convention with his own nomination in view. His speech nominating Sherman was an ingenious argument in favor of himself.

Sherman never recovered from this disappointment; was too proud to speak of it, too intellectual to waste time over the failure. He was ever a busy man, successful in affairs and with many affairs on hand. He is one of the few public men who have grown rich in public life and by processes honorable above question. It is possible that if he had taken half the pains to advance his political that he did in regard to his personal fortunes he would now be serving his second term. But with all of his forces, lucidity, nerve and unsurpassed business capacity, with his unswerving Republicanism, he never reached the heart of the party, never such a devotion as that of Conkling to Grant, Whitney to Cleveland, Proctor to Harrison, and a myriad of political captains to Blaine. He might have lived for an eternity without winning such a following as the 306 gave to Grant in the Chicago Convention.

Sherman could never appreciate this—was fooled to the top of his bent. The Sherman following at a Convention was a motley crowd. There was the small coterie of bankers who sat in bleak parlors, shunning tobacco smoke and the fumes of brandy, and lamenting the decadence of politics. There was the group of old soldiers who followed Tecumseh through Georgia, who came to vote for Sherman, but after one or two judicious interviews with the proper persons remained to vote for Blaine. There was the colored contingent from the South, who came for Sherman, abundantly provided for the journey, but their virtue too brittle for the temptations of the town.

Sherman was sanguine, however. The least sanguine man in public life—clear-headed to a degree—the Presidency had warped his judgment. It was the tarantula in Edgar Poe's story. Once under its influence and you must dance. So in 1888, when there was no chance of nominating Mr. Sherman, he had persuaded himself that the nomination was assured—that the Convention was a ceremony and the adjournment a consummation. Therefore it was natural that some discreet friends should remain with him while he read the telegraphed ballots and marked the sure advent of the supreme destiny.

That first ballot! Well, as you see, that was simply the delegates expressing a personal preference. Conventions always go through these formative, complimentary overtures. Courtesies over, and then you will vote. The second ballot—perhaps the third—and then— A noise was heard in the Capitol corridor. The newsboy was screaming an extra, "Harrison nominated!" as he rushed into the committee room. Harrison nominated? Yes, of a truth. The Senator, with a bitterness and a sigh of despair which could only come from the deep, intense soul of a Sherman, said: "Then New York has betrayed me again!" He took a pencil, leaned over and slowly sharpened it—very slowly—in silence. His friends respected his emotions and left him alone—sharpening the pencil and communing with fate.

We have seen that Sherman was a leader in his youth. He so remained until the end—so growing in power as a legislator that when retirement came his was the most authentic on the Senate floor. The jokes about him behind his back as to his concern over minor personal economics, his declaring three pairs in a poker game, his refreshing, iceberg influence in mid-summer weather, were only so many tributes to a pure, austere, well-governed life.

He was a great finance minister and in the Cabinet his influence was salutary. We owe him resumption, the overthrow of the Southern carpet baggers, and it was against his protest and that of Carl Schurz, his Cabinet associate, that Hayes gave way to the "Johnny comes marching home" business and deluged the country with back-pay pensions.

Sherman was always a concentrated force, never scattering his power, nor striving to cover more eggs than he could hatch. Nor did he fail in the State Department because of intellectual weakness. It was not his place—no more than grand opera or piano tuning. To expect from Sherman the settlement of diplomacy amenities or the soothing of the emotions of some legation secretary, who had been wrongly placed at dinner, or purring over Monroe doctrine or other diplomatic cobwebs, or the possession of the least interest in foreign or other than domestic relations was to overlook the very qualities which had made him a leader. He gave the influence of his name and authority to the McKinley administration. It was self-denying, patriotic service. That done and all was done.

JOHN W. MACKAY.

I have been requested to write in these pages something in regard to the character and career of John W. Mackay. The country should know something of its noted men—of a man like Mackay as he really is, and not as he is clouded by rumor and romance. No American in my remembrance has been so dimmed, as it were, the real man becoming lost in the ideals which the public fancy will turn into the most fantastic shapes. And yet there could be no more difficult task than to write of Mackay. I have seen him tried of the extremes of fortune, when he was the unchallenged Bonanza King, the shadow of his sceptre over every exchange; and when he was struck by disaster of appalling magnitude, cyclonic in its swiftness and fury. I have only seen him to admire the superb, instant courage with which he overcame disaster, as with all the world I had admired the equanimity with which he had borne the heavy trusts of fortune. And yet to write of him as he should be written, would be to risk the invasion of a modest and reserved personality, to dwell upon an honorable and blameless life, to reveal, perhaps the splendid beneficence of so many deeds that have fallen unknown, even as the sunshine and the dew, upon humble places; and his ceaseless courtesy, anxious to anticipate the possibility of some kind, considerate act. I should dwell likewise upon his firm, resolute will, his frankness, his skill in governing men, his capacity for earnest resentment in the presence of wrong. It is by such men commonwealths are made. I shall venture, in a vague, shadowy way to recall something of one of the men who have builded our empire on the Pacific—at least as I have seen and known him during a friendship of many years.

John William Mackay, as I find it recorded in the books, was born in Dublin in 1831, descended presumably from the Highland Mackay clan, whose leader went down at Flodden. He came to New York in 1840. His boyhood days were spent in Park Row, with the old Park, now destroyed by the post-office for his playground. He went to California some time after the Argonauts of 1849, took to the primitive methods of mining, lost and won, and drifted into Nevada about 1860. His abstinence and self-control saved him from the misfortunes that befell others in those adventurous days, and with the advance of his fortunes he became a leader of the bold and strenuous men who were then, unconsciously enough, planting the seeds of a nation. The Bonanza discoveries, which were to have so potent an influence upon the finance and statesmanship of the day, came in 1872, while the Nevada bank was founded in 1878. When 1884 is written as the year of the inception of the Commercial Cable, the dates of the most important events of his life have been recounted.

I was strolling with Mackay some years ago in Virginia City, when we looked down a smoking cavity in the ground, that was soon lost in the darkness, and at the mouth of which a windlass was slowly grinding. "Out of that hole," he said, "I took one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in bullion." This was one of the famous Bonanza mines, whose history all men know. The Big Bonanza, as it was called, and as Mackay described it to me at the time, was a "kidney" or a "pocket" of crude ore, about as high as the steeple of Trinity, and in area as large as the City Hall Park of New York. This ore, shovelled out and reduced, gave the stupendous yield to which Mr. Mackay referred, and was the foundation of the Bonanza fortunes. Associated with him were three other gentlemen, whose names were to have a world-wide mining fame,—James G. Fair, afterwards Senator from Nevada, whose skill as a mining expert had attracted the attention of Mackay; William O'Brien and James C. Flood. O'Brien and Flood had come to California, as friends, in the Argonaut days, and had, like other men, taken their humble parts in the creation of the Pacific States. In those times men who were to be major generals in the army drove drays for a living. Others who were to become luminous in statesmanship and jurisprudence joyfully mended their own trousers and washed their own linen. They were "partners," a term that Bret Harte has pathetically explained in one of his exquisite stories. "Partners," that is to say friends, with a friendship such as we, who live outside of the atmosphere of adventure, which enfolded the Argonaut days, cannot understand, and which would be but vaguely explained if we compared it to the love of man and woman.

"Billy was my partner once," as Mr. Flood said to me one day in Menlo, while we were looking at the portrait of O'Brien; "Billy was my partner once; he is my partner now, and will be my partner forever,"—a speech which made a deep impression, coming as it did from the lips of one of the most resolute, self-restrained and undemonstrative of men. Flood was the financial representative and ally of the two young miners who were at work on the Bonanza. O'Brien the "partner" in the firm, because Flood could have no interest he did not share. O'Brien passed away in Bonanza times,—Flood not many months since, in Germany. He was a brave, independent, reserved, conscientious man, especially charming and true in the higher relations of life,—no better citizen, no truer friend,—"in all that goes toward the development of manhood, the best man I have ever known," as Mackay said to me when the hour of irrevocable silence had fallen. "I know only one man in the world who can break me, and that is Mackay,"—this Flood said to me, and I note it as showing the strong links, which in those days bound the Bonanza firm and gave it a strength and confidence which were the basis of its power. The world has read the thousand and one romances, the Monte Cristo narratives which have become a literature of their own. Knowing a good deal about it, knowing well the principals in the drama, I can recall no history less romantic. It would be a mistake to regard the Bonanza enterprise as a bit of good fortune —Crusoe's findings on the island, as it were, or the outcome of luck. The men who gained this treasure had all their lives been digging for it and knew how to handle it when found. My reading of Argonaut stories leads to the belief that nothing is so easily missed or so easily fooled away as a gold mine.. The discovery of the Big Bonanza was an opportunity. It fell to men who knew what to do with it. . . The management of the Bonanza was a triumph of industry and common sense, and the Pacific Coast is richer because of what the discoverers did for its development. I have asked Mackay, when talking of the Bonanza outcome, whether there were any laws, the application of which would lead to the discovery of other bodies of ore; whether if nature had in a prodigal mood buried this "kidney" in one of the Nevadas, she might not have been even less niggardly elsewhere. "There is no law in mining," said Mackay, "but the point of the pick. I presume if the truth were known, as much money has been expended by enthusiastic miners in the hope of discovering a new 'kidney' as was taken out of the Comstock lode."

I believe the Bonanza people themselves have given millions toward further experiments, with but partial success. I have heard Mackay say that theirs was the last of the Bonanzas. In mining, as in other affairs, especially where our knowledge, to use his own words, is confined to "the point of the pick," nothing should be looked for with more assurance than the unexpected. When vast wealth came to Mackay as a great trust,—so given and so accepted,—he believed it his duty to do his country some special service. He loved New York, the home of his infancy, and in his many comings and goings from our shores, there was nothing that grieved him more than the absence of the American flag. It was not to be endured that argosies should daily carry the products of American skill under another banner than ours. There were the ensigns of England, of France, and Holland,—even of Italy and Spain, but no stripes and stars. For a long time he meditated the building of a merchant fleet,—steamers that would surpass the best in any other line, and American from masthead to keel, to be, he hoped, the foundation of a new reign of maritime greatness. The announcement of his idea might bring others who, like him, controlled large capital, to the enterprise, but at all events, he would do it alone. If one fleet could be seen sailing from New York Bay, others would follow, and we might resume the ascendency of the seas which we had lost through indifferent, ignorant legislation and the vicissitudes of war. This would be a part, at least, of the return which as a citizen Mackay felt he owed the country. Wealth, as I have said, was, to his mind, a trust,—the greater the amount the greater the importance,—to be held with some regard to the common welfare. While in this mood, spending the holiday months on the Riviera, dreaming of a restored commerce and brooding over the details of the proposed fleet, the attention of Mackay was called to the cable relations between America and Europe. The cable, in itself one of the beneficent achievements of the age, which had done so much to revolutionize the intercourse between the continents, and to verify Shakespeare's fancy of a fairy engirdled world, had grown into a tax upon knowledge and commerce. The financial management of the cable companies was selfish and extravagant.

The interest of promoters who happened to be inside had been served at the expense of other investors who were outside. There had been combinations, leases, alliances, concessions, and the capital was heavy with accretions of financial "water." To pay even an apparent income upon the sums which represented the nominal value of the cables,—largely in excess of the real value,—it was necessary to hold the rates at an exorbitant figure. The monopoly had an ill name. It was known to be powerful, rich, grasping, audacious in its speculations. To surrender the absolute control of the telegraph system to this combination was to give its leaders a power over the markets of the world which might at any time be used to the public detriment. Moreover,—and here again in another form, was the dream of a restored empire over the seas,—the cables were foreign. In one, the influence of France was paramount, in the other that of England. Why should not America have a cable? Why in our commercial relations with England be, as it were, a dependency of Canada? In the event of war, the cable between America and England would be in English hands, and in the matter of intelligence, so necessary to war, we should be at the mercy of our enemies. There was the point. So long as the cables were governed by a monopoly or remained at the mercy of foreign influences, the press, in its news at least of more commercial consequence than its opinions, would not be free.

This train of thought brought Mackay into relation with James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*. Mr. Bennett had for a long time mused the project of an independent cable. He was impatient at the growth of a monopoly which threatened the freedom of his own journal, and the integrity of its news. My recollection is that Mr. Mackay and Mr. Bennett had but a slight acquaintance at the time when the mind of each was revolving, as it were, to a common center. The result of their conferences was that Mackay so far entered into the enthusiasm of Mr. Bennett over an independent cable, as to offer to assist in the enterprise to the extent of half a million dollars. This was the inception of the Commercial Cable Company, or of what has for years been known as the Mackay-Bennett cable.

The enterprise did not commend itself to the financial world. It was a sentiment—mere patriotism—a "revolt against Gould,"—a battle for the independence of the press, but it was not business. The moneyed kings were cold, the cable monopoly was strong, shrewd, merciless. Its managers could make an effective and, to themselves individually, not an expensive war. There were more cables than were necessary, it was argued, and cabling, moreover, was a luxury. Those who indulged in luxuries could pay. Nor would the capital of England and France volunteer to aid an enterprise which was avowedly to terminate an English and French monopoly. The great expense of the cable, the indifference displayed toward the project by those whose interests were really to be served, would have destroyed the plan before it was born. Mackay was a man to make a strange dream come true. The difficulties, the disappointments, the revelations of the selfishness and cupidity of human nature, which attended the outset of the Mackay-Bennett cable, instead of deterring, cheered him like wine. The cable should be built if he built it alone. It was done. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Mackay assumed the risks and expended the money, a few stray investors, hardly worth mentioning, coming in for personal reasons. The cable more and more devolved upon Mackay. It became his own enterprise almost as much as one of his Nevada mines. With what patience, with what assiduity, with what sacrifice of personal comfort and neglect of other interests, with what cheerful, courageous resolution he drove the cable to success, will only be known when the history of the great enterprises which have changed the commercial fate of nations is told. Something of this stupendous achievement it was my privilege to know and see, and never without admiration at his genius and courage.

For in addition to the laying of the cable under the sea, it was to be realized that those who controlled the American end of the old established cables likewise controlled the land telegraph system. There were two or three small outside sporadic lines—railroad attachments, and so on—but the land telegraphs were practically in the hands of the monopoly, which thus practically ruled earth and sea. Of what use was the cable to the United States if the messages were stifled in their delivery by an antagonistic land service? In foreign countries the lines were governmental, and no monopoly was possible. Here, however, the cable would be at the mercy of those who would spare no pains to kill it. Mackay saw this, and undertook another stupendous task—namely, the building and development of a land service of his own. In this part of the enterprise, I believe Mr. Bennett took no part, the Mackay-Bennett partnership ending with the sea. But without the land lines the cable would only have been successful in a meager, indifferent fashion, ever under the duress of powerful opposition seeking its ruin.

The cable laid, and the Mackay-Bennett system in operation—the cable the very best that experience could construct—put down with care, thoroughness and economy—no bogus "concessions," no volumes of "water," no thieving "construction companies," ready as in so many other enterprises to suck the weanling's blood as soon as it could creep—there came war. The new company proposed to transmit despatches at forty cents a word. This was a large reduction from the then ruling rate, and a distinct gain to commerce. The established lines threatened reprisals. The new line must make a rate at sixty or seventy-five cents a word, or they would come to a nominal rate,—a shilling or a sixpence a word. Here at the outset was a trial. Unite with the old companies, adopt their oppressive rate, a rate necessary to float their watered capital, and there would be peace. The new venture might have the share of business it could win. But with reduction,—War! Well, war be it then! The Commercial Cable meant a distinct promise to serve the public by reducing the cable tolls to a fair rate. No threat of war would lead to the dishonoring of that pledge. Let all the companies agree upon forty cents, said Mackay and Bennett, and have peace. But they would go no higher.

Then began one of the most notable contests in the history of financial war. The old lines came down to twelve cents a word,—a war rate,—a very expensive measure to themselves, but, as they believed, sure to prove fatal to the new venture. It was at first proposed to answer this move by a reduction to six cents a word. This was abandoned, and wisely, as events showed. Mackay reasoned that the public which supported a cable, was limited, that it was an intelligent business public, which knew that if he was beaten, the rates would advance to seventy-five cents or a dollar, and it would fare worse than ever. He therefore, fixed the rate at twenty-five cents, double the antagonists' war rate. Whether this would pay or not, was a question. The Mackay-Bennett people would try it. And so the war went on. There was no offer of truce or concession. In time, the old line became weary. They had had enough of controversy, of fruitless squandering of money. They offered peace at forty cents a word,—the rate Mackay proposed at the outset. "Oh, no," said Mackay, "I have tried twenty-five cents. I am content with that rate. The public is satisfied, and I will stay where I am." Peace was made by the absolute surrender of the monopoly, and Mackay remained victor, in the most strenuous and boldly sustained war ever seen in the history of financial antagonisms. It was not a triumph for himself, but for his company. The Commercial Cable shares, which were quoted at 98 in June, 1891, are now (Dec., 1891,—Ed.)—I read in the money columns, at 135.

A tallish, slender, well knit, active man, with a nimble, rapid gait; finely-cut, compact head, lines strong in the regions assigned to energy and perception; hair somewhat of the Saxon, uncertain color,—a gentle, measured voice, and a prompt, hearty address,—John W. Mackay would be pointed out in any company as a distinguished man. I am afraid he would be found where Montaigne advises his readers to look in assemblies, for those worth knowing, —in the corners of the room. He is averse to ostentation, and, although one of the best known men of his time, dislikes notoriety. His way of life is simple to austerity. Strong in his political convictions; an intense American; with a belief equal to that of Whitman, if expressed with less exuberance, in the future of democracy; finding nothing that he ever saw in Europe worth seeing for the second time; holding that the home for men and men-children is beyond the Rocky Mountain ranges,—such are some of his principles. He is exceedingly well informed, abreast of the channels of current thought, master of his trade, as the strong man should be,—or rather of two trades, mining and telegraphy. There is no branch of these professions, in which he is perhaps more interested than any man of the day, that he has not minutely studied. Outside of his engrossing business cares, his tastes turn toward art. His passion is painting, and he would make the transit of a realm to spend an hour with a Velasquez or a Rubens. It was his judgment that condemned the Meissonier, about which so much was said in idle, whispering circles. "I wanted a Messionier," he said, "not Meissonier painting a slovenly imitation of Cabanel," and the criticism was adopted by the art world. The French master, thinking, perhaps, in some momentary whim unworthy of his genius, that anything would do for Nevada, found that he was painting for a keen and severe critic, who knew what he wanted and wished no illusions or counterfeits put upon him with the sanction of a name. Mackay, when he saw the painting and found that Meissonier was unreasonable, quietly paid the bill, the largest sum perhaps ever given for an original portrait to a modern painter, and put the canvas in some out of the way cabinet. There was much made of the incident by the friends of Meissonier and mischievous people, but this is all there was of the story.

I have said that I have seen Mackay tried by both extremes of fortune. But I have never seen the strength of his character so apparent as when, three or four years since, he was suddenly struck by the speculation in wheat which menaced the Nevada bank. It was the old story. The trusted bank manager loaned some hundreds of thousands of dollars on wheat cargoes, with a view to a rising market. With two or three street brokers, he had divined a European war or some other manifestation of providence, and concluded that grain must be dear. After the first half million went, other millions must go to sustain and recover the market. Madness and desperation must tread at the heels of folly, as they invariably do.

Million after million went, but providence would send no visitation in the gambler's favor, and wheat went down, down, down. The president of the bank was ill at his home—ill with what was to be the final summons. The agent lost his head and went on in madder and more reckless ways. Mackay heard of it by accident from some idle remark of his London banker, which led to peremptory questions by cable and a sudden return. He came to find the bank committed to millions of advances upon rising wheat, which was irretrievably falling—to learn that he was buying the wheat crop of California at an advance of about thirty per cent. over its market value. I saw him when he arrived in New York, learned somewhat of the emergency, found him as resolute and cool as ever. He had not alone to deal with great losses to himself and his firm, but to meet, breast, and avert a threatened financial panic which would have covered the whole Pacific coast with disaster. The resources of his genius never came into better play. Silently, bravely, without taking the world into his plans, he arrested the speculation, made good every loss, restored public confidence, overcame the powerful combination bent upon his financial overthrow, and came out stronger than when the cyclone so suddenly fell. The story of this battle has never been known, but when the career of this gentleman is written, nothing will redound more to his honor than the fortitude and energy with which he met and overcame so menacing and formidable a disaster.

"Mackay," said a cynical friend who had known him in Nevada days, "is one of the few rich men I would care to know if he were poor." This was an odd way of expressing faith in the entire manliness of Mackay. In parting from my theme that attribute rests with me as especially belonging to him. I have known no manlier gentleman in my time—no nature that would more thoroughly respond to every test of manhood, and never fail, where patience, courage, frankness, kindness and good will could give it exemplification.

COL. HAY'S CAREER.

(John Russell Young in *Munsey's Magazine,* Oct., 1898.)

In that "wild year of the change of things" Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect, brought with him to Washington as his personal private secretary a young gentleman fresh from college days and law studies, who was in time to win a high place in literature, to become ambassador to Great Britain, and Secretary of State. Born in Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838, the descendant of an ancient Scotch family, John Hay was graduated from Brown University in 1858. Studying law in Springfield, with Mr. Lincoln a neighbor and friend, he won that statesman's regard to such a degree as to be selected as the associate of Mr. John G. Nicolay, the official private secretary as provided by law.

A comely young man with peach bloom face, old-fashioned speech, smooth, low toned, quick in comprehension, sententious, reserved; folks not quite sure whether it was the reserve of diffidence or of aristocracy; high bred, courteous; not one with whom the breezy, overflowing politician would be apt to take liberties; a touch of sadness in his temperament, this world being a serious business, each day's work requiring the doing of it. He was given to verses, had the personal attractiveness as well as the youth of Byron; was what Byron might have been, grounded on good principles and with the wholesome discipline of home. Those admitted to his confidence recall the Rossetti-like verses on vital themes with which the young secretary sought to dissipate the war gloom in which he lived.

It was in truth the wild year of the change of things. Hay came in the path of the secession storm then working its cruel will. Taney was on the Supreme bench, in the obscuration of Dred Scott and other clouds from which his high merit as a jurist is even now but slowly emerging. As the young secretary, with keen, wondering eyes, looked down upon the Senate, he saw but a fragment of that august tribunal. The seats of the Confederate chiefs were vacant, and the Republicans reigned over what seemed to be the wreck of the Union. There, grouped around Sumner, were the leaders of the victorious Republican column; Sumner on the outer row of the Senate, in the seat now occupied by Senator Wilson, of Washington, between John P. Hale and David Wilmot, with Ben Wade and Henry Wilson in front. John Sherman, fresh from the House, and from his unavailing battle for the speakership, was on the Democratic side between James A. Bayard, father of the ambassador, and Andrew Jackson.

In the House the young secretary could have studied the dominant statesmen. There was Galusha A. Grow, on the eve of the speakership; Thaddeus Stevens, with his all too apparent wig, lines deepening his Roman face and tightening the implacable lips, an intense, remorseless veteran of two generations of strife, in a state of sardonic thanksgiving that he had lived to see the fall of Babylon. There, likewise, were the unfortunate and forgotten Colfax, E. B. Washburne, the aged and illustrious Crittenden in the last gasp of compromise and peace; Roscoe Conkling, eloquent, assiduous, with his tempest-tossed days to come; Frank Blair and John A. Logan, soon to ride by the side of Grant as captains in the great war.

There likewise was Arthur P. Gorman in the joy of his promotion from the drivership of the Senate mail wagon to be the assistant postmaster and ruling spirit in base ball circles.

Of that group of statesmen how few remain! Sherman sits as an elder within the gates, full of admonitions to a wayward generation. The venerable Morrill, contemporary with Lincoln and Gladstone, six years senior to Bismarck, remains as the Nestor of the Senate. Arthur P. Gorman, statesmanship supplementing base ball and the mail wagon, is a leader of a great party, and through Democratic eyes looks proudly upon the presidency. Grow sits with his fellows, lusty, resolute, wintergreen, even as when forty-seven years ago he was in Congress with Hamilton Fish, John C. Breckinridge and Henry Clay. The waves have swept our political seas; the revenges, ambitions, hopes and achievements of those heavy days are no longer even memories, and the very names of those who reigned when the young secretary came upon the scene are submerged into grateful oblivion.

It was a time of war and executive duties. As they fell upon Mr. Nicolay and his young associate they were severe. These two stood by the captain's side as the ship of state was steered through the tumbling seas, the heavens rent with fury and swept with passion, hatred and death. Hay justified the President's discernment. The young man loved his master, serving him with fine loyalty, their relations recalling those between Hamilton and Washington when Hamilton was an aide on Washington's staff. There were many special offices which Hay could do for the President. He had rare accomplishments, wrote with grace and precision, with the capacity for continuous silent industry. The touch of his pen can be felt in many of the letters that went from the Executive Mansion. For while the style of Lincoln was Hebraic, that of Hay was as lucid and flowing as the style of Addison. He knew the social graces and amenities, and did much to make the atmosphere of the war-environed White House grateful, tempering unreasonable aspirations, giving to disappointed ambitions the soft answer which turneth away wrath, showing, as Hamilton did in similar offices, the tact and common sense which were to serve him as they served Hamilton in wider spheres of public duty.

Hay had the young man's yearning for the field, but he remained with the President through the dreary days; the days of Manassas, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, every morning with its bulletin of disaster, the cup of Presidential agony filled to overflowing; those dreary days when the dearest hopes of the Union rested upon one man. All else had fallen. The national credit was in the mire. Armies no longer sprang out of the enthusiasm of the people, but were wrenched into place by conscription. The South was united, the flower of the Confederacy under Jackson and Lee, accepted leaders in command, the men in the field, the slaves protecting their families. The Republican party was in revolt, the mutiny finding sufferance if not welcome in the Cabinet. Foreign opinion was contemptuous and unfriendly, even the prescient Gladstone accepting the Confederacy. "We are coming, Father Abraham," found a refrain in "When this cruel war is over." It was night without a single star, and only a supreme, intrepid soul like that of Lincoln could pierce the infinite gloom.

But Vicksburg and Gettysburg came, and the faith of Lincoln was justified. The stress of the war passed into the hands of the great captains, and no longer overburdened the President. Hay's yearning for the field became an active force. He had the military instinct.

His close friend was Ellsworth, who at the threshold of the war had thrown his brave young life away in a moment of melodramatic folly. Ellsworth was loved and mourned by Hay, who had divined in his comrade the military genius of Napoleon. Hay used to talk of active duty, counting the days until the day would come. Among other things, he would see service in the orange countries. One of his castles in Spain was to be found in Florida. The war over and done, he would spend his life among the orange groves and write immortal lyrics under their fragrant inspiration.

Hay's military record may be summed up briefly. He was commissioned as major and adjutant-general January 12, 1864. He served at Hilton Head, and later in Florida, under the personal instruction of the President, and was mustered out April 22, 1867, leaving the army with brevet rank of lieutenant colonel and colonel "for faithful and meritorious services during the war."

The war over and done, and Hay's mind turned toward other scenes. The castle in Spain and the writing of undying verse under orange groves faded away as a young man's fancy. There were other fields to fight and other palms to win. It was quite understood by his friends that with the close of Lincoln's first term Hay would enter the diplomatic service. Lincoln selected Paris, there being the opportunity for useful employment in watching the inscrutable Emperor, and on the 22d of March, 1865, he commissioned his young friend as secretary of legation. While making ready to go, the assassination came. Hay was in the White House in talk with Robert Lincoln, the President's son, just home from the surrender of Lee, when the tidings flashed. He went to the bedside, keeping the long, sad vigil, until with the rising sun the spirit of Lincoln passed on "to belong to the ages," as Stanton said through his tears as he closed the eyes in eternal sleep.

Lincoln dead, and the light of his life, as it were, quite gone out, Hay was glad to leave Washington. His four years of apprenticeship had made him a craftsman. Paris, serious work, the study of French, of which he became a master, were welcome after the terrible consummation. Hay carried to the empire an uncompromising Republicanism. He was Saint Just, tempered by the nineteenth century. Although within the imperial circle, Napoleon was to him but a "lurking jailbird." He saw glory springing from the Column of July. And not even the guillotine, whose "crimson ax rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings," could destroy his faith in liberty. It was "the light whereby the world was saved," and "though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

MORE DIPLOMATIC EXPERIENCE.

Hay resigned from Paris March 28, 1867, to accept the secretaryship under Motley in Vienna. June, 1869, he accompanied Sickles to Madrid, there to remain until the autumn of 1870. Spain was a fascination. The Republican element was active, and with that he had profound sympathy. One of his noblest poems was that aspiration for Spanish liberty in which he recalled to Spain the days "when every land under heaven was flecked by the shade of her banners," and there is no more charming study of national manners than "Castilian Days."

This diplomatic experience under Napoleon, Francis Joseph and Amadeo had its value, and Hay undoubtedly could have made diplomacy a career. But his thirty-second year was upon him. His life work must be done at home. He had had nine years of political, military and diplomatic activity, so husbanding his advantages that he was one of the best-equipped men of his day. He became a journalist at the invitation of Mr. Greeley, and as the associate of Whitelaw Reid, with whom since Lincoln's time he had been on terms of intimate friendship. Even so fine an intellect as that of Hay, merged into the anonymity of journalism, could make but a vague personal impression upon the public, but in press circles he soon rose to high esteem. I remember Mr. Greeley saying, with an enthusiasm rare to him, but, when it did come, buoyant and sanguine, that an editorial printed in the *Tribune* that morning "Photographs, Plain and Colored," was about the best that he had ever read. Upon this recognition by the master Hay may rest his editorial fame.

To this period of Hay's intellectual life we owe the Pike County Ballads. It is said that our Secretary regrets these effusions, and there has been some braying in the press over "Little Breeches" as Secretary of State.

To clothe a thought in fantastic garb has never been incompatible with the gravest statesmanship. George Canning wrote the ballad of "Ballynahinch" and the sonnet on Mrs. Brownrigg, the murderess, "When France shall reign and laws be all repealed"; Pitt's lines on Fox as Catiline; Macaulay upon the diners out from whom we guard our spoons; Lord Morpeth's "Ode to Anarchy"; Disraeli's novels; the satires of Bulwer which aroused the wrath of Tennyson; Lowell's dialect invectives against the Mexican war, are remembered, but in no way as dimming their author's usefulness as statesman. Through Hay's humorous verses ran a fine strain of piety; the angels watching over helpless childhood, a man dying for his fellow men, the lesson that of faith and self-abnegation. He sang the song of Spanish freedom. He saw in united Italy the people coming to their birthright, the passing of crozier and crown, and there are few nobler lines than his invocation to the Army of the James:

There is no power in the gloom of hell
To quench those spirits' fire;
There is no power in the bliss of heaven
To bid them not aspire;
But somewhere in the eternal plan
That strength, that life survive,
And like the files on Lookout Crest,
Above death's clouds they strive.

For a few months, while Mr. Reid was in Europe, Hay edited the *Tribune.* This was an event in journalism. I remember going with Henry Watterson on a visit of homage to the new magnate to see how he looked as an active, responsible editor clothed with the power of warning the Emperor of Russia for the third and last time, and other invincible prerogatives. We found little joyousness about him. He was most serious over his duties, seemed as if he had a ball and chain around his leg, a somewhat zoölogical aspect, and if we were looking through the bars at one yearning for the jungle.

Hay governed the *Tribune* with ability, knowledge, refinement and power. It was a time of political sensitiveness. Republicans at war, the battle fought as the English fight in the Soudan—no prisoners, no quarter. Hay entered into the business with Highland gravity and courage, actually believed in the sincerity of the conflict, and that there were real issues, that it was something more than the mere politicians' brawl. The *Tribune* was never so fierce even in Mr. Greeley's masterful days. The rule of the paper under Reid was that of whips, with

Hay it was that of scorpions. There was an immense sigh of relief in certain circles when Reid with his whips came home, and the young lion was vouchsafed the joyful manumission of the jungles.

The *Tribune* regency is worthy of note as throwing light upon the character of our new Secretary of State. It was seen that with the poetic and æsthetic gifts the fighting qualities are thoroughly blended. We shall have no uncertain half-hearted diplomacy under Secretary Hay. Plainness of speech, a steady maintenance of American rights, the hand ever on the sword hilt, absolute justice given and demanded; this, animated by the yearning for combat which governed the *Tribune* during Hay's regency, gives assurance of a positive and progressive diplomacy. Such a policy will be welcome just now.

After the emancipation from the *Tribune* Hay gave his attention to business and literature in a modified degree. There was vouchsafed to him the blessing of an ideal marriage; with days of domestic life, home building, the education of children and ever watchful interest in public affairs. The Garfield episode, with the sad culmination, profoundly moved him, and for a moment it seemed as if he must take an active interest in politics. He was one of those who stood close to the banner of Blaine. At the request of Mr. Evarts he became Assistant Secretary of State, taking office March 1, 1879, and retiring May 3, 1881. This was the one official interlude in a retirement of a quarter of a century.

Hay had no ambition for office; put it away as a rule. He gave much time to the "Life of Lincoln," which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Nicolay, his faithful and gifted associate in White House days. This work belongs to the historical classics. It is a mine of research for the student who would know the making of the West, the genesis and outcome of the Civil War. The temperance of its judgments, the dignity of its style, its high, broad-minded Americanism commend it to every American.

For some years Hay resided in Cleveland. He came at length to live in Washington; his home the center of a gracious hospitality. From this he was summoned by President McKinley to be ambassador to the court of St. James. The story of that embassy is current history and known to all men. And it was natural that the President should offer the primacy to one who had borne himself so worthily in a delicate and exacting station. The selection has fallen upon a statesman in the fullness of his genius, trained above any of his predecessors, with the exception of John Quincy Adams, for diplomatic affairs, having studied his art at the courts of Madrid and Vienna, Paris and London. He takes office at the age of Seward when that gentleman became Secretary of State to Lincoln. A mature man, his growth slow like that of the oak, steadily advancing in public esteem as a man of affairs, of diplomacy, of political acumen, of conceded literary fame. He has learned the wisdom of silence, the discipline of patience. His career, thus faintly outlined, gives every warrant for the belief that one whose life has been so rich in opportunity, experience and achievement will win fresh titles to renown in the high dignity to which he has been called.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 2, 1898.

My dear Young:—I thank you most heartily for sending me the *Munsey*. I hardly know what to say about the article. It is much too kind, and yet such kindness, coming from a man like you, has an absolute value of its own, independent of mere fact. Nothing so agreeable has ever been said of me—and the work is so exquisitely done that it seems to me I can enjoy it without reference to my personal interest in it. So I thank you unreservedly, and am proud of your friendship and your praise, to an extent you will not imagine.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN HAY.

GRANT; AN ESTIMATE.

You ask me to say something of Grant. The day of the apotheosis of his fame is about to dawn. There has been no such festival since the ashes of Napoleon were borne from their storm-swept prison sepulchre, amid the pomp and pageantry of France, to find the peace of the Invalides, or since Wellington sank to rest under the dome of the golden cross of St. Paul's. The trophies will be held by the victor and the vanquished in the great wars. The few proud farewells will again be spoken by remnants of the legions which once wore the blue or the gray. Farewell once more, and again farewell to the old commander and friend; commander of those who wore the blue, friend of those whose valor gave renown to the gray. Nor if we are wise enough to accept the comfort of believing it, will the spirits of the mighty dead be absent. Lee and Sherman, Stonewall Jackson and Sheridan, Johnston and Meade, Beauregard and Thomas, Stuart and Custer will hold solemn muster at the Riverside mausoleum, and hear once more the bugle call—"Good-night!"

The generation of to-day salutes the generation of yesterday, and Valor takes hands with Fame.

You would have me say something of Grant. And yet what can be said that has not been written by worthier hands than mine? I see him as a soldier, even as on the day of the grand review, when, bronzed with his campaigns, he acknowledged the salutes of Sherman and Meade as they swept before him at the head of their devoted columns. I see him as a statesman, worn and weary with the cares of office, yearning for days meaning peace, and nights bringing rest. I see him as a friend, the memory of that friendship ever abiding with me as a sacred possession, as he paced the world around, to sit with statesmen and kings. And in each of these phases,—soldier, Chief Magistrate, friend—I see him always as one, the fame of whose virtues and achievements, the world would not willingly let die.

It is not upon his wars that we dwell, although the memories of martial achievements will attract the multitude. Grant will live in civic, as well as military renown, his repute as a statesman more pronounced than his fame as a warrior. This is afar from the cant of the hour, but to the calmer judgment of men, when the seas of controversy are down, and clouds of envy and malice no longer darken the skies, we can with confidence appeal.

The Republic owes to Grant, three distinct and noble victories:

I.—Peace with arbitration.
II.—Money without dishonor.
III.—A civil service.

The initiative of the policy of peace with arbitration, which we are now striving to embrace in the form of a permanent treaty, we owe to Grant. In this he was antagonized by the fiery spirits of his party. He saw with prescient eyes that there could be no harmony until we had a clear understanding with Great Britain. For her part in the secession strife, the honor of the Republic demanded an apology, and those of our citizens who had been plundered, remuneration. There was every temptation from the soldier's point of view to keep alive the embers of war. An aggressive spirit or a soul burning for glory, would have sought to drive England out of Canada. The most eloquent of Grant's adversaries pleaded that no treaty should be made with Great Britain that did not involve the lowering of the British flag upon American soil. If the demand involved war, what war more glorious? "I shall never fire another gun in anger," was the answer. With it came peace. This was the inception of "peace with arbitration," now accepted as the high-water mark of modern statesmanship.

We owe to Grant the victory of the national credit. This came with the veto of the Inflation bill. Inflation was demanded by the West. "Without Inflation there would be a money famine." And if the West were to be held true to Republicanism the party must anchor deep, —yes, if need be deep in the oozing mire of national dishonesty. Grant was not unmoved by these appeals. They came from those who had followed him, upon whose loyalty he depended, who had stood by him in cannon smoke and under the fire of political and personal calumny. They were not lightly to be put aside, and Grant was the last man to ignore them. He took up his pen to write the approval of the Inflation bill. This was in answer to the voice of party. Before putting down his pen, he wrote a veto. This was in answer to the voice of conscience.

I question if some day history may not regard this veto of the Inflation bill as Grant's supreme service to the nation, to be remembered as France remembers the Code Napoleon—as a victory, not for the time, but for ages of time.

Almost as important, and perhaps as far reaching in its consequences was Grant's campaign for civil service reform.

There are many readers who will dissent from this. But history will show that when dealing with civil service, the Indian question and the protection of freedmen, Grant was as sincere as when he supported arbitration and opposed inflation. He had seen the calamity of patronage —jailbirds sent to command troops because they had a "political pull"—the refuse of Tammany Hall appointed to dispense justice. He began what was to be a long, cruel war. He made victory possible. From his day to the present, it has raged fiercely and with varying fortunes. The most potent Republican leaders assail it. It is attacked in Congress by gentlemen supposed to direct the conscience of the administration.

From Butler and Conkling down to the present moment the war upon civil service has been persistent. If it survives the present assault, it will become a part of our national policy. Triumphant then, as the result of this quarter-of-a-century campaign, history with cold, adamantine pen, will give the honor to Grant.

One might readily write of Grant, and to his honor, without thus venturing into what might be called the literature of political doubts. But to-day, while with pomp and state, with music and the roll of drums, with the march of armed men, the proud, strenuous, cannonade, the people pressing toward his tomb, in reverence and acclaim, let those who believed in Grant claim justice, rather than adulation. It is not alone because of his wars that we approach his tomb in veneration, not because of a career which closed at Appomattox, but rather of a career which then began, and which aimed to give us peace with arbitration, national financial integrity and civil service reform.

Grant had many friends who were cold as to the third term. Their apathy was not inspired by apprehensions for the safety of the country under his renewed administration, but, because, as politics ran in 1880, they saw that his nomination was impossible. If business troubles had not befallen Grant his nomination would have been inevitable in 1884. Mr. Conkling always said that the defeat of the third term turned back for a century, the clock of American history. Without following too far a fanciful speculation we should remember that had Grant been elected in 1880, he would still have been under the average of our Presidents, as he had been the youngest ever chosen. In 1884 he would have been but a year older than Washington when Washington became President, younger than Madison and Adams, Jackson and Buchanan.

Thus with comparative youth, Grant would have brought to the Presidency the education of eight years in the White House and the unrivaled experience which came from his journeys around the world. He would have governed with a broad mind. Although I never heard from him any expression of a wish for a third term, deprecating rather than otherwise any reference to the subject, it must not be forgotten,—and he was undoubtedly conscious of the fact,—that he returned home in 1879 the most accomplished and best informed statesman of his time. The book of world had been opened to him. He saw the relative proportion of things, the true place of America in the economy of nations, and, under wise, intrepid statesmanship, the magnificence of her opportunities. "How I wish I had known this ten years ago," he was wont to say, as the truth of some new experience burst upon him, and he realized what he might have done when he had the power to do it.

He knew the inner meaning of those subtle influences which form civilization—the meaning of Austria and Russia, of Germany and France and Spain. He saw the good in each of them, and believed they could in time, be fused into harmony and peace; that the federation of man was more than a poet's dream. He rejoiced in the unification of Germany under whatever system it might be governed,—dynastic or democratic, and yet was profoundly interested in the Republic of France. His heart went out to the smaller nationalities,—Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. He conceived an affection for Greece, not alone as he saw it in the person of her sovereign, but in the genius of her people.

Above all else, Grant was impressed with the East. He divined China and Japan; how necessary was their commerce to our Pacific commonwealth, and that the time was coming when we could no longer be indifferent to the autonomy of these ancient empires. Had Grant lived, or had his counsel been duly followed, there would have been no war between China and Japan.

Therefore, if the third term movement was an expression of Gen. Grant's ambition, it was laudable and high, conscious of new equipments for the supreme office.

This new Presidency was not to be. If it had been, many dreams which sound strangely now, would have come true.

The politicians understood and feared Grant. They could not use him, and therefore strove to slay him. He had fought his long campaigns of war. It was hard to fight his long campaigns of calumny. He was assailed living, his memory traduced when dead. Calumny, one fears, is becoming history. It is hard to read so much that is written of Grant,—talks they call orations, books with pictures in them. Oh, yes! he was a general—"something like Villars," as one writer says, but no Hannibal, no Lee,—not even Wellington. No doubt he could fight; at least there is no available evidence that he ever strived, like Frederick the Great, to run away—had not, perhaps, sense enough,—but what a pity he did not remain in Washington and see after quartermaster's supplies and allow his accomplished generals to do the strategy, the grand tactics, the art of war. To be sure, he meant well, at least so far as he knew, but then he was so fortunate in his generals and staff officers, even those who could watch, protect, and guide him!

This genesis of calumny will be traced some day, the historian, like Layard or a Brugsch Pasha, digging the truth from out the rock and sand. Calumny has fallen upon the memory of Grant with Pompeiian fury,—lies as of lava, and slag, and smoke, and fire. So that even to tell the truth about him, sounds like unreasoning adulation. One can readily see how the ingenuous reader coming freshly upon his studies will, if believing what he is taught, find little to admire in Grant, except the heroism with which he wrote a book while dying of cancer. Calumny is taken for granted and orators and writers deal with his memory as though he were a blending of Cæsar with a ticket-of-leave man. "And what a pity he did not die at Champion Hills."

The cause of much of this calumny will be found in the remorselessness of politics. Grant was never loved by the politicians. Nor can it be said that any mere soldier ever held their regard. Washington may be cited by those who have forgotten the ferocity aroused by the Jay treaty, and Jackson by those who do not remember the war on the United States Bank. August as is the renown of Washington, stately and growing as is that of Jackson, appreciation came with death, when the shadows of envy could no longer dim the sunshine of fame. If Washington and Jackson in America, if Marlborough and Wellington in England, had never entered upon a political career, their renown would have attained its eternity without the intervening limbo of death and time.

The world-wide estimate of Lee, expressing, as it does, the passionate devotion of the South, is largely due to the fact that Lee was never in politics. Jefferson Davis was as sincere in his faith as Lee, and, so far as history affords a standard of comparison, as brave and accomplished a soldier, and yet, while the memory of one is surrounded with an enviable splendor, that of the other for generations will be the theme of controversy. If Grant, as he dearly craved the opportunity, could have put aside the Presidency, he would, so far as the lustre of his name was concerned, have passed at once to his own. The Presidency was a sacrifice—calumny its consequence. He was told that the Union he had saved, would not be worth the saving unless he gave reconstruction the aid of his all-compelling sword,—that the fruits of the war would turn to ashes unless as a statesman he garnered, what as a soldier, he had gathered. Compelled to accept Grant, the political roar against him began almost before the Bible upon which he had taken oath was closed. "This Cabinet is wonderfully and fearfully made!" was the greeting of one great journal. He had made it without consulting the mob. He had carried it in his pocket until sent to the Senate, —the names writen in his own hand upon a clumsy page of foolscap,—one even with a mistake in the spelling, which had to be corrected, as I noted the other day, when looking at the original in the national archives. He had never "taken the people" into his confidence.—"The people" being those on the outside, expecting the summons to office. Yes, as the famous journalist said, "fearfully and wonderfully made."

The roar began and it has never quite gone down. "Stewart for the Treasury—why, he was a shopkeeper!" "And Borie! Who was Borie! In what Serapeum did he find this mummy?" "And Cox for the Interior! Why Cox? How many delegates had he ever delivered to a convention?" "And Hoar! Who was Hoar? What primary had he ever carried? Crank, perhaps, living in a Yankee village, and knowing no one except Russell Lowell and Emerson."

Mr. Stewart was the foremost figure in business and finance. Was it unnatural for Grant to think that the Treasury would be served by the genius which had made Stewart a prince in his kingdom? No one who recalls Mr. Borie, can forget the gentleness, the supreme honesty, the courage, and ability of that high-minded and accomplished gentleman. General Cox was one of the most distinguished volunteer generals in the war, while Mr. Hoar lives in the history of literature and law, as among the wisest and wittiest of men. And when, a few days after the inauguration, it became necessary to re-arrange this Cabinet, the mind of Grant turned to Hamilton Fish, who was to be among the greatest of our Foreign Secretaries, and Governor Boutwell, who was to govern the Treasury with conscientious and consummate ability. I know of no Cabinet that better typified the genius, the patriotism, the valor of the time, than that which Grant, in 1869, from the depths of his own high soul, called to the service of the nation.

The tears of those who sought to dishonor him will fall, let us hope, in repentance and expiation upon his coffin to-day. If the mind turns to the baseness which inspired calumny, it should not be with regret, for it throws into noble contrast the faith of the people in Grant. He lived in their hearts. He never appealed to them in vain. They knew him by the intuition with which they divine the truth. They chose him President against Seymour, the most eminent Democratic statesman of his day; as against Greeley, one of the commanding intellectual forces of the age. So far as popular affection and appreciation went, Grant was armed, as if with steel. The cunning and skill of the long line of able men who assailed him were in vain. They returned from their assaults, not alone with blunted swords, but paralyzed as to future usefulness.

It would be interesting to analyze this wonderful mastery of Grant over the popular heart of America. Where are so many of the giants, the Goliaths of debate, who again and again struck at him with their javelins? Dead beyond remembrance or esteem, with the grace of oblivion, their only consolation; their names forgotten, except by students in historical research. The reason is, that the people divined Grant, as in old days they had divined the "rail splitter" and "slave hound" called Lincoln. Nor is this the mere hurried impression of a writer who may be said to have an undue partiality for Grant. It was my privilege to spend a memorable afternoon with the venerable Hamilton Fish, just before he died. He had known Grant with an intimacy accorded to no other statesman. If Grant could have had his way Mr. Fish would have succeeded him in the Presidency. The more he studied Grant, Mr. Fish said, the more he reflected upon his character in those his years of meditation, the more he was impressed by his innate greatness. The three great men of the century, who were to tower above all others, were, Washington, Lincoln and Grant. "Speaking of Grant," said Matthew Arnold, "I prefer him to

Lincoln. Except Franklin, I know hardly any one so 'selbst standig,' so broad and long sighted, as well as firm-charactered, that they have had." These are not the words of friendship or political sympathy, but of one of the clearest minded and most independent critics of our day. Greatness is interesting, more, perhaps, in the means by which it is attained, than the attainment. The lives of men are governed by opportunities, not accidents. The seed is in the loam. Sunshine will give it growth,—the sunshine of duty, which comes to all when appointed and as appointed. Grant's military success was in a measure in his blood. His ancestors had been soldiers at the side of Washington, when they followed the British flag into colonial wars and under the command of Washington in the War of Independence. If traced further, into Scottish history, the Grants would have been found a warlike race. His early training was what might have been expected in the family of his father, a gentleman of culture, competency and piety. He stood well at West Point, especially in mathematics, would have stood better if he had not indulged in his passion for general reading. The days of his apprenticeship were in Mexico, and among his fellow craftsmen were those who were to be the shining spirits on both sides of the great war. He was in every Mexican battle but Buena Vista, and so far as education and experience could teach him, acquired in his early manhood a thorough mastery of the art of war.

It was therefore not an accident that such a man could crave but an opportunity. It came. It brought the fulfilment of renown. Grant had rare gifts, shrouded in that mist of shyness inseparable from his character. His memory was a marvel. He never forgot a name or a face. "Grant, I think," as Sherman once said to the writer, "knew every tin can in my army." It was an inflexible, steel-like memory. A slow reader going over his page as if studying it, putting his finger on the passage when interrupted so as to be sure to find the place,—reading was a study. What he read was never forgotten. He never generalized over a fact, or gave you impressions of things. What he knew he knew. You could not forget a figure or misplace a phrase in his presence. It was not safe to say "about so"; it must be exactly so. The crop did not yield a hundred thousand bushels of wheat, but ninety-nine thousand two hundred and ninety-seven. This wonderful gift served him as a soldier, for there, mirrored in his brain, lay before him, in the minutest detail, his work and the means by which his work was to be done.

He had the woodcraft of an Indian, knew places, localities, the lay of the ground, what the skies had to say as to the weather and other mysteries. He was, perhaps, the only man who walked over Seville without losing his way. He had perfect courage, and although averring that he never entered into a battle without fear, or left it without joy, the evidence goes to show that his courage in battle was as serene as that of Marlborough. The late General McDowell once told me that all he could remember of young Grant in Mexico was that he was the best horseman and the bravest fellow in the army. It was not the courage of champagne or fatalism or shame, but that of an absorbed, intensely concentrated soldier doing his duty. He had perfect faith, not alone in the righteousness of his cause, but in its triumph. In answer to a question after Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, when Lee seemed invincible and our army was spending most of its time on pontoon bridges and securing lines of retreat, upon what terms the North would abandon an apparently hopeless enterprise, he replied that he never contemplated such a contingency. He was insensible to fatigue, could ride all day, watch all night, and live, as he did at Vicksburg, for days, with nothing but a saddle for a pillow, and a toothbrush. He was intolerant of officers' baggage-trains, and was never tired of cutting down their impedimenta.

He was free from enmities. He rarely quarrelled, and was not prone to reconciliation. This came from the sincerity of his character.

A quarrel with him did not mean the taking off the glove only to put it on again. It was the closing of the book. Nor did it come from impulse; it was forced upon him,—never sought. A really strong man has no time for quarrel, and avoids it by candor and patience, esteeming it as a bit of vanity. When a newspaper attacked Grant he ceased reading it. A caller one day at Long Branch showed him a newspaper somewhat free in its criticisms. "Why should I read it?" he answered, as he threw the paper on the grass.

Nor were his enmities caused by political differences. It was assumed, for instance, that he had a dislike for Sumner, who had assailed him in various orations. He never read the orations, and never referred to Sumner but in a mood of banter. One could not be long with Grant without noting this quality. "Have you any enmities," he was once asked, "as the result of so many years of strife?" "I think I hate but two men," was the answer. One was an officer in the Federal, the other an officer in the Confederate army. The alienation took place during the Mexican War, and its cause was Grant's chivalrous regard for the honor of womanhood.

This hesitancy to quarrel was attended with an enduring capacity for friendship. He made friendships slowly, not from suspicion or selfishness, but because of his personal shyness which he possessed to a degree that I have seen in no man and very few women. To be his friend was to be his attorney, his partner in business. This shyness, as I have said, surrounded Grant as with a mist, so that it was hard to make him out. It was the basis of many of the misconceptions of his character,—that he was a dull man, for instance, stolid, indifferent, commonplace. He was not prone to sudden fancies, corner grocery, stage-coach acquaintances. His silence was mental absorption; would come in moods. You could walk with him for hours and he would not say a word. And yet you might readily sit up with him until sunrise and never be permitted to say a word, because of his incessant, brilliant, penetrating conversation. It has been my privilege to meet some of the famous talkers of the day,—to stroll with Dickens, to rest under the spell of the exquisite power of Wendell Phillips, to listen to Bismarck over his pipe and caressing his hound,—but I never heard a more cogent, comprehensive talker than Grant.

This quality of slow enduring friendship in Grant has been commented upon, as though it were of the blind fox-terrier species, chasing for a lick of the hand or a blow. I do not think he was much deceived in his judgment of men. He never forgave a falsehood, or even an equivocation; was inflexible in that regard. He never used profane language, not from any religious sentiment or that he resented the profanity of valued friends or associates. He had, however, given the promise to his mother when leaving home for West Point, and it was a promise that breasted every temptation. No one who ever deceived him ever regained his confidence; was fortunate if vouchsafed cold and distant recognition. He believed in results, and never welcomed excuses. He never prophesied nor intimated his purposes; talked rather of yesterday than to-morrow. His military orders would sometimes admit an alternative. If the order failed the alternative might cover the failure. "I do not want to go to North Carolina," said the impatient Sheridan, as he read the mandate of his general. "I do not intend you shall. I mean to end the business here. But if Lee should overcome you, and you fall back toward Sherman, your retreat will find shelter in this order and be deemed as but an incident in our strategy."

His dislikes and admirations as regards prominent historical characters were marked and original. His principal aversion was Napoleon. I endeavored once, without success, to persuade him to go to the Invalides and see the Emperor's tomb. We were at the very door of the church, but he continued his walk. It was an opinion based upon a study of the Emperor's character accompanied with a profound admiration of his military genius. The greatest man of modern times, but a monster!

This was the implacable judgment of Grant. He admired Gen. Zachary Taylor, had known him well in Mexico; saw in Taylor an ideal soldier, statesman and patriot; and thought that Taylor's death in the Presidency was a great misfortune; that as President, Taylor could and would have forced the hand of Southern leaders like Calhoun, and dealt with secession as Jackson had dealt with nullification. This might be attributed to a soldier's preference for one of his cloth, but for the veneration Grant felt for Lincoln. "I knew Lincoln well," he said; "no one better; am very grateful that he spent almost his last days in my camp. He was the greatest man I have ever known, either from personal observation or historical study." Of the Confederate leaders, among whom he had many valued friends, he admired Stonewall Jackson.

They had been friends in West Point, in Mexico, in the army—a friendship close, intuitive, responsive.

When the war was obvious, Grant, then a young critic and observer in Galena, picked out Jackson as one who would make a name, if he were given a chance. Jackson was then teaching a school in Virginia, supposed to be a crank, and not confirmed without objection, to his first command, because of this reputation. The best, if not the only satisfactory estimate I ever had of Stonewall Jackson's character, came from a conversation with Grant. I thought at the time that it was worthy of Plutarch. "I shall always be sorry," said Grant, "that Stonewall Jackson never fought Sheridan. The result of that battle would have given him the place in history which he died without attaining." The highest military tribute Grant could pay to any soldier was to doubt whether Sheridan could have whipped him.

He was free from the rhetoric of emotion. "What were your thoughts, General," said one sentimental inquirer, "in that sublime moment when you knew that at last Lee would surrender, and the heavens of your glory were about to open?" "My dirty boots and wearing no sword."—He was afraid that Lee might think he meant to insult him by indifference. He had no illusions as to immutable laws of war. He called war a changeable, vanishing science,—every generation evolving new laws. A regiment of to-day would whip both of the Waterloo armies as then equipped. He did not believe in cowardice. There were no braver men than some who ran at the first fire. Courage he deemed an acquired virtue. Men could be taught bravery just as horses were taught how to trot and gallop and stand before cannon-fire and music. Whenever an officer craved artillery or was given to explaining what Napoleon would have done, Grant began to doubt him. War to be humane should be swift and terrible. More men died from disease than from the bullet.

In these days of small men,—power so oft a kind of jail-delivery, and fame a first-of-May moving business,—there is comfort in seeing a man so grounded upon truth, sincerity and courage as Grant. Great in personal, he was even greater in moral courage. He declined a brevet in Mexico, because a brother officer had received one unworthily. He would wear no stained dignity. He would never ask for promotion nor permit others to do so for him. "This," he said, "is one of my superstitions." There was moral courage in the terms of surrender accorded to Lee at Appomattox. The magnanimity of those terms, so rare in the history of wars, never came from Lincoln,—was in contravention, if not disobedience with Lincoln's express command.

Mr. Nicolay and Col. Hay, in their life of Lincoln, thus record this notable incident: "The sight of Lee's sword, an especially fine one, suggested the paragraph allowing officers to retain their side arms, and Grant ended with a phrase which he evidently had not thought over, and for which there was no authority, which practically pardoned and amnestied every man in Lee's army, a thing he had refused the day before, and which had been expressly forbidden him in President Lincoln's order of the third of March. Yet so great was the joy over the crowning victory, so deep was the gratitude of the Government and the people to Grant and his heroic army, that his terms were accepted as he made them, and his exercise of the Executive prerogative of pardon entirely overlooked."—The giving of these terms to Lee in spite of the command of Lincoln was the very genius of moral courage. He saw the opportunity. He would end the war forever; sweep it out of the range of political contingencies; give peace due and honorable life, leaving no wretched afterbirth, with its possibilities of strife and misery. It was moral courage which, turning away from the traditions of political criticism, led Grant to admonish the Mikado not to be precipitate in granting suffrage to the Japanese, but rather to take lesson of our mistake in the South, and allow suffrage to go hand in hand with education.

It was moral courage which dictated the inflation veto; moral courage in the highest degree,—for here, as in the case of inflation, he was arrayed against friends,—which made him espouse the cause of Fitz John Porter. Nor can we find in the narrative of the historian or the genius of tragedy, a nobler example of moral courage than that which sustained him under the very hand of torturing death in the writing of his memoirs.

Divest Grant of his military and civic fame, take from him the laurel and the oak, view him as a mere man,—the farmer in Missouri, the tradesman in Illinois,—and you find him what the world calls a good fellow. He was companionable, liked to talk with people who could tell him facts; would question the Japanese gardener about rose-planting, stand intent over the mysteries of cloisonné or the potter at his work. He would study cows and sheep and discourse over the verdure of English meadows, and of farm life on the Pacific. He loved a horse; so much so as to avoid race-courses, which he never attended when it could be avoided, because of the cruelty to the horses.

He was considerate, straightforward, never ruffled over rough experiences, taking things as he found them. He was never at variance with his cook or his tailor. He liked to tease intimate friends, to give them nicknames, to aver in the presence of Sheridan that the twenty-miles-away business was the romance of some subsidized poet in Sheridan's pay; to insist when Sherman was in the company, that the march to the sea was a picnic among watermelon patches and hog-pens, upon which Sherman fattened his army. He read much, smoked rather from restlessness than love of tobacco, and disliked to go to bed.

To be a midnight, or two o'clock-in-the-morning companion was the shortest road to his esteem. It was at such times, when sitting under the Southern cross, or watching the moonlight silver the ruins of Karnak, that the genius of Grant found its gentlest expression, and when you could but listen in wonder to the depth and variety of his knowledge.

It was not his tendency to stumble upon debatable themes, to lose himself in the jungles of theological controversy, or say things about which he knew little, for the sake of saying them. He never talked half way or affected knowledge, nor contradicted, except when you dropped a figure from your estimates. He did not seek emphasis in anecdotes. His stories were, as a rule, personal remembrances of friends,—Derby, the author of "John Phœnix," for instance, whom he esteemed; or of Taylor sitting sideways on his saddle; and his favorite story was that told by Andrew Jackson to James Buchanan, of the Tennessean who made a fortune by minding his own business.

He believed in the present, could find nothing in antiques, relics or curios, and he was as wont to check any enthusiasm over some purchase of an antique, with the story of the factory in Newark, N. J., whose shares were his best paying investment, and where all the Eastern antiquities were manufactured. He had no ear for music, —would rather stand behind a battery in action than a piano in play. He would not be eccentric enough to deny the genius of Shakespeare, but in his heart believed that Shakespeare did not write good English. He was prompt in appointments, never permitted his watch to vary a second, did not crave nor create work, but crushed through it when unavoidable. In walking he took the short road, cut the corners, and while apparently with his modest, drooping eyes seeing nothing, saw everything.

He was unusually sensitive to pain, and his aversion to taking any form of life was so great that he would not hunt. Not even the Maharajah of Jeypore, with his many elephants and his multitude of hunters, could persuade him to chase the tiger. He had lost no tigers, and was not seeking them. He believed his military education had been a mistake, would probably have run away from West Point but for the pain it would have given his mother. It was his earlier ambition to be a doctor, and in his later years I have heard him regret that he had not been allowed to study and practice medicine.

If it be said that to the world Grant was reserved,—a mystery, a sphinx as he has been called,—it was a part of his destiny. In that cold splendor which illumines the Arctic night we call the Presidency, friendship can have but a limited abiding place. Moreover, Grant had known and endured every phase of life. He had known the glory of Napoleon and the sorrows of Belisarius. He had wielded a sceptre and was almost doomed to an obolus. His soul had been tuned to every emotion,—had drunk every cup of bitterness except the cup of dishonor,—and from these experiences came that self-reliance, to which Matthew Arnold refers, and which was the highest expression of his genius.

As in all men of supreme greatness, there was the inexplicable something in this man's character which we realize without being able to explain.

"Why do you all take off your caps to Grant?" I asked Gen. Sherman one day. "What was the quality in the man that makes even the greatest of you accept and concede his superiority?" "Well," answered Sherman in his quick, picturesque way, "I cannot say. Yes, Sheridan was as good, if not a better general than Grant; Meade knew more of tactics and the science of war; 'Pap' Thomas was unsurpassed as a captain; I could talk better, write better and I think, I knew more; there was something in Grant,—something impalpable, I cannot explain it, I only feel it. It made us all doff our caps to him. Yes, every one,—Thomas, Meade, Sheridan, all. No envy, no emulation." Then, with a pause:—"I always knew when I was in trouble, that Grant was thinking about me and would get me out. And he did."

I have spoken of Grant as I knew him and loved him, as the memory of the man remains with me after these intervening years. Much might be written of his achievements, but that would be an invasion of the province of the historian. On this festival of his glory it may truly be said of him, as of Wellington, that whatever record leaps to light he never can be shamed. Once more the guns fire the funeral salute and the final honors are paid, for they are bringing him to rest within the bronze doors of the Riverside mausoleum, as Napoleon was brought to rest within the bronze doors of the Invalides. "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, amid the French people, whom I loved so well." Prisoner, exile, outlaw, doomed to the obscuration of a consummate glory, the greatest of human intellects accorded the grandest of opportunities, to be swept into the melancholy abyss of disappointment and shame.

Not for self alone, not while truth is written in the stars, has it been appointed that the power of a Napoleon should be given for other purposes than the duties of a Napoleon. Upon him, as upon the least of us, must fall the laws of compensation and expiation.

Therefore, to compare Grant with Napoleon would, at best, be a sinister contrast. Napoleon left his country torn, dismembered, trembling with sorrow and wounds. The France of Messidor had become the France of Waterloo. The flat-haired Corsican had given over his France to the heel of the Cossack and the lips of the wanton adventurer. With opportunities for selfish ambition as tempting as those which environed Napoleon, Grant kept faith with himself, his country, and his God. Napoleon ended his career, his empire in ruins. Grant closed his eyes upon a people regenerated, strong with the strength which came from his magnanimity and his prowess.

And now these martial measures over and done, and he rests upon the banks of the beautiful river. The glory of Washington enfolds him, for these fields are consecrated by the valor and self-denial of the Revolution. Around him is the tumult of empire-building humanity.

Kinsmen and friends from over the seas join in recognition of a glory which saw in the inscrutable war, only God's mandate of peace. The North and the South are one in tender commemoration. The pine and the palm lie blended upon his coffin. In gratitude, and likewise in hope, we dedicate this monument of reconciliation and union, not for ourselves alone, but that in ages which we cannot know, our children's children may here find the inspiration of duty and patriotism. And thus believing, we leave him to the peace of an immortal fame.

THE END.

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